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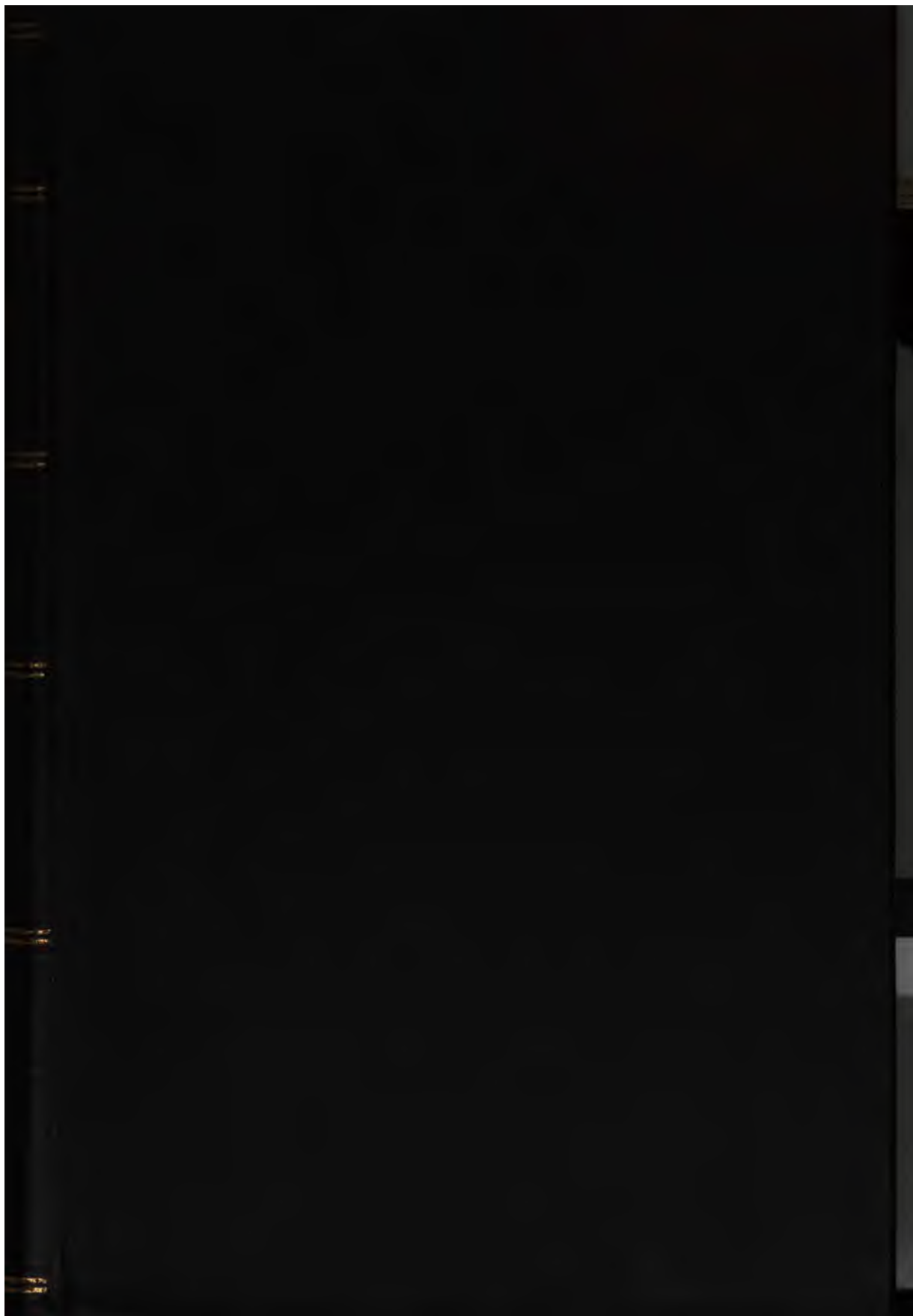
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# *Poet Lore*

*A Magazine of Letters*

EDITED BY

CHARLOTTE PORTER  
HELEN A. CLARKE

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COMPILED BY

FRANK R. HOLMES

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## A MODERN BOHEMIAN NOVELIST: JAKUB ARBES.

**T**HE Bohemian literature of the present is about as much known in America as the religious views of the Papuans. And yet it can, both as to quality and quantity, honorably compete with any of the European literatures. No country can boast of having produced a poet who would, like the Bohemian Vrchlický, within fifteen years publish sixty successful books of verse, real pearls of poetry! The Bohemian language of itself is worthy of study. Its treasury of words is inexhaustible, its ability to express the finest shades of thought is almost unequalled. (See *Westminster Review*, vol. xii. p. 304 *et seq.*: 'The Larklet.') The only thing pointed to as a difficulty in learning this language is, in truth, its merit,—viz., the great variety of forms (*Westminster Review*, vol. cxii. pp. 413-444). Besides, the phonetical orthography renders the study twice easier. And the intellectual benefit derived from the study of the language would fully compensate the student.

The author whose name heads this article is a Bohemian novelist

of the romantic school, if we may be permitted to use that word. We call this class romantic to distinguish its writers from those of the national school,—that is, writers who choose their characters and subjects from the rich Bohemian history, past and present, whose works are pervaded by what we might call the national spirit. The most prominent among the living representatives of this class are Svatopluk Čech, Alois Jirásek, Václav Vlček, and Karolina Světlá. The authors of the other category, on the contrary, picture simply men as such and not as members of a particular nationality. They work under the influences of modern times, which tend to rub off the peculiarities of different nations.

The author whom we are going to consider is eminently a writer of modern times. The ideas and doctrines that he promulgates are those of contemporaneous philosophy. It was only the inner excellency of his works that led us to present Jakub Arbes to the American public.

Arbes was born on the 12th of June, 1840, at Smíchov, a suburb of Prague, of poor parentage. The continual struggle of his family for existence and the early deaths of his brothers and sisters created and strengthened his earnest view of life, to which is due the gloomy coloring of many of his romances and novels, especially those dealing with the life of workingmen. His father, a shoemaker, originally decided that his son should pursue the vocation of his parent, but Jakub's success in the school-room brought him first to a high school and then to a polytechnic. Here he devoted all his leisure to private studies of modern philosophy, æsthetics, and foreign literatures. Leaving the school he was equipped with a great amount of knowledge, little of which, however, had practical value. Thus he missed all the advantages of practical life and entered upon the thorny path of a writer.

Queerly enough, Arbes began his literary career with a German poem (1855) and a German novelette (1856). But soon this German sickness left him, and Bohemian magazines found in him a zealous contributor. Books and articles written by him are numbered by hundreds. The great Bohemian encyclopædia of Otto, to which we owe our biographical and other data, mentions thirty of his princi-

pal works, only a few of which we can touch more specifically in this article.

Arbes's art of writing is peculiar to himself. His invention is romantic, while the story itself is told in a most realistic manner, the author tracing not only the deeds but also the thoughts of his heroes to their very roots, giving the minutest details. You notice how events seemingly insignificant leave their impressions in the mind of the person, how by a slow process his character is shaped, and how all his actions grow out of his character. You may analyze the action most scrupulously, you will find that the person in question could not act otherwise. The story is always interesting, oftentimes taken from the author's neighborhood, and directly touching some prominent, often sad and gloomy, feature of modern life, whether it be the life of an individual, a nation, or society at large. While the fundamental idea is regularly simple and the plot not complicated, the reader is often surprised by the easy solution of mysterious physical, physiological, and psychological problems in a natural way. The progress of the story is extremely logical, reaching the boundaries of mere probability. The characters are different from every-day types, they are men of firm and independent opinions, energetically pursuing their aims, whether good or bad; they are strong minds, deep thinkers, and masters of their feelings and passions; they despise the well-trodden paths of the commonplace.

A feature among his works are novels and studies from the life of artists,—*e.g.*, 'The Bohemian Paganini' and 'Il divino Boemo,' stories of two talented Bohemian musicians; 'From the Mental Workshop of Poets;' 'In the Service of Arts,' and numerous smaller works.

We cannot enter upon a minute consideration of any of his productions, but we give here, in few words only, rough contours of some of his novels, so as to convey some idea of what the books deal with.

'Moderní upíři' (Modern Vampires) is a story of two young men bred up in the cold atmosphere of modern thought. They are speculators and complete egotists. 'Mravokárné Románky'



(Satiristic Romances), of which sixteen thousand copies were sold within one year, exhibit a series of model characters of every kind. The faults and defects of human society are palpably shown by the reader's comparing the heroes of these stories with the average persons of cold reality. Among other characters of this gallery we find a judge who fines a poor widow for damage done by her geese to the crop of a wealthy lord. People detest him; but when the woman is about to leave the court-room, the judge gives her a ten-florin bill to pay the fine. People extol him now; his honesty and liberality are soon made known throughout the land, and in a short time the judge's house begins to be daily besieged by armies of beggars. Scientific problems of all kinds are solved in the so-called 'Romanettes.' The hero of 'The Ethiopian Lily' is a young pharmacist, who tries to find out a medicine that would prolong life and take away all the pain that dying persons suffer. By a curious association of thoughts he is led to ascribe to the Ethiopian lily an extraordinary healing power, but learns afterwards that his supposition was false. This romanetto shows that people whose opinions always agree with those of the mass are the happiest, while those who are courageous enough to have opinions of their own live poor and dissatisfied. In 'Newtonův mozek' (Newton's Brain) a friend of the author secures the brain of the great astronomer from a British museum; with its aid he accomplishes wonderful things, among others he constructs a flying-machine whose velocity exceeds that of light; thus pursuing the rays of the sun he succeeds in catching pictures of the past. This, of course, is finally found to have been a dream. 'Ukřižovaná' (The Crucified Virgin) tells of a young soldier of fertile imagination who is haunted to death by the vision of a crucified bearded maiden. Having been wounded in battle, he is carried to a church which was used as a hospital. There he sees that vision again and dies of the horror. It was in the same church where he had seen this vision as a boy while hidden there during a revolution. He deemed it to be a delusion, though in fact he saw a real picture of a crucified bearded virgin, a Russian saint. His nerves were exceedingly irritable, and so his seeing the vision again produced a fatal excitement. The psychological

processes in the diseased mind of the young soldier are most accurately traced by the author.

An old picture of Saint Xaverius figures in a story of that name. 'Idylly utrpení a bídý' (Idylls of Suffering and Misery), 'Silhouetty,' 'Štrajchpudlici,' 'Messiáš' (The Messiah, 1883), and other stories and sketches, are devoted to the lives of workmen, which they often present in dark and gloomy pictures.

'The Messiah,' a romance of socialistic tendencies, in two volumes, is undoubtedly one of the best works of Arbes. The expression "the romantic school," which we used above, is arbitrary. The heroes of Arbes are, nominally at least, Bohemians, but as it is not the national traits of their character, but only what is purely human, that Arbes pictures in his works, we assigned him to the romantic writers. Otherwise, if we regard only his peculiar mode of writing, we shall find him isolated among Bohemian authors: he never imitates others nor can be imitated himself.

These seem to be the main ideas which Arbes enunciates: life is a continual struggle; society is a tyrant that tries to suppress any of its members who, by their moral strength, rise above the common level; religion is insufficient to guarantee a happy life. The doctrine of heredity is accepted, yet it is never worked out into such dreadful consequences as it is in the romances of Zola.

It is true that the novels of Arbes are not entirely free from faults: his desire to show life as it is, which borders on realism, sometimes compels him to sacrifice artistic beauty to naked truth; deep philosophical reflections are often carried to a great length; frequent episodes and effective details destroy the uniformity and harmony of the whole, and some of the novels are merely autobiographical.

Yet we admire the great mastery with which he depicts the inner life to men; we must acknowledge his great merit: he introduced into Bohemian literature a more truthful presentation of life, and his works did much towards disseminating the advanced doctrines of modern philosophy. It is to be regretted that in Bohemia authors must respect their reader a little too much and have to "harmonize" their works with the latter's views. Besides, the Catholic hierarchy

is powerful as yet in Bohemia and hard to oppose, and Arbes is a liberal freethinker: his writings fight against prejudices of all sorts and religious and other superstitions; it follows that he cannot be as explicit as we might wish, only a hint, an allusion here and there, allows the reader to guess the author's real meaning. And finally there is the state's attorney, who is always ready to suppress anything that would seem to infringe upon the authority of the established church. Church and State walk hand in hand in Austria, and telling truth about either of them is high treason. In the present days persecutions of writers and journalists are but sporadic; twenty-five years ago they were of every-day occurrence. 'Pláč koruny české' (A Grief of the Bohemian Crown)—a mere record of these persecutions for a few years and of the thousands of moneys paid by the Bohemian journals by way of fines, which was published by Arbes in 1870—is a handsome pamphlet. Arbes himself has tasted of Austrian prisons, for beside being a poet he is also a Bohemian patriot, a democrat, taking an active part in the stormy political life of Bohemia. From 1868 to 1877 he was editor of the *Národní Listy* (*The National News*), a liberal daily, now the greatest in Bohemia. The courage which he displayed in his editorials, fighting and exposing the Austrian bureaucracy, brought him several times before the courts, for liberty of the Press was (and we may say is) wholly unknown in Austria. Thus Arbes spent altogether one year three months and one week in various prisons.

After 1877 he devoted his time and his genius chiefly to literary work. The great variety of his subjects, and his striving for originality both in the plots and the ideas of his books, may be partially accounted for by the fact that, as regards his living, Arbes is wholly dependent on his literary work, and in order to stand the competition of a host of excellent writers he must always have something not only good but also original and interesting to offer to the reading public. The life of one who has consecrated all his days exclusively to the Muses is by no means a rosy one in Bohemia, although there are comparatively more readers in that country than in many other nations.

*Joseph Král.*



## A GLOVE.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

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### ACT I.

*A room with door opening out on a park, through which are seen glimpses of the sea. On both sides of the door, windows. One door to the left, another to the right. A piano between the door to the right and the window opening on the park; opposite the piano a chiffonnière. Against the middle of the right wall a sofa; and another sofa opposite, against the wall to the left. A smaller table in front of each sofa. Arm-chairs and smaller chairs. FRU RÜS on the sofa to the left. NORDAN sitting in a chair midway between the tables. He wears a straw hat pushed down over his neck; a large handkerchief over one of his knees. He is leaning on his walking-stick.*

*Fru Rüs.* Why, I believe you are dreaming.

*Nordan.* What was it you asked about?

*Fru Rüs.* About the case against Fru North. What else?

*Nordan.* The case against Fru North. I just talked with Christensen a moment ago. He has advanced the money, for he will try to get the banks to stop the proceedings. I have already told you that. What more do you want to know?

*Fru Rüs.* The talk, my dear friend,—the talk.

*Nordan.* Oh, the men are willing enough to keep quiet about each other's affairs. However, why not tell him in there now, now that he is here? [Nods to the right.]

*Fru Rüs.* Let us wait.

*Nordan.* For you know the money must be refunded Christensen. I have told him so.

*Fru Rüs.* Of course. How could it be otherwise?

*Nordan.* [*Rises.*] Well, now I am going to leave and take my vacation; so Christensen will have to attend to those matters himself.—I suppose it was a grand affair yesterday?

*Fru Riis.* There was no display.

*Nordan.* No, there never is at Christensen's. But there were many people, I suppose?

*Fru Riis.* I have never seen so many at any private gathering.

*Nordan.* Is Svava up?

*Fru Riis.* She is out bathing.

*Nordan.* Did you get home early?

*Fru Riis.* I think it was twelve o'clock. Svava wanted to go home. Riis stayed late, I believe.

*Nordan.* The card-tables.—She looked glorious, no doubt.

*Fru Riis.* Why did you not come?

*Nordan.* I never go to those engagement celebrations, and never to weddings,—never. These sacrificial victims with wreath and veil,—oh!

*Fru Riis.* But, my dear doctor, you believe, though, as we do, that this is going to be a happy marriage?

*Nordan.* He is a good fellow. But nevertheless . . . I have been disappointed so often.—Ugh! ugh!

*Fru Riis.* She was happy. And to-day as yesterday.

*Nordan.* Too bad I shall not get to see her. Good-morning, then, madam!

*Fru Riis.* Good-morning, my dear doctor! Then you are going to leave us?

*Nordan.* I need a little breathing space.

*Fru Riis.* So you do. Happy journey, then,—and many thanks for your kindness.

*Nordan.* Thanks to you, my dear madam. [*Going out.*] It was too bad I did not get to say good-by to Svava.

*Fru Riis takes from the table to the left a copy of a foreign periodical and seats herself comfortably on the sofa, facing the park. During both of the following scenes she reads as much of the time as is consistent with the conversation.*

*Riis.* [*Enters from the right, in his shirt-sleeves, occupied with his shirt-collar.*] Good-morning!—Was it Nordan that just left here?

*Fru Riis.* Yes.

*Riis* walks across the room to the door at the left; turns about and disappears again through the door at the right; reappears and repeats the same manœuvre, constantly occupied with his shirt-collar.

*Fru Riis.* Is there anything I can help you with?

*Riis.* Not at all. Thank you, however. These new-fangled shirts are good for nothing. I bought some in Paris.

*Fru Riis.* Yes,—I believe you have bought a whole dozen.

*Riis.* And a half. [*He leaves the room; returns, still working with his collar, and keeps going to and fro across the floor.*] By the way, I am pondering over something.

*Fru Riis.* Some intricate matter, no doubt?

*Riis.* So it is,—so it is.—Indeed!—Oh, the deuce!—That collar. . . . Now, at last! [*Again out and back, this time with his necktie in his hand.*] I am thinking . . . I am thinking of . . . what our dear daughter is made up of.

*Fru Riis.* What she is made up of?

*Riis.* Yes . . . which pieces of you, which of me, *et cætera*,—namely, which pieces of your family, which of mine, *et cætera*. Svava is a remarkable girl.

*Fru Riis.* That she is.

*Riis.* As a whole, she is neither like you nor me; neither is she us two taken together.

*Fru Riis.* Svava is something far greater.

*Riis.* Something very considerably greater. [*He disappears and returns, this time with his coat, which he is brushing.*] What did you say?

*Fru Riis.* Nothing. But, for that matter, Svava resembles my mother more than either of us.

*Riis.* Indeed! So that is your opinion? Svava's quiet, amiable ways—what do you mean?

*Fru Riis.* Svava, too, has a temper.

*Riis.* Svava never forgets good form as your mother did.

*Fru Riis.* You did not understand mother. But perhaps, indeed, they do differ in some things.

*Riis.* Immensely! You see now I was right when I began to prattle with her in foreign languages, when she was a mere child. Do you see now? You were against it.

*Fru Riis.* I was against the everlasting torment—and against your aimless way of skipping from one language to another.

*Riis.* But the result, my dear?—the result? [*Hums.*]

*Fru Riis.* I don't suppose you mean to say it is the languages that have made her?

*Riis.* [*As he disappears.*] Not the languages; but [*from the next room*] the languages have helped her immensely. Did you notice her yesterday? She has *savoir vivre*. What? [*Comes in again.*]

*Fru Riis.* I don't think that is what people most like in Svava.

*Riis.* No, no. On the steamship yesterday some one asked me if I were related to Miss Riis who had founded the children's gardens up in the city. I said I had the honor to be her father. You ought to have seen the man then. I was too full for utterance.

*Fru Riis.* Yes, the children's gardens have been a success from the beginning.

*Riis.* And I suppose that they have also been instrumental in bringing about her engagement? What?

*Fru Riis.* You can ask her.

*Riis.* But you pay no attention at all to my new suit.

*Fru Riis.* Yes, I do.

*Riis.* And don't cry out the least little bit in admiration. The combination? The colors—clear down to the shoes? What? And the pocket-handkerchief, too?

*Fru Riis.* How old are you, Mr. Riis?

*Riis.* Hush! For that matter . . . How old am I generally supposed to be?

*Fru Riis.* Forty years, of course.

*Riis.* "Of course,"—how matter of fact that sounds! But this suit is a sort of Jubel Overture, composed in Cologne just as I received the telegram about Svava's engagement. Imagine, in

Cologne, not ten hours from Paris! But I could not wait ten hours, —to such a degree did I become elegant in my own consciousness by being connected with one of the richest families in the land.

*Fru Riis.* Was that suit all?

*Riis.* What a question! Only wait till my trunks get through the custom-house!

*Fru Riis.* Then our turn comes, I suppose.

*Riis.* Then your turn comes. A too happy father, who just at the sublime moment happens to be in Paris.

*Fru Riis.* And what do you think of the betrothal feast yesterday?

*Riis.* I consider it a piece of great good luck that the steamer was late, so that I could appear, as if by magic, in the midst of a *fête champêtre*,—a *fête* for one's only daughter,—where one, of course, is exceedingly welcome.

*Fru Riis.* When did you come home last night?

*Riis.* Don't you believe we had to play cards again yesterday? I could not refuse, for I was to play with Abram, Isaac, and Jacob, —that is to say, with the host, the minister of state, and old Holk. It was a great privilege, of course, to be permitted to lose one's money to such great folks,—for I always lose, you know. I got home at three o'clock, I think. What is that you are reading?

*Fru Riis.* The *Fortnightly*.

*Riis.* Has there been anything in it in the two months I have been away? *[Begins humming a melody.]*

*Fru Riis.* Yes; here is, for example, something about heredity of character which you ought to read. It fits into what we began talking about.

*Riis.* Do you know this melody? *[Hastens over to the piano.]* That melody is the rage just now. I heard it all the way through Germany. *[Plays and sings, but interrupts.]* But let me go and get the notes while I think of it.

*[Goes out and returns with them. Seats himself and resumes his playing and singing.]*

*SVAVA appears in the door to the left.*

*Riis.* *[Looks back, stops singing, jumps up.]* Good-morning, my



girl! Good-morning! Why, I have hardly had a chance to greet you, for, at the feast, everybody took you away from me.

*[He kisses her and leads her forward.]*

*Svava.* But why did you not come home sooner from abroad?

*Riis.* Why don't people give fair warning when they are going to be engaged?

*Svava.* Because one never knows anything about it one's self until it is done.—Good-morning again, mother! *[Kneels beside her.]*

*Fru Riis.* What a fresh odor! You must have been walking in the woods after the bath?

*Svava.* *[Rising.]* Yes. And just as I came home, Alf passed and greeted me at my window. He will be here in a moment.

*Riis.* To tell the truth,—and one ought always to tell the truth,—I had quite given up seeing our old girl so happy.

*Svava.* Yes, we had, hadn't we? I had quite given it up myself.

*Riis.* Until this prince came?

*Svava.* Until this prince came, who, by the way, had taken his time.

*Riis.* But whom you had been waiting for all these years.

*Svava.* Not in the least!—I had not even thought of him.

*Riis.* Now, this is beginning to be mystical.

*Svava.* Yes, it is a mystery that two people who have seen one another from their childhood, without thinking particularly of each other, suddenly . . . For it *was* really sudden. All at once he became transformed in my eyes.

*Riis.* While in the eyes of all others he remained the same, of course.

*Svava.* I hope so.

*Riis.* To me at least he seems to have become livelier.

*Svava.* Yes, I saw you laughed together yesterday. What was it about?

*Riis.* We talked about the best way of getting through the world. I gave him my three famous rules of life.

*Fru Riis and Svava.* Already!

*Riis.* They were very well received, indeed. Do you remember them, you degenerate child?

*Svava.* No. 1. Never expose yourself to censure.

*Riis.* No. 2. Never importune anybody.

*Svava.* No. 3. Always keep up with the fashions. They are not difficult to remember, for they are neither occult nor deep.

*Riis.* But all the more difficult to practise. And that is, in fact, the merit of all maxims of conduct. My compliments on your new morning gown. Considering the circumstances, it is really handsome.

*Svava.* Considering the circumstances that you did not select it?

*Riis.* Yes; for I would never have chosen that trimming,—although, “considering the circumstances,” it is not bad. And the cut?—oh, yes! But wait till my trunk comes!

*Svava.* Surprises?

*Riis.* Great surprises! For that matter, I have something right here. [Leaves.

*Svava.* [To her mother.] I find him more restless than ever.

*Fru Riis.* Joy at your good fortune, my child.

*Svava.* And still there is something subdued in father's restlessness. Father is—— [RIIS re-enters, from the right.] Do you know what the minister of state said about you yesterday?

*Riis.* Oh, a dignitary like that always thinks he must say something pleasant.

*Svava.* “Your father, madam, is now, as always, our elegant man *par excellence*.”

*Riis.* Oh, *a bien dit son excellence!* But I can tell you something better: you are going to get your father knighted.

*Svava.* I?

*Riis.* Yes; who else? For that matter, the government has once or twice employed me in connection with diverse commercial treaties; but this time, a connection of our great man, I will surely be Knight of the Order of St. Olav.

*Svava.* I congratulate you.

*Riis.* “When it rains on the preacher it drips on the chorister.”

(To be continued.)

*Translated by Thyge Søgård.*

## JULIET'S RUNAWAY, ONCE MORE.

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**T**HE ignorance that knows itself, quoth the Seigneur de Montaigne, is not an absolute ignorance, and this is my one excuse for the presumption of adding even a votive pebble to the cairn which marching hosts of commentators have heaped above the embalmed dust of Shakespeare. For I long since knew that I never was and never could be his textual scholar, in the smallest degree illustrated during the evolution from Rowe and Warburton to Furness. Grateful to those who faithfully have labored to set forth the true version, I am of the laity who read it without question, for its wisdom, passion, imagination, and inexhaustible delight.

Meanwhile I take pride in our New World scholarship, and will say, in passing, that when Mr. Gosse wrote me that we did many fine things, but that we perforce must leave English literary research to those anear the rich materials treasured in the motherland, I had a fortunate rejoinder. It was a satisfaction to declare that the two most notable works of textual verification now issuing were from the American press, and edited by American scholars. I cited Professor Child's 'English and Scottish Popular Ballads' and Dr. H. H. Furness's New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare; and Mr. Gosse—a fair and sound expositor—handsomely doffed his cap to the citation.

It happened that my first youthful notion of what Shakespearian criticism meant, in its subtle painstaking, was derived from an article in *Putnam's Monthly* by one who bravely started out as "Shakespeare's Scholar"—the early signature of R. G. White. His long paper was devoted to a consideration of its title: 'Who was Juliet's Runaway?' That conundrum, I believe, has haunted every one to whom it has been put. Collier forty years ago declared that far more suggestions had been made in answer than there are letters

in the disputed word. I remember the sense of awe with which I pondered on Mr. White's avowal: "He who discovers the needful word for the misprint '*runawayes eyes*' . . . will secure the honorable mention of his name as long as the English language is read and spoken." What erudite humility, I thought, in his faith that "to correct a single passage in Shakespeare's text is glory enough for one man!" At that time he held a brief for the suggestion as to which he afterwards learned, when a riper "scholar," that Heath and Singer had anticipated him,—all three reading "That *Rumoures eyes may wincke,*" instead of "That run-aways eyes," etc.:—in truth, a plausible conjecture. But in 1861 Mr. White had gone back to the belief of Warburton that the word as it stands is correct, and not a misprint; that it relates to Phœbus, the Sun, the god of day.

Dr. Furness, by occupying the most conspicuous part of his Appendix (to 'Romeo and Juliet') with a formidable synopsis of the guesses concerning our runaway, shows that a certain respect is still due it, as perchance the yet-to-be-solved riddle of that Sphinx the earliest misprinter.

So, then,—and as Lowell wrote of Shakespeare himself,—"*can anything new be said*" concerning Juliet's runaway: at least, anything new and with a savor of plausibility? As for the newness, and presuming that Dr. Furness's collation embraces the past suggestions worth regard, it seems improbable that my own has been made before. Its claim to likelihood may appeal somewhat to those who have the poetic ear, and who have that sense which is heightened by practice of style in verse or prose.

Turn, then, to "Marlowe's mighty line,"—to 'The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus,' a play written after his success with 'Tamburlaine,' probably about 1588. Bear in mind that Shakespeare's first draft of 'Romeo and Juliet' was written, it is believed, about 1591, and that there is no evidence that it appeared in its entirety in the printed text of 1597—which contains only a few lines of Juliet's soliloquy as put forth in the subsequent collections. Certainly it was composed at a period characterized, Verplanck says, by "the transition of Shakespeare's mind from a purely poetical to a dramatic cast of thought." There is evidence to any critic that

Marlowe was Shakespeare's early dramatic "master," as far as the greater genius may be said to have had one for the rhythm of his formative period, and swiftly as he forged ahead. The two collaborated, and the younger borrowed some of Marlowe's phrases for his after-plays, and burlesqued others. 'Romeo and Juliet' was sketched out in his spring-time of echoes and impressibility with respect to feeling and style.

The experience of many a writer has been that in youth—however original his conceptions may be—he will more readily fall into the cadences and syntax of the predecessor whom he knows by heart, than commit any plagiarism with or without intent. The strongest, the most subtle, proofs of influence lie in imitation of cæsura, rhythm, structure, tone. To all this I once alluded more fully, in comparison of Tennyson with the Syracusan idyllists.

Turn, as I say, to the last scene of 'Faustus,' and to the frantic soliloquy of the magician, who realizes that he has "but one bare hour to live" and then "must be damned perpetually." Consider his opening adjuration :

*"Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,\*  
That time may cease, and midnight never come;  
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make  
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but  
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!  
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi !"*

Then read from the soliloquy of Juliet, 'Romeo and Juliet,' iii. 2 :

*"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging : such a waggoner  
As Phaethon would whip you to the West,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.—"*

Now, whether right or wrong in my ensuing conjecture as to "runaway's eyes" (or, as the First Folio has it, "run-awayes eyes"), I feel assured, through both instinct and analysis, that young Shake-

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\* The italics in these passages, the Latin verse excepted, are of course my own.

speare had the Faustus soliloquy by heart,—that its every phrase and cadence tingled in his own fibre when he wrote the adjuration of our impassioned and free-spoken Juliet. For, look you,—over and above the rhythm and syntax, the turns of the phrases, the explicatory “That” similarly placed in both passages,—note that Juliet’s demand for haste is merely the *converse* of Faustus’s wild cry for postponement, just as her whole apostrophe betokens joy and rapturous expectation, and his—hopeless gloom, the recoil of fierce despair.

There are natural changes in the order. Translate Marlowe’s *O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*—

“O gently, gently foot it, steeds of night!”

and you have the converse of

“Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds!”

But to the very point. Marlowe bids *Fair Nature's eye* rise again and make perpetual day: he adjures the Sun to banish fell night and its damnations. Having chanced, then, to observe the close reflection in Shakespeare’s mind of the Faustus prototype—quite as close, the instinct feels, as that which connects the Garden Tower in New York with the Giralda Tower of Seville, and equally no more a plagiarism—observing this, it is borne in upon me that he made Juliet call upon night to spread her close curtain,

“That *Nature's eye* may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk’d of and unseen;”

that, in other words, the Sun whose steeds she bids gallop apace, the sun which Faustus calls “*Fair Nature's eye*,” may “wincke” for the nonce, and let the lovers “doe their amorous rights.”

But if any one insists upon retaining the plural “eyes,” doubting that successive misprints should occur, then I would read

“That *Nature's eyes* may wink, and Romeo—”

the eyes of Nature *at night* being indubitably the stars, whose “winckeing” or twinkling\* serves only to make darkness romanti-

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\* The latter word, etymologically, is simply the “frequentative” of the former.

cally visible, and bewrays lovers no more than would a mist of tropical fireflies.

Some experience of printing and script-reading fortifies me against the most obvious exception to my conjecture. For if, as so many believe, "run-aways" was a misprint, it is quite probable that the blindly-written word in the manuscript was no more like the printer's substitute than like any one of fifty others that would fill the allotted space. With Grant White, I am not troubled by the absence of a long letter in my word, to correspond with the *y* in "runaways." "Rumoures eyes" is not a bad guess. One might accept it, but for the cousinship of the two soliloquies. I make no account of "rude day's," "runagate's," "enemies'," "unawares," and a dozen other far-fetched guesses of prosaic scholiasts. The one claim of several is that they begin with R. But the slightest bend of the second down-stroke in the written N (Elizabethan) transforms it into R; so that "nature's" need not be debarred on that score.

The mutual likeness of the two soliloquies crops out here and there throughout them. Its most curious vagary is the fantastic, elfish sound-echo, in Juliet's speech, of the weak lines in 'Faustus':

"O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,  
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!"

This reappears,—the meaning apart,—in

"Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little starres," etc.

There is good warrant for our natural faith in tradition, in the correct transmission of ancient "instances"—of saws, proverbs, nursery rhymes, of classic phrases whether scriptory or conveyed from mouth to mouth. Small thanks to an audacious bookman, like Ahrens, imperiously well equipped, who not only rewrites whole verses of Theocritus but transposes their entire succession in an idyl! Despite the undeniable, even bristling, errors in the First Folio, "runaway's eyes" does not excite my absolute scepticism; for I would not, like Warburton, White, and others, deem Phœbus the runaway, but would rather think that Juliet—all woman yet all

child—applied that pretty appellation to her dainty self. To an editor who by chance was a bit of a poet, that notion might not seem half so fanciful as many of the conceits in Shakespeare's deathless apotheosis of youth, with all its efflorescence of speech and passion, its happy hapless voice and deed. But my acceptance of the word which so many censors have disallowed at last has been shaken—the argument through analogy being so convincing—by a chance comparison of Juliet's speech with its model in a play by resonant Kit Marlowe.

It used to be said that every French author owed it to himself to write one naughty book. Nowadays the maxim is reversed: he writes one virtuous book, *teste* Zola's "*Le Rêve*," as a personal and tributary rite. Nevertheless, I piously believe it is not wholly in the same spirit that these surmises, respecting one word of all that Shakespeare left us, are confided to the reader.

November, 1891.

*Edmund C. Stedman.*

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## KING LEIR AND CORDOILLE.

### LAYAMON'S BRUT.

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[The Lear-legend occurs in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britannie*. Wace, in his *Brut*, translates it into French verse, from which Layamon, the scholar-priest of Arley Regis on Severn, does it into English verse, with amplifications and poetical additions, in his *Brut*, written about 1205 A.D.]

Leir is king after Bladud. He builds a noble burgh, Kaer Leir, that is now called Leicester (says the story). His three daughters are Gornoille, Ragau, and Cordoille. The king grows old and weakened in strength, and wonders what he shall do with his kingdom. He thinks that he will divide it among his three daughters, but determines to give the greatest portion to her who loves him best. Shakespeare has familiarized us with the further details of the story,—with the ingratitude of the two sisters, and the fidelity of the third: I select a few typical passages from the *Brut*.

The Lear-legend occupies lines 2902–3734 in Madden's text.



The poem retains much of the Old English alliteration, though the verse is varied by an occasional rhyme. The style is poetical for the period, and the language is remarkable for being so purely English. Though written nearly a century and a half after the Conquest, there are not more than fifty words of Norman derivation—even including a few that may have come directly from the Latin—in the whole poem, as we find it given in the earlier MS. There are two MSS. of the *Brut*, both of which I have examined in the British Museum. The first is known as Cottonian Caligula A. ix.; the later one, as Cottonian Otho C. xiii.]

#### LEIR'S ANGER.

THEN the king waxed wroth, for then he was not pleased;  
 And weened in his thought, that it was for contempt  
 That he was so unworthy to her, that she would not value him  
 As *did* her two sisters, who both together spake leasing.  
 Then grew King Leir as black as it were a black cloth;  
 His skin and his hue turned, for he was deeply hurt.  
 With wrath he was so overcome\* that he fell a-swoon.  
 At length he then uprose,—the maiden was afraid.  
 Then it all brake forth,—'twas evil that he spake:  
 "Hearken, † Cordoille! I will tell thee my will.  
 Of my daughters thou wast dearest to me,—now thou art to me of  
 all most hateful:  
 Never shalt thou hold part of my land.  
 But to my daughters I will deal my kingdom,  
 And thou shalt be wretched, and dwell in misfortune.  
 For never did I think that thou wouldst shame me thus.  
 Therefore thou shalt be dead, I ween: fly from out mine eyesight!  
 Thy sisters shall have my kingly land, and this to me is pleasing!"

#### CORDOILLE'S GRIEF.

Oft was the maiden woe, and never worse than then!  
 Woe ‡ was in her mind for her father's wrath.  
 She went into her bower: there she oft sate sad,

\* Lit., put to sleep.

† Caligula, *Æerne*; Otho, *Æerne*.

‡ Otho, *we*.

Because she would not lie to her beloved father.  
The maiden was much cast down, for she shunned her father,  
And did the best thing :\* in her bower she abode,  
And suffered sorrow of heart, and mourned much.

#### LEIR'S LAMENT.

“ Alas, O death ! Ah, death, alas !  
That thou wilt not destroy me ! Cordoille spake truth  
(’Tis clear to me now),—my youngest daughter,  
She that was full dear to me,—afterwards she was to me most  
hateful,—  
For she said to me most truly of all, that he is *held* cheap and low  
The man that little owns ; and that I was not *held* worthier  
Than *so much as* I held sway over. O’ertrue spake the young  
maiden :  
Much wisdom follows her ! The while I had my kingdom  
My people loved me : for my land and fee  
Mine earls fell to my knee : now I am a poor man,  
Therefore no man loveth me ! But my daughter spake me truth,  
For now I believe her enow ! And both her two sisters  
Spake me leasing ;—that I was so dear to them !  
Dearer than their own life ! And Cordoille my daughter  
Said bravely † to me that she loved me as fair  
As one should *love* one’s father. What would I ask more  
Of my dear daughter ? Now I will fare forth,  
And go over the sea to hear of Cordoille.”

#### THE MEETING.

Aganippus ‡ was blithe  
That Leir was come ; he went towards him  
With all his thanes and the queen, Cordoille.  
Then had Leir his will ! They came together,

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\* Lit., counsel.

† The word used here is unknown to me. May it not be a scribe’s error for a Middle English form of A. S. \**dohtige*, from *dohtig* ?

‡ Cordoille’s husband, the French king.

And oft they kissed. They went to the burgh ;  
 Joy was in the household. There was the trumpets' song,  
 There were pipes among. All the halls  
 Were hung with palls ; all the meat-boards  
 Were adorned with gold ; rings of gold\*  
 Each man had on *his* hand : with fiddles and harps  
 Men sung there. . . .

King Leir in the land

Lived three years : then came his last day.  
 The king lay dead. In Leicester  
 His daughter laid him, in the temple of Janus,  
 All as the book tells.† And Cordoille held this land  
 With high strength. Full five years  
 She was queen here.

*Translated by Anna Robertson Brown.*

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## LOWELL—WHITMAN: A CONTRAST.

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**T**HE wonder will occur whether, in the impatient stream of unbroken eulogy recently bursting all reasonable bounds in commemoration of Lowell, there may not be some to whom a modified testimony would seem more fully to meet the facts of his career.

Literature is age by age providing its different forces. One man contributes preservation ; another, movement. One is conservative ; another, dynamic. One halts with his time, or only feels beyond it ; another brings untold futures into present view as the promise and potency of germinating civilizations.

Lowell shows the benefits and the disparagements of such a contrast. We are compelled to know him as participant in the conflict of his era, and to judge him by what he reflected upon it, and by shadows, if any, he may have cast before.

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\* Phrase lacking in Calig. Supplied from Otho.

† "The book" is Wace's *Brut*.

A good eye will detect here and there a suspicion that in Lowell the critical and the scholarly overpasses the creative and the intuitional—that, after all, he interprets books better than nature, and is more easily fitted to the ways of the student than the ill quarters of wanderers on social wastes.

But to show the regard in which Lowell is currently held, a passage from Curtis comes to mind: "Poet, scholar, critic, and statesman, he leaves behind him no more admirable master in each department nor any more truly representative American citizen. . . . With Holmes and Whittier he was the only survivor of the great morning of our literature." This estimate is representative. It has value as a high average utterance, in full keeping with the proprieties and standards of literary criticism. Nor does applause stop here. A very respectable journalistic authority in a special field, among reviews and reviewers, does not fear to set even Emerson second or third when brought in a group with Lowell and subjected to just scrutiny and award. These things seem to me preposterous. Somebody should challenge a disposition so at variance with the calm that should prevail at such an altitude. Even at the risk of being thought ungracious, or as a rude crier at death's door, and against a noble and respected laborer and singer, a plain word may at this moment be due and have some title to a hearing. Truth has no better hour than that of the loudest assertion of error. Reverence is just measurement and appreciation, not the doffing of hats or bending of knees. Nor is adoration reverence. None of us question Lowell: we question his critics.

We will not dispute Lowell's gifts. Talent of a very high order veined and ennobled verse and prose and public life. If he gave literature no new forms, he gave it honest combinations of the old. Next to discovery is rehabilitation. Little that method and art can do for man was left undone for Lowell and his fame. He shared the impulse of freedom. Liberty is the darling child of the poets. Early and late Lowell kept his faith that America and the modern were not directed for evil—that men could be trusted—that civilization, so called, was on right roads, and with a steady foot.

As we regard a life so tranquil and excellent, so high in inten-

tion and so steadfast in performance, we feel that here Art has breathed her best aromas and exhibited her transcendent effects.

Lowell deserves honor as a man. He was framed for great exercise, and did not disappoint his gifts. He owed no apologies for merits betrayed, and allowed no deference for shams and shifts. He undoubtedly moved masses of readers, acquired world-fame, was in the "swim" and urge of affairs. He dominated and upheld a world of men and women to whom life was serious business, and whose ascriptions in his honor play with the highest notes of the scale. But Lowell's influence does not leap up, the living flame of a unitary fire. It mingles with the lighter tones of art; it mounts in airy, gauzy rapture the atmospheres of taste and beauty. He does not announce fresh determinations with reference to the whole range of life. He keeps in the common course of the ships; he ploughs along accomplished ways; he leaves a thousand things unaccounted for, on both sides. He is a minor prophet; the poetic and artistic mingle and transfigure him. He is a rationalist, rich in sympathy.

Genius exists in abandon; it is divinely careless. Command imports disregard of secondary failures and oppositions. Genius welcomes all that nature brings for the glowing fire of its speech; it appreciates the natural limitations and reserves; it knows when and how to begin and to stop; it keeps unfailing ear close upon the heart of action.

Lowell interests scholars supremely, but on the side mainly of their scholarship. He arrests the taste for constructive melody. Lowell stands in the long line of interpreters. His approach to nature is interrupted. There seems in him a sense as if of revolt lest the gross and the brutal should possess themselves of immediate agencies of expression. Nature needs to be toned down; any unabashed transfer of her passion, her elemental throes, would render art nugatory or vulgar or without effect. Lowell undoubtedly caught the flavors of bards—the verbal harmonies of the poetic succession; but no line starts in him.

Perception, intellectuality, the mental battalions, so storm about and contest for the prizes of averages and mediocrities, we often

mistake their subtle reasonings for divination. The world is aghast if told that its intellect—proud, arbitrary, ambitious—comes second in the list of attributes. But before and beyond and around and transfusing the mathematics of character is the spiritual quality by whose indefinable terms a hero lives in himself all lives and experiences.

Lowell had noble gifts, which he mastered. This mastery gave him a career. He was up with the daybreak aspirations of America. He armed muscle with thought, and gave resistless wit an infallible thrust. The "Biglow Papers," the Essays, the Lincoln Ode, the Poems and Papers, always combed and curled and dressed after the best inheritances of taste; the pure life; the disposition to give literary history its area of practical benevolence; his faith that things were feeling, however they may as yet have failed to realize, nobler entrances and a wider stage; his reverence for art, and the high ideals to which he austerely paid tribute; his domestic relations, and service to college and government—all these splendid qualities and distillations, none of them to be scorned or dispensed with, go far to justify the historic necessity and grandeur of his achievement. Lowell espoused, he did not bring, a message. He was conservator; he was not creator.

Here, then, is the popular mistake. Lowell's office is magnified by being misunderstood. Aspiration is mistaken for inspiration. But it is a complete computation of factors his and factors missed from his composition which will give or refuse him a future. How can we, if only by indirection, get at such a literary account current?

Probably by contrast.

Let me, then, in such ways as I can, though perhaps by vague and erratic notes, exhibit salient particulars in which Walt Whitman, a child more attentive to the immediate monitions of nature, stands forth as modernly qualified for the first rank of song.

In poems in which the art impulse dominates, men are moved by mental display, by the wonder of human ingenuity; in poems divinely birthed, men are stirred as by action of inexplicable inner forces and by awe of man as man, crowning and summing the mystery of life. The one lifts the vision into recognition of all that man has

done and may do, the other into conviction of what man has been and must become. The one stops with process and question, the other enters heavenly arenas and contests with the unseen powers his due reflection of elemental splendor.

Every poet, every man, suspects, participates in, the mastery of natural processes. But poets touched with prophecy divulge the cosmic order: they not only share it, but become its very life and breath, so that at once we see in them the procession of all its effects. Henceforth the singer is not philosopher, but philosophy—is prophecy and song, unmistakably and forever.

I see a castle erect on the crest of a hill. It is superficially the work of man, the creature of his hands. Centuries of wind and storm and sunshine have subdued the signs of its origin; it has partaken of all the serene mixtures of natural color. The claims of man and nature have become inextricably mixed. This is the art of the master.

I see in some obscure country place a ruined wall. It commenced its career bright with masonry and stone, seemingly a thrust at the harmony of the spot. But the vines and trees have taken it in transforming arms, and the clouds overhead have given it a touch of their radiant hues. Now no item in the picture more truly has its throne by right. Time has given it to nature, and nature has so trespassed that no line can tell where man and nature have ceased and begun.

Give a poem to the elements; let the seas roll through it; let winds from every zone become vocal in its music; let the trial of its fibre be severe as fact and binding as phenomena and natural law: thus, only, out of dangers too many and varied to be enumerated, can come vitality and life.

Whitman is prone to say, Give me one truth or trick of sea or star and all else will I gladly yield. Nothing can account for Whitman's depthless power except the assumption that his note is exactly this note of reality.

Lowell brings us the life of books. His poetic line is chiselled to antique measurements. Exquisite proportion, abundant demonstration of effective and perfect anatomy; but stone, withal, and color lost in form.

I can hear Whitman objectify himself and state the difference in some such way as the following: Lowell suggests an elegant mansion, equipped with all that is luxurious and rich—an exhibit not to be despised after its own kind and degree. Walt Whitman is emulous of the sea-shore, the forest, even the prairie; of the surging manifold streets of the cities. These elements are quite impossible to delineate, but each of his poems attempts to suggest, and, in the measure of his opportunity, succeeds in expressing, their inner as well as outer life. And he would add that the irrepressible and in every way creditable authority of heredity and tradition is with Lowell. About 'Leaves of Grass' and Walt Whitman heredity, tradition, and authority reside only as in an individual's respect for his ancestry—for his father and mother. He would dwell upon this sentiment with great tenderness and love, but would insist upon the supremacy of his own soul. Whitman's attitude towards authority and tradition is reverential, couched, perhaps, in emotional tenderness and respect. But whatever remains after and beyond that does not reside in flatteries and imitations.

Lowell gives us Greece as she died; Whitman, as she rose. Into Lowell creeps the shadow and chill of lapsing suns; in Whitman are the perennial breaths of morning.

Lowell writes no dull line. He has wit, subtlety, the noblest sense of artistic propriety. He seizes the past, accepts America, absorbs the wealth of books, drinks in the aspirations of reformers. He weighs all by a faultless logic and by tools of masters gone. In all that art can do for soul and sense Lowell had craft and skill beyond present parallel. In him were centred, or represented, the influences of accumulated schools, of scholars labored upon and laboring in eras departed, who gave to tradition and tuitionism so sweet a voice and grace, unwary men had thought them past question or denial.

Lowell takes us to libraries—Whitman to forests, to the sea. When I read Lowell, I crave the joy of books, I roam into niches of great libraries and obstruct the spirit with burden of other men's deeds. When I read Whitman, I go hand in hand companioning his "Leaves" to gospels of open air and free deeds of comradeship



in the lusty challenge of life. His genius unconsciously reacts with the port and humor of nature. It does not argue; it celebrates, represents, it issues sublime declarations. It rejects explanation; has no sorrows, no apologies, no prayers, no useless forms, no flatteries, no bribes, no schemes, no plots, no secrets. Over its threshold—its grassy slopes—any guest may dare, and every pilgrim meets a welcoming hand. Whitman is sunrise; he beams the rose gray of the first morning; he promises you labor, a long journey and a sacred rest at last.

From this point of view, which is perhaps the most important I have to advance, Mrs. Anne Gilchrist long ago, in her early recognitions of Whitman, seemed to survey the whole field and to anticipate later criticism:

“We criticise a palace or a cathedral, but what is the use of criticising a forest? Are not the hitherto-accepted masterpieces of literature rather akin to noble architecture, built up of material rendered precious by elaboration, planned with subtle art that makes beauty go hand in hand with rule and measure, and knows when the last stone will come before the first is laid; the result stately fixed, yet such as might, in every particular, have been different from what it is (therefore inviting criticism), contrasting proudly with the careless freedom of Nature, opposing its own wilful dallying with it. But not such is this book. . . . Seeds brought by the winds from north, south, east, and west, lying long in the earth, not resting on it like the stately building, but hid in it and assimilating, shooting upwards to be nourished by the air and the sunshine and the rain which beat idly against that; each bough and twig and leaf growing in strength and beauty its own way, a law to itself, yet, with all this freedom of spontaneous growth, the result inevitable, unalterable (therefore setting criticism at naught),—above all things, vital,—that is a source of ever-generating vitality: such are these poems.”

Sloane Kennedy has written penetratingly of Whitman, and on this item, which Whitman himself has called “a bold assumption,” may well be included here:

“It is the few men of tremendous native force of character appearing at long intervals in history that redeem literature from its vapidity and chaffiness. The value of Whitman in literature is, that in among the idiotic dandies and dolls of book characters he has

placed A LIVE MAN, with all his sins and crudities, his brawn and blood, sexuality and burliness, as well as his noble and refined qualities. The effect and the shock of this upon the morbid mental condition of the popular mind of the day is like that which would be produced by suddenly producing a nude figure of Angelo's or an undraped Bacchus in a ladies' sewing circle."

Lowell empties into us the flood of past theory, the ardor of ancient practice, the happiest product of written history and of the lips of formal teachers. Whitman overwhelms us in primeval perturbation, centres the wealth of significance in individuals, has no scorn, no disposition to belittle or to reject, no impatience with evil.

The true poet reflects nature; the poet of the schools reflects reflection. The music of the poetry of a late period becomes the last mimicry of an echo. The chord must have an identity; it must float by easy tones into the sigh of breezes in tree-tops or the surge of seas on shores. To Whitman there are no steps, no stages, no breaks in causal lines, but gradation, color melting in color, life in life. To him dream is immeasurable, imponderable, evasive; only a hint of it, at the best, can be seized and conveyed; give it measured expression and the lines of natural grace fade and cramp away. His song follows the patient length of speech; it dismisses the arbitrary bounds set by professional fiats; it ascends and falls, it flows and floats, it plays and is in repose, by a law symbolized and made free in the movement of natural bodies—the grace of water-courses and the easy habits of clouds. He will not proportion his deeds to the stature of dead heroes; to him the modern has a mission, perhaps the greatest of any, and a mission not only to repeat old saws and sing old songs, but to break ways and pioneer new worlds. By laws of spontaneous being he bursts the sepulchres—will not have this human spirit hid away from the light of day, nor yet will ask for miracles to achieve the resurrection.

Lowell comes into our history dragging along an old heritage too cumbersome to allow the spirit its free play. Organization, tradition, the accumulated and magnified principles and rules of art, the harassing littlenesses of pettifogging orthodoxies, impale and limit him. He could soar beyond them, and did; he could take long

flights and short; but, always returning, he in fact acknowledged their claims. His grace, beauty, music—his loving armory, serviced for man—his supreme determination to be and remain clean and clear—his creation of noble songs and honest, if not indulgent and inclusive, criticism—his courageous assertion of personality, so far as the conviction of it existed—his command of knowledge and ease of speech—his eye, undimmed to the last in discrimination and perception of color—his real contribution to the hour and to the future—are not laurels to be mocked at or denied. Yet this finally remains to be said: serving life as he saw it, and from ancestral and collegiate backgrounds, as he had them, and never freed from the subtle bonds of that relationship and heredity, it would be our wrong and shame to profess him greatest where there are greater, or to exalt to highest places those more formal, if not wholly formal, traits and gifts of character which distinguished him, and whose traces thread and clamber about and through all the work he has left to judgment and posterity.

What, too, of Whitman? We have found him a vital pluck out of nature's heart; in him beats the old red blood of creation; in his soul are illuminating fires, hot with glow of immortal meaning. He has braved all the lions of forests, all the devils underground, and he has defied heavenly allurements and the music of angelic wings. To him has come the human—that supreme human, with feet on earth and soul in upper spaces—that utter abandon to evil and good, to the brutal and the beautiful, to genesis and growth, to simplicity and selection, to shamelessness and shame, which makes him nature's darling and a liver with gods. Men and poets before him have been spontaneous, but none so spontaneous beneath spontaneity as this strange figure. No saint this, nor sinner either, but *man*, drenched with men's tears as rocking with their laughter; a participator in universal life; an iconoclast who loves all the dead idols for what they have meant in their days of actual life, but sanely demands for man the final disposition of all theory and faith: in short, an emancipator of literature, a singer of life, a prophet of the individual, an asserter of immortality.

Let me, then, close with a piece of sober self-criticism, writer

but a few months ago by this man himself, as in some sense a benediction and leave-taking. He says frankly: "To the spontaneity and non-elaborateness of my verse belongs a marked reservation. The 'naturalness' and 'simplicity,' while their own, are, in a sort, modern and scientific":

"The theory of my 'Leaves of Grass' as a composition of verses has been from first to last, (if I am to give *impromptu* a hint of the spinal marrow of the business, and sign it with my name,) to thoroughly possess the mind, memory, cognizance, of the author himself, with everything beforehand—a full armory of concrete actualities, observations, humanity, past poems, ballads, facts, *technique*, war and peace, politics, North and South, East and West, nothing too large or too small, the sciences as far as possible—and above all—America and the Present; after and out of which the subject of the poem, long or short, has been invariably turned over to his Emotionality, even Personality, to be shaped thence; and emerges strictly therefrom, with all its merits and demerits on its head. Every page of my poetic or attempt at poetic utterance therefore smacks of the living physical identity, date, environment, individuality, probably beyond anything known, and in style often offensive to the conventions."

Horace L. Traubel.

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CHARACTER IN 'AS YOU LIKE IT': AN INDUCTIVE STUDY.

THE study of plot in Shakespeare rewards us with an insight into the poet's perfect workmanship,—the study of character touches our imagination with the fire of his, and rewards us with an insight into his very nature. But in order to do justice to his art-power it is necessary not to rest in the contemplation of his profound reading of the human heart. To do this is to make a pitfall of our poet's very excellence, and to debar ourselves from ever reaching a full and true appreciation of his genius by mistaking a part for the whole. Our admiration of his knowledge of human nature, his marvellous grasp of the strange facts of the inner life, may be misleading if it induces us to isolate each character and judge it inde-

pendently of its position in the drama. Our interpretation of any given character must go side by side with our interpretation of the drama itself, and if, not recognizing this principle, we fix our consideration upon the character as it is in itself, it will be found that we are putting our own construction upon it, instead of tracing the artist's purpose, and that we have thereby lost sight of the beautiful symmetry of the whole work, in which every side of truth is unified, each detail appears necessary to the true proportions. The study of character then becomes the more fascinating, not as opposed to the technical interest of plot-construction, but as revealing the subtlest and profoundest thoughts of the poet through the artist's elaboration of a conceived purpose and skill of execution. Only in this way can we reach reliable results in estimating the principles which are hidden behind the moving life-like men and women of our dramatist, as diverse as they are life-like, forming a complete world that develops with all the unconsciousness of evolution, and yet is governed, like the real world, by laws beneath the surface of phenomena.

Whether the creator of this imaginary world was conscious or unconscious of the laws which regulate his work affects our interpretation of those laws as little as the investigations of the man of science are affected by the question whether the orthodox believer is or is not correct in his view of the origin of matter. There the matter is, and the investigator sets to work upon it; there, on the other hand, are the works of Shakespeare, and the action of his thought may be traced by means of reflection and analysis to certain laws which are as securely founded upon induction as the laws of the material world.

The characters of 'As You Like It' reveal a perfect symmetry that is, so to speak, a reflection of the many-sidedness and impartiality of the thought. We find, as we should naturally expect, that the worthiness or unworthiness of the characters bears no relation whatever to their position in the court or in the country. Nothing could be more foreign to the breadth and tone of Shakespeare's mind than to create an artificial atmosphere for virtue, and to warp the truth of reality to fit his special purpose. All sorts of men are

found in all conditions, in his work as well as in real life. And antagonistic as any such partiality always is to him, it would have been particularly misplaced here, if we are correct in our theory, founded on patient induction, that one leading idea embodied in 'As You Like It' is, that man shows his worth by rising above circumstance, subduing or controlling it.

We have then, in this pastoral, no undue exaltation of the life of retirement over the life of the world. We have the most unworldly men and women living in the world, we have those who are always and essentially of the world even though they are not in it, and we have further an example of "other worldliness" as an added contrast to both.

The impartiality shown in these varieties of type secures the symmetry of the whole conception—there is nothing one-sided or ill-balanced in it. And beside this impartial variety of selection, the types are so arranged side by side that their effects are heightened by comparison. The means of securing a certain effect in dramatic art, technically known as *character-grouping*, is most fully illustrated in this play. Each character, while perfectly complete and natural in itself, serves by one or more of its sides to supply exactly what is necessary to bring into relief some point in one or more of the other characters.

Thus we have, to begin with, the slighter characters, the man rich in worldly advantages, the Duke by might not right, uneasy in his exaltation; and we have the Duke his brother, as rich originally in worldly advantages, suffering his loss with an equal mind, happy in his reverses. The bad Duke stakes his all upon worldly success, he becomes more reckless with each injury to his own soul, and crime gives birth to crime. Cruelty to his innocent niece becomes necessary and involves harsh injustice to his own child and heiress; finally, to secure his position he must take the life of his brother, whom he had meant only to rob and to banish. He is saved from this crime by a kind of repentance, with which, I imagine, from his general teaching and from the remarks upon it he gives to Jaques, Shakespeare is not much in sympathy. True to himself, the ambitious Duke exchanges his worldly ambition for

one more likely to be gratified permanently, the ambition of another world, and so even the man most swayed by outward things is ruled by an inward impulse—the very inconsistencies of human nature are made to subserve the artist's purpose, and fidelity to real facts secures the best illustration of his ideal truth: men make their own good or evil fortune.

The good Duke is the antithesis of the unstable character which tries to anchor in the quicksands of circumstance. He is firm in self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control. His cheerful renunciation of the world has nothing strained or unnatural in it. It is as far removed from the cold asceticism of disappointment as it is from the reckless delight of irresponsibility and ease. The forest to him is no fool's paradise in which to eat, drink, and be merry,—no sleepy, sensuous Arcadia. In his opening speech there is a full recognition of the hard side of Nature and the stubbornness of Fortune. There is in his words something as bracing as the winter's wind of which he speaks. His inner life reigns supreme over the outer. Nature is here exalted *per se*, but always interpreted by the light of human emotion and interest. The world is everything to the bad Duke, and when he resigns it, it is only in favor of a better world; to his brother, not the world, nor Nature, nor anything else interferes with the possession of his own soul in peace,—a possession of calm dignity overruling all passions, religious as well as otherwise. It is this calmness which saves him from being cast down by adversity or exalted by triumph. When he hears the news of his brother's conversion, suddenly as it comes upon him, so unmoved is he by his own change of fortune that he first thinks of how it will affect others: the happy bridegrooms and brides of whose weddings his mind is full. He utters not one word of triumph or exultation, just as he never uttered one word of repining or reproach in suffering injustice. He considers what is due to the life he must now renounce:

"First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well begot."

But his calmness must not be mistaken for indifference. As the medium of a fuller life, he knows the value of worldly power. He

admits that the "returned fortune" is "a good"; he gathers its first fruits in the pleasure of rewarding "every of this happy number" who are worthy of Fortune's gifts in that they have shown themselves able to dispense with her favors. And the Duke's true, simple spirit shines out in the natural regret for the sweet, simple life, shown in his desire to "forget this new-fall'n dignity" while they abandon themselves to rejoicing in the festival of Nature and of Love.

Point by point, the two brothers are contrasted. The good Duke loved the noble Sir Rowland "as his soul," the bad Duke "did find him still mine enemy." Contrast Le Beau's cautious care not to risk his master's anger by speaking of him as he is, even behind his back, with the other's welcome of "counsellors that feelingly persuade me what I am."

The one persecutes his innocent niece, and estranges his daughter by placing worldly success before her as the highest good; the other looks to his daughter's happiness by seeking for her love, not fortune, and welcomes as a daughter the niece whose father is his cruel enemy. Capricious, suspicious, and full of malice is the one, while the other shows himself constant to his friends, kind to the distressed Orlando, tolerant to the moody Jaques, courteous to the stranger Ganymede.

Side by side with these companion figures: the good elder brother oppressed by the wicked younger, we have two others: the wicked elder brother oppressing the innocent younger. As the key-note of the usurping Duke's character seemed to be ambition, so that of Oliver's appears to be egotism in another form: love of reputation and admiration. He is not one of those natures in which evil seems inherent, punishment and suffering serving but to drive it deeper in; a hardened villain has no place in this comedy; rather is evil in him perverted good. The love of admiration, properly controlled and directed, leads to worthiness, but in Oliver it is uncontrolled and runs riot. Only when thoroughly scourged by humiliation and pain, then revived in a chastened form, and fed by the ardent requiting love of a good woman, is that change in his dominant passion effected which works his salvation.



His crimes against Orlando are prompted by the desire to remove that bright personality which pales his own, and which he cannot obscure. Yet he is amenable to good impulses, even through his egotism. He is touched by Orlando's magnanimity—when it saves his life; he loves passionately—the woman who passionately and at once requites his love. He professes to think "the world well lost for love," but we must not forget that he has practically lost it before he falls in love; and if, as some critics think, he discovers Rosalind's disguise in the fainting-scene, he is not really choosing a shepherdess in Celia. This knowledge may satisfy his self-love, and for the rest, his enthusiasm makes him ready "to live and die a shepherd." There is an artistic completeness in the construction which brings him so naturally to the voluntary choice or resigned acceptance of a peasant's lot which he had tried to thrust upon his brother. Nothing in itself is good or bad, and a grievous wrong becomes a privilege.

In Orlando we have the bright side of those qualities of which Oliver is, as it were, the shadow. His is the essentially healthy nature in which no single characteristic is predominant,—the rounded, balanced nature which Shakespeare loved, and which we must study in its completeness before we can appreciate its worth. For, beholding this kind of nature, we cannot say, Lo! here; lo! there, to any striking feature or exceptional power; its strength lies in its symmetry, its excellence in its wholeness. The very evenness may seem to a superficial gaze formality, the very lack of excess appear to argue coldness or weakness, until it is thoroughly understood. The key-note of Orlando's character is self-respect,—the antithesis of the uneasy self-love of Oliver. His characteristic is a strong consciousness of a self reigning supreme within, to which a man is always accountable, flanked on the one hand by a dignity not to be degraded, on the other by a modesty sincere as truth itself.

Extremes meet, and one of the chief meeting-points of Nature and Fortune—Fortune which "reigns in the gifts of the world" and Nature which reigns over that which the world cannot give—is birth. To complete Nature's good gift of birth, Fortune's aid is needed in nurture and education. Orlando is gentleman born. He

recognizes, in spite of his disadvantages, that *noblesse oblige*. He feels that the worst wrong his brother can do him is to starve his spirit. His legitimate pride of birth, which makes him resent degradation, not so much because it implies poverty and suffering, but because it prevents him from being his true self, is touched with emphasis again and again. "The something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me." "The spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny. . . ." "The courtesy of nations allows you my better . . . but the same tradition takes not away my blood. . . . I have as much of my father in me as you. . . . I am no villain (*i.e.*, of mean birth). . . . I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. . . ." "Allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman." "I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, . . . and would not change that calling To be adopted heir to Frederick."

His father, the good and noble Sir Rowland, bequeathed his "gentle condition of blood" and his spirit to his youngest son, who loves his memory with all the fervent tenderness that springs from sympathy more than from kinship. Adam speaks to him as "O you memory of old Sir Rowland!" and the good Duke says, "Mine eye doth his effigies witness Most truly limned and living in your face. . . ." He resents his degradation as only a gentleman can. He desires "the gifts of the world"—education, station, and wealth—not for their own sakes, but as being the necessary conditions of self-fulfilment. There is no vulgar selfism lurking behind Orlando's desires; we get his self-estimate in his speech to Jaques: "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults."

His manner is gentle as his spirit is high. His assumed roughness at the Duke's table serves to bring into relief his real good-breeding; his rebuke to the coarse, boasting wrestler shows the generosity which forbids a gentleman to swagger,—above all, to one he deems his inferior: "You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before."

If Orlando appear, as compared with Rosalind, somewhat less forcible a character, we must not forget that this is partly due to his

peculiar position in the drama. He is throughout subordinate in the action, and we get our impression of him largely at second-hand, from the impression he makes on others. The brother who hates, though he cannot succeed in despising, him is the last whom we should expect to overestimate him, when speaking with the frankness of self-commune; and what a perfectly attractive picture does he give us of the youth "gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved; so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, *who best know him*"! Then Rosalind's quick perception, purity, and depth of nature are a measure of his worth whom she honors with her love. She saw in him, as Lodge's heroine says of her lover, "a man every way absolute as well for his inward life as for his outward lineaments." Celia, not dazzled by the glamour of love, "hates him not,"—"does much commend his parts and graces,"—evidently thinks him worthy to share with her her Rosalind's heart. Old Adam's devotion is given to a master who deserves to be followed "to the last gasp, with truth and loyalty." Even the suspicious Duke is forced to admit, "Thou art a gallant youth," and the shallow Le Beau cannot miss his fine qualities, and, self-interested courtier as he is, goes out of his way to warn Orlando of his danger.

In regard to the more positive side of the character, we know that he can love passionately, can fight hard, can forgive generously,—that he has therefore all the makings of a hero in him. Keenly as he can feel the wrongs of Fortune to Nature, what quiet dignity, free from all bitterness or peevish repining, there is in his words of renunciation: "If I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty"! Once, in spite of his strong self-control, he feels for a moment the temptation to despair:

"What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?  
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?  
This I must do, or know not what to do. . . ."

But self-respect triumphs, and will not brook that worst injustice of Fortune,—to drive a man to an unworthy life: “Yet this I will not do, do how I can.” To “light upon some settled low content” will not touch his dignity nor involve a mutiny against that self which, come what may, he will not fail to honor.

*C. A. Wurtzburg.*

(To be continued.)

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### BROWNING STUDY HINTS: ‘COLOMBE’S BIRTHDAY.’

SUGGESTIONS for short papers or reports of study to be brought in by different members of the Club, as follows:

I.—ANALYSIS OF THE ACTION. *Hints for the Preparation of the Paper:* What is the incident on which the story turns? What are the events of each act? Do the characters have more influence on the events than the events have on the characters? Are there any differences in the characters in this respect? Which is of greater importance in the construction of the play,—Berthold’s coming to claim his dukedom, or Valence’s being the man he is? What is the strongest situation, dramatically, in the play? Which scene would be the most pleasing on the stage?

II.—THE COURTIER GROUP. *Hints:* Which one of the Courtiers is most the creature of what happens? Which least? Does Guibert mean to play a trick on Valence in arranging to have him present the paper? The Courtiers’ stratagem. Is Guibert’s share in it consistent, or not, with his final resolution to stay by Colombe? Gaucelme’s share in Guibert’s conversion.

III.—CLEVES’S ADVOCATE. *Hints:* Light thrown on Valence’s character, by Guibert, upon the advocate’s first appearance—on his personal appearance. Was Valence an old man? How long had he loved Colombe? If Colombe had chosen the Duke would Valence have loved her still, like the hero of ‘One Way of Love’? Would he, also, have approved her choice? Is Valence humble? Notice whether he holds his own claim as inferior to the Duke’s. See his pleas with Colombe, first, on Berthold’s behalf; then, when he speaks for “Man” (close of Act iv.).

IV.—PRINCE BERTHOLD. *Hints:* Says Berthold, "O, I read hearts!" (See his talk with Melchior about his offer to marry Colombe, Act v.) Does he read her aright, upon this, or Valence, either, when he supposes him dazzled, "no better than the foreheadless," by his offer? Compare Berthold's account of his own career with Valence's description of it. Melchior as foil to Berthold and interpreter of him.

V.—BERTHOLD AND VALENCE AS LOVERS: A CONTRAST. *Hints:* Argue the case of Valence and Colombe *versus* Berthold and Priscilla. Is Berthold's capacity for love like that of the lover in 'Life in a Love' or in 'Love in a Life'?

Ought Valence to have asserted his claim to Colombe's hand? Show how the effect of the Courtiers' stratagem, and of Melchior's secret inquiry of the advocate as to his right to claim the lady, conduced to the purification of his love and to Colombe's choice. Would Valence have shown his love better if he had followed his first impulse and asked for the flowers she wore instead of urging redress for Cleves? (See close of Act v.) Which pleased Colombe best? Did she ever give Valence a clue to what her ideal of action in such a case would be?

VI.—THE CHARACTER AND DEVELOPMENT OF COLOMBE. *Hints:* In tracing the development of Colombe observe not only what she says herself, but also what the other characters say of her. Describe her personal appearance from the hints thrown out.

Her relation to the Courtiers.—Does the hesitancy of the Courtiers to present to Colombe the announcement of the approach of her cousin to take possession of the Duchy indicate that she has inspired them with affection?

Her relation to the people of Cleves.—Had she done anything to merit the loyalty of the people of Cleves, or was their admiration of her merely the combined effect of the fact that she was their duchess, and was endowed with personal beauty and attraction? Has she at all waked up at the beginning of the play to the consciousness of her responsibilities as the ruler of the people of Cleves? What first arouses her to this consciousness? (There were probably several causes, for example, the discovery that the love of

the Courtiers has been mere self-interested lip-service; learning of the miseries of the people of Cleves; the recognition of an earnestness in Valence with which she had never before come in contact.)

Her relation to Valence.—In the scene in Act iii. between Valence and Colombe does she know all the time that it is herself Valence loves? When does she first begin to love Valence? Is she not at times inconsistent? for example, after almost forcing Valence to confess his love, she calmly replies she will prepare her answer for the prince, and the discomfited Valence thinks his love is not returned, and she exclaims after he has gone out, "Mournful that nothing's what it calls itself, devotion, zeal, faith, loyalty—mere love!" Was she really disappointed that his devotion meant love to herself? Contrast with what she says in the last act, "And do such deeds spring up from love alone?"

Her relation to the Duke.—Should she have determined on retaining the Duchy in spite of her cousin's right, because she had found one worthy subject? Does she ever have the slightest intention of accepting the Duke's hand?

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE: 1. In her treatment of Valence, Colombe shows either the immaturity of only a partially-developed woman, or, sure of him from the first, she makes use of her high position to deliberately coquet with him.

2. Colombe's character is portrayed at the moment when new and awakening forces are taking possession of her, and there is consequently a struggle between her new and old self.

3. 'Colombe's Birthday' suggests that the real right to rule a people resides in the spiritual allegiance of that people irrespective of the physical power of the ruler; and it illustrates the successful sway of those great woman sovereigns of the world who called out the chivalric devotion of their subjects.

4. Valence is the type of that evolved love, in action and under special tests, which is shown in the series of Browning's love-poems previously considered,—'Love in a Life,' 'Life in a Love,' 'Another Way of Love,' 'One Way of Love.' (See preceding 'Browning Study Hints' in *POET-LORE* for October, November, and December.)

*P. A. C.*

## MODJESKA'S LADY MACBETH.

Does Lady Macbeth assume an ill she has not, or is she in herself an evil power? Is Shakespeare justified in Janauschek's roused tigress, or in Modjeska's broken-souled woman, proving herself unequal to the task of being bad?

From the moment of reading Macbeth's letter, Modjeska's Lady Macbeth, gracious, charming, quick-witted, thoroughly intuitional and feminine, has chosen her part. With her husband's words—"Lay it to thy heart, and farewell"—her cue seems to be taken. Mocking words, implying as bitter an oracle for her as that of the "juggling fiends" for him. She lays it to her heart, and fares ill from thenceforth.

But at first we see only the brightness and energy of her purpose. "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor," she sums up, "and *shalt be*"—the decision is swift and aware of itself—"what thou art *promised.*" The prompt, admirable, moral temper of the woman, quick to bad or good, is put in contrast with the dull, faltering, neither good nor bad and therein vicious irresponsibility of her husband. His weak amiability is of that doubtful mettle which makes many "a good fellow" an essentially contemptible reprobate. She resolves, therefore, to pour her spirits in his ear and chastise, with the valor of her tongue, that moral weakness in him which makes him fear to do what she knows he does not wish should be undone.

If, now, she were not subservient to her husband's will, not dutifully auxiliary to it, but combative of it,—ah! there, indeed, would be material for a modern woman's part of independent initiative, scarcely an ancient wife's. This situation of Shakespeare's is true to the old doctrine, "though she bends him, she obeys him." That indirect influence she is limited to she uses.

When the messenger interrupts her soliloquy with the tidings, "The king comes here to-night," the gleam of her fine eyes darts out with her rejoinder, "Thou'rt mad to say it," and shows, like a stroke of lightning, how pat she finds his coming with the plan thereupon conceived.

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After some perfunctory words, spoken in order to reassure the messenger, that, after all, there was nothing unusual in her exclamation, and when she is again alone, the quality of her purpose is revealed in her soliloquy, "Unsex me here," etc. Hers is not the woman's mission, as it might be, individual and direct, speaking from its own nature, but thwarted, fitted to indirectly influence and nerve on that wish of her husband's which she has made her own.

Macbeth, entering, finds her in an exalted frame of mind. He cannot but admire her,—light his lesser flame of intention from hers, and be moulded as she may shape him to his own purpose.

As for Lady Macbeth, as Modjeska represents her, here, in the bravado of her words, "You shall put this night's great business into my despatch," and, later, in the scene where she receives the aged Duncan under her battlements with such beautiful, false-hearted mimicry of perfect courtesy; or in the scene with Macbeth before the deed, when she has to pitch the key for him once again, at the last desperate moment, and screw his slipping resolution to the sticking-place, she is constantly acting,—acting an assumed part with an energy and prepossession that make you guess she is beside herself. You know it, finally, when she swoons. The deed done, even the moment of suspense passed, when, having made the blunder of killing the guards, Macbeth yet manages to make his action plausible, she succumbs.

It would almost seem as though that blunder, and the task of retrieval it forces on Macbeth, constituted for Lady Macbeth an image and example of all the similar bloody blunders mending themselves by worse ones, to which her husband would be prone henceforth; as though what overpowered her was not alone the relief at last from the physical strain of watching to see if reinforcement from herself were still necessary, but rather more the sudden sickening intellectual perception of the irretrievable, weary blackness of a deed already teeming with a host of evil children.

Modjeska's swoon she somehow made extraordinarily full of meaning. It suggested this inward gleam of the knowledge of good and evil. It seemed to close the first chapter of her acting, all of which, up to this point, as it appeared to the writer, was an acting of acting.



The beautiful queen, in thick-jewelled robes, who next shines upon the stage, is weary of acting, aware of sin, and so conscious of all the consequences of "things bad begun," which "make strong themselves by ill," that she is not even apprehensive of them. Soft, gentle, heavily sad, and piteous, she makes the scene before the banquet. She looks straight into Macbeth's eyes when he tells her his mind is "full of scorpions," while Banquo and his Fleance live. Her rejoinder, "But in them nature's copy's not eterne," is, she knows, only what he has already thought. Her "What's to be done?" is too wise to be apprehensive, too resigned to consequences of a piece with those she long ago foresaw to be deprecatory. Macbeth's "Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till thou applaud the deed" is accepted by her deep, sad eyes with perfect intelligence, without approval, but without a murmur. Modjeska's Lady Macbeth *knows*. She, quickest to foresee and to plan the ill deed, is quickest to taste its bitterest significance.

During part of the interview Macbeth is seated, and she bends round him, behind his chair, leaning upon him, compassionating his overwrought fancies, his nightly dreams, the doubtful joy of their regal state, with the extreme tenderness alone possible to a thoroughly disillusionized woman.

Lady Macbeth's utter inefficiency to make any headway in upholding the decent ceremonies of the banqueting scene against Macbeth's tell-tale, raging visions, is very prominent in Modjeska's acting of that scene. The ordinary criticism of the scene, as Shakespeare wrote it, might be that he did not supply enough politic explanatory speeches and asides for Lady Macbeth, in her natural attempt to smooth down rising trouble. This awkwardness is aggravated by the wooden-headed way in which the feasting supernumeraries of the stage take Macbeth's startling revelations. A little courtier-like partisanship of the Macbeths, by their creatures on the one side, and the guarded dislike and bolder-growing suspicion of the usurpers by a few on the other side, would be too natural, doubtless, and too much against the artificiality of stage traditions for a manager to arrange. Actresses of the queen's part seem generally to have felt the utter awkwardness of Macbeth's occupying

every inch of the boards with his murder and ghost vagaries, and absorbing the blank attention of the gaping images supposed to be quietly banqueting meanwhile. And, so, most Lady Macbeths have introduced what by-play they could to eke out their energetic asides to the king.

Modjeska makes a gracious gesture or two, and summons a forced faint reflection of her earlier acting in order to remonstrate with her husband and nerve him to self-control; but it seems to be part of her imagination of the character that she shall scarcely have the heart to brace up in any but the weakest, weariest way against the overwhelming revelation. Perhaps she is quite right in thus justifying Shakespeare's plan to make this scene a complete rout of all pretence, like the play scene that traps the conscience of the king in 'Hamlet.' If this were her conception of the scene, the more's the pity the banqueting figure-heads could not be made to reinforce her idea and exhibit some of the natural effects of Macbeth's "flaws and starts," "impostors" to her own "true fear."

Confirmatory of this view is the expression of weary disgust with his childishness, along with resignation to it, that seems to cross her face when, afterwards, while they are alone, he declares he will "to-morrow and betimes" go to the "weird sisters." Here, with this look, and with the pathos of her premonitory words,— "You lack the season of all natures, sleep,"—the second chapter of her acting of her evil task is closed. It is the necessary intermediate phase that leads on to the sleep-walking scene.

In this scene the audience is made to share the impressions of Shakespeare's Doctor. There is somewhat of stillness and brokenness in her mechanical remembering of the merely physical stages of the deed that seemed to reveal the purely psychical working of a long-felt remorse to which no new ill intention had been added. A certain sort of purity in crime was thus evidenced, making the Doctor's "More needs she the Divine than the physician;" his prayer, "God, God, forgive us all;" his caution, "Remove from her the cause of all annoyance," the direct reflection of the very quality and nature of her remorse. Of this scene the wail of her women, when, by "self and violent hands," she took her life, is the last weary echo.

The first impression of Modjeska's *Lady Macbeth*, by its contrast with more usual renderings, is one of almost too much feminine quickness, feminine strength and feminine weakness mixed, and an over-subtlety of the dependence of her *rôle* on that of her husband; but whatever may be thought of the elaborate insight and delicacy of her conception of the part, the idea being granted, admiration for the poignant sensibility, the grace and intelligence of the impersonation must follow. It will win over many, moreover, to her representation of the part as a new illumination of the import of the play.

P.

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#### RARE POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IN his introductory note to the privately-printed edition of the 'Battle of Marathon,' Mr. H. Buxton Forman gives some additional information concerning this poem. In *POET-LORE* of May last I stated that Miss Barrett was about eleven years of age when "these rhymes in the style of Pope" were written; but the latest researches of Mr. Forman go to prove that she must have been considerably nearer thirteen. It is well to have this matter authoritatively settled, as of course the chief interest of the poem arises from the fact of its being so early evolved from the mind of the future poet. It is certainly a most remarkable production for a child of thirteen; but, were there any authority for supposing her to be two years younger, the biographical interest of the poem would undoubtedly be enhanced. According to the register of baptisms of the parish of Kelloe, Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett was born at Coxhoe Hall, in the county of Durham, on the 6th of March, 1806. The dedication of the 'Battle of Marathon' is dated "1819,"—the date on the title-page of the poem being "1820." Of course, as Mr. Forman points out, when the poem was really completed is more or less matter of conjecture, but one would naturally conclude it to be somewhat before the close of the year 1819,—although it may have been written a year or two before the dedication was signed. If written after March 6, 1819, the author had, of course, completed her thirteenth year. It is true

that, in writing<sup>1</sup> to Mr. Horne, in 1843, she speaks of her "great epic" of eleven or twelve years old, and goes on to remark that she wrote her 'Essay on Mind' when she was seventeen or eighteen. Here there is no definite statement, and Mr. Forman suggests that in all probability Miss Barrett was under a wrong impression as to the date of her birth; and he inclines to think that for "eleven or twelve" we should read thirteen, and for "seventeen or eighteen" we should read nineteen. The title-page of the 'Essay on Mind' is dated 1826, and in the January of that year Miss Barrett would be nearly twenty years of age. So that if *her* impression as to her age be correct, it follows that this work must have remained a year or two in manuscript. "Similarly," says Mr. Forman, "if 'eleven or twelve' rightly describes the approximate age of the authoress of the 'Battle of Marathon,' it also must have remained a year or two in manuscript."

It is needless to remark further as to the rarity of this bibliographical curiosity. Some little while before Mr. Browning's death a copy of the work came into the hands of a bookseller; and it is curious to note that the Poet, when appealed to as to the genuineness of the book, expressed a doubt whether it might not be a fabrication, remarking, "I have never seen a copy." Doubtless the present reprint—which has been printed under the editorial supervision of Mr. Thos. J. Wise—will also in due course become a "rarity," the issue being strictly limited to fifty copies. But it is a work which all bibliographers will desire to possess; consequently we may eventually expect to find copies highly priced in the booksellers' catalogues.

Now and again there turns up some literary rarity which delights the soul of the bibliographer, and consequently gladdens the heart of the bookseller. I have before me, in the form of a little booklet, a separate reprint of a poem by Mrs. Browning, 'The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point,' bearing the imprint of Moxon, and dated 1849,—the market value of which is, I understand, about nine pounds nine shillings! "This noble poem was," wrote Mr. Browning, "given by its author to the Boston 'Liberty Bell.'" Prefixed to the poem is the following advertisement, dated "Florence, 1849.:"

“The following verses were the contribution of the authoress to a volume entitled ‘The Liberty Bell, by Friends of Freedom,’ printed in America last year for sale at the Boston National Anti-Slavery Bazaar. It is for the use of a few ‘friends of freedom’ and of the writer on this side of the Atlantic that the verses are now reprinted.” Curiously enough, this separate issue was quite unknown to Mr. Browning a year or two preceding his death. On his attention being called to a copy which had “turned up,” he wrote as follows:

“As the poem was first printed in America, no copyright could be claimed for it in England. It is possible some of the ‘friends of Freedom’ may have used a certain ‘freedom’ in reprinting the poem for the sake of the good cause.” He added, in a subsequent letter, “I dare say the fact has been that, on the publication of the poem in America, the American friends (in London) who had been instrumental in obtaining it wrote to the authoress (in Florence) for leave to republish it in England; and that she of course gave her consent,—probably wrote the little advertisement. The respectability of the Publisher and Printer is a guarantee that nothing surreptitious has been done. You may observe that no price is affixed, and no advertisements are to be found on the cover; the pamphlet was clearly a private issue for ‘friends.’ I, however, have no memory of such a circumstance: the appearance of the pamphlet convinces me, notwithstanding, that things were as I say.”

The little booklet consists of twenty-eight pages, and, judging from the copy I have recently examined, would seem to have been well and carefully printed. It is enclosed in a light buff wrapper. It would be interesting to know how many copies were struck off for the “few ‘friends of freedom,’”—probably only a dozen or so; otherwise copies would now and again have turned up in the booksellers’ catalogues.

There was an interesting sale of autograph letters at Sotheby’s the other day, in which a remarkable letter of Mrs. Browning’s was sold for three pounds fifteen shillings. In the course of this letter she says: “I, too, want you to know Robert, and that he is worth loving and being loved by. He is, in fact, a hundred times better than I am,—better in the head, better in the heart, and I ought to be

ashamed of not being too humble to consent to be his wife all these years ago. That's the fault, it seems to me." This extract of itself goes far to prove my contention, expressed in the October issue of POET-LORE, that there are numerous Browning letters extant which will be simply invaluable when the time arrives for a full and complete biography of this illustrious couple.

*William G. Kingsland.*

LONDON, December 5, 1891.

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THE CHRISTMAS ORGY.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF — — AND \* \* \*

DEAR \* \* \*

IN TOWN, December 22, 1891.

We understand each other too well, I know, to be guilty of giving each other holiday presents. Going down Chestnut Street to-day I seriously considered the procession of Christmas Bacchantes I met in the midmost of their frenzied jostle. They bore proudly in their straining arms packs and packets of little seasonable trash, and in their wild, insatiate, abstracted eyes I saw the vision of various other little plotted-out trashes not yet run to cover,—brown paper and a string,—but sure to fall their prey ere the laden, lurching horse-car or the respectable private prancers bear home the season's weary debauchees.

This it is to tread the wine-press of joy! Who said, "Very like a tread-mill"?

Thus do we look when our holiday brains reel, all "totty of the must," in the anxious strife of balancing favors received with collateral compliments duly checked off the memorandum! Did any one say, "Like a crazy book-keeper at his profit and loss account"?

There goes an ugly satyr with a holiday nymph in tow. I pass, and hear his rude-tongued "Why the devil did you get that for me?"

That rouses the echoes. Why the devil does anybody get anything for anybody? Don't he know better what he wants himself?

For example, am I to grin and be grateful when my sanctimonious grandmother gives me 'The Smile of God's Blessing' instead of Fiske's 'Critical Period of American History'?

All Chestnut Street resounds to this sceptical burst. Little waves and eddies of rationalism, reminiscence, and reflection stir the dizzy surface of the Bacchanalian whirlpool we are all boozing in ; or else it is that my "spirits are attentive," and I've learned how to catch the discontent of the Mœnads flying by.

"Every living Christmas I get twenty-five dollars from him as a present ; but it all has to go in presents again, and not a thing to show for it!"

"Well, you're lucky to come out even and have your work for nothing."

"More than I ought to spend? Well, I should think so!"

"Draw on mamma——"

"Oh, yes! that will do for her ; but——"

Thus I catch the clues and lose the sequels in the skurrying crowd of merry-makers.

"Oh! I will have to, for I know they are going to give me something. And what, in heaven's name, will suit *both* of *them*?"

And so, crying joy! joy! where there is no joy, the wassail-bowl is passed from hand to hand.

But the children,—bless 'em!—the little savages, each one a king in his own right, the Christmas tribute their liege families bring to them is pleasure, albeit of no developed quality. With mind intent on the gift merely, they enjoy the Material unmixed with Thought.

Yet, for their elders, gifts received mean gifts returned, and this in a set, artificial, and wholesale way that is little better than a wedding. None but the thriftiest pockets can stand it without a strain, and "Something that will 'do'" being then the cry, is the chance for the shallow, trumpery, makeshift "goods"—or *bads*, let us say—made expressly for the holiday trade.

As for "the poor,"—*i.e.*, the patronized,—it is unctuous, doubtless, to feel that we are rich enough to shake our superflux upon them ; but fancy their feelings if, perchance, they are not like the children in having capacity for naught but the material good of the gift to them, and if they realize that not to give, but to receive, is the less blessed *rôle*.

This spirit of speculation I have conjured up scares with horror

the sentimental little imitative Dickens ghosts that haunt the season in the interest of our "vested rights" and our "noble philanthropy." It would be more wholesome, thought I, as I walked in the procession of the Christmas devotees, while sitting thus, as you see, in the seat of the scornful, if fairer wages and just measure conceded to all a share in life's joy the whole year round, and we were spared this periodical attitudinizing feast,—a hollow imitation of an imitation.

*Bon à propos*, at this point in my cynicism I meet a friend in the mad whirl. She is giddy with the ingenious labor of getting up a Christmas-tree, she says, for Flutes.

"Flutes?" I ask, bewildered.

"Ethel's canary-bird. Darling creature!"

The exclamation, like the Christmas-tree, is dedicated to Flutes, not to me.

That's two of them, I reflect, as I pass on, and remember that only yesterday I heard from a co-traveller on the straps that run out Walnut Street to West Philadelphia how she was preparing a Christmas-tree for that light of her eyes,—Plutarch. The prosperous pussy—noble beast!—undoubtedly will receive his chocolate mice in an evergreen mouse-trap with the disgust of a Rousseau contemplating effete civilization. Two instances of this return to totemism: I may generalize therefrom, without rashness, that this is a new Christmas counterfeit in vogue. Flutes and Plutarch! Now, as a stern and wholesome bit of realism,—how would it do if Flutes were presented to Plutarch with a "Merry Christmas!" indeed, and their trees confiscated to the son of a Market Street fakir?

What is worse, O my friend, than a symbol without meaning? But inform it with the inner grace, or let life shape out a new expression of its own, and the deed is justified.

Did I say we knew each other too well to give each other a gift? Rather, it is we alone who know each other so intimately we can dare to send a present. Will you interpret in this sacred light the Christmas-present I send?—the book you were wishing for the other day.

Yours, as ever,

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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OUR honorary associate editor, Dr. W. J. Rolfe, has been hindered by illness and arrears of work from making his expected contribution on 'Much Ado About Nothing' to the present number of POET-LORE. It will be postponed, therefore, until the February number. He sends us, however, the following brief Browning note:

### BROWNING AND THE RICCARDI PALACES.

Miss Harriet Ford (see POET-LORE for December, 1891, p. 648) is certainly right in assuming that, in 'The Statue and the Bust,' "the pile that the mighty shadow throws" across the Via Larga is the Medici Palace where Duke Ferdinand lived and gave his evening party, and not the Riccardi Palace in the Piazza dell' Annunziata, which the "statue watches from the Square."

It is curious that hitherto everybody appears to have understood that only the latter palace is referred to in the poem. My note upon the supposed mistake of Browning has been printed in England (in the London *Athenæum*) as well as in POET-LORE, and no one has before made any criticism upon it. Mr. Cooke, in his 'Browning Guide-Book,' confounds the two palaces, connecting the description of the Medici one with the other, which he locates in the Via Larga.

Miss Ford says that Browning "appears to have confused the history" of the two palaces in his reply to a querist, quoted by Mr. Cooke and by me; but I am not quite sure that he does after all. Referring to the Medici Palace he says, "As it was built by, and inhabited by, the Medici, till sold, long after, to the Riccardi, it was not from the duke's palace, but a window in that of the Riccardi, that the lady gazed at her lover riding by." By "that of the Riccardi" I think now that he meant the other palace, and not

the one he has just mentioned as sold to the Riccardi by the Medici. If he had written "that of the Riccardi in the Piazza dell' Annunziata," his meaning would have been clear.

Of course the anachronism concerning della Robbia remains; and, as all the famous artists of that family died long before the Riccardi Palace in "the Square" was built, I do not see how it can possibly be explained away.

W. F. Rolfe.

CAMBRIDGE, December 18, 1891.

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CONCERNING two most interesting American literary figures,—Delia Bacon and her grateful disciple, the one man, said Hawthorne, who had read her book through, the late W. D. O'Connor,—the following note is sent to us by Caroline H. Dall, LL.D. Let us mark, in passing, the literate trifle—the degree—for, although Mrs. Dall had never used it before, it is now thirteen years since she received it, and it is, therefore, by eight years, the first degree conferred upon a woman in modern times, and an honor to the university that accorded it, which deserves due note and credit.

Mrs. Dall writes of her friend:

When Delia Bacon first spoke to a few friends of her Baconian theory it was to read to them a passage in the '*opus minus*' of that author, from which she took up her idea of a "cypher," and so led the way to the most absurd and presumptuous volume known to literature,—namely, Donnelly's '*Great Cryptogram*.'

As I could not remember exactly what my friend had quoted, I appealed to the author of '*Hamlet's Note-Book*,' and in the last month of his life, William O'Connor sent me the following statement:

"Elisabeth Peabody told me of the interview Miss Bacon appointed with her, in which, for the first time, she unfolded her theory and detailed the circumstances which had led to it. In the course of it she read from the '*opus minus*' of Roger Bacon, in which she believed her theory of the authorship of the plays to be distinctly affirmed, to this effect:

. . . "that it is in the nature of the human mind not to receive new views of truth or new truths in the present generation,—that is, in the generation which develops them.' 'Why, then,' asks Roger,

'should we enter upon the toil of uttering them? For posterity. And how shall posterity be reached? By cypher.' He goes on to say that the discovery of such truths would be augmented in interest by their being brought to light 'after some time be passed,' as Francis Bacon wrote later. I especially remember in this connection, as Roger Bacon's, the phrase, 'worthy to be hidden in a faithful revelation,' but I made no notes."

Thus far Mr. O'Connor, and, of course, I made an immediate effort to identify the passage. No more difficult task could be offered to the most acute scholar, and I at last asked the assistance of a friend in whose "Latin eye" I felt absolute confidence. He sought for some time in vain. Finally he took up 'Roger Bacon, sa vie, ses ouvrages, ses doctrines, etc., par Emile Charles, Paris, 1861,' and wrote me as follows:

"Last night I looked over Charles's Life of Roger Bacon, and I found, pages 349, 350, an extract that might have been paraphrased into what O'Connor heard. It is from '*opus minus*,' near the beginning, in a chapter on 'Practical Alchemy.' He is talking of an elixir which ought not to be divulged, and goes on,—'*Sed oculus vulgi, semper excæcabitur ad omne opus sapientiæ; quare hoc ei sufficit et proprium est. Sapientium vero corda atque consilia digna sunt occultari revelatione fidei*' ('But the eye of the vulgar always will be blinded to every work of wisdom, wherefore this is sufficient to the common people, but the hearts and cogitations of the wise are worthy to be *hidden in a faithful revelation*')."

It is hardly likely that so remarkable a phrase as this last should occur twice, so I suspect my friend has found the paragraph quoted by Miss Bacon, and here it would be well to pause till we see clearly upon how slight a foundation many monstrous superstructures have been made to rest. A few silly words about an elixir, written three hundred years before Shakespeare's time, have been allowed to warp the judgment and distort the vision of a large literary clique!

When Thomas Walkely entered 'Othello' at Stationer's Hall, on October 6, 1621, he wrote, only five years after the poet's death, "The author's name is sufficient to vent this work!" little did he imagine that it would be denied two hundred and fifty years later!

Many proofs of Shakespeare's steadily-growing fame will yet be culled from the records of the century that followed his death. That century was not critical. Books did not begin to be written about books till it had ended. In the first chapter of '*Eiconoklastes*,' Milton speaks of Shakespeare as "one whom we know was the closest companion of Charles's solitudes." This, in connection

with Milton's own lines concerning him, throws a pathetic light across the features of that unhappy king, and shows with peculiar clearness what hold Shakespeare had already taken of the public mind. It is very often supposed that the reputation of Shakespeare languished until the middle of the eighteenth century, but when Pope wrote his Epistles in imitation of Horace, which was, perhaps, about 1730, he expressed himself in this wise :

“On Avon's bank where flowers eternal blow,  
If I but ask if any weed can grow,  
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,  
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,  
Or well-mouthed Booth with emphasis proclaims  
(Though haply but a muster-roll of names)  
Here will *our fathers rise up in a rage*  
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!”

It was not Pope's contemporaries, it will be observed, that were supposed to show this quick resentment, but the generations gone before.

*Caroline H. Dall, LL.D.*

— THE “square, old yellow book,” with “crumpled vellum covers,” which Mr. Browning found on a second-hand book-stall in the Piazza San Lorenzo, in Florence, and which occasioned the composition of the great poem, was picked up by the Poet, says William Sharp, in his ‘Life of Browning,’ “one June day, 1865.” Professor Hiram Corson writes :

This cannot be correct, for I understood, when in Florence, from old friends of the Brownings, who had lived there from before the time of Mrs. Browning's death, that Browning left the city soon after her death, and never again returned to it. Mrs. Browning died June 29, 1861. He must, therefore, have found the book before that date. He began the composition of ‘The Ring and the Book’ early in 1866. Vols. 1 and 2 were published in 1868, and vols. 3 and 4 in 1869.

Some years ago, Mr. Browning told me that after having found the book, and looked it through, which he did on his way home from the Piazza San Lorenzo to Casa Guidi, he recommended a lady who had written a quite successful novel (he didn't say who she was, and I didn't feel at liberty to ask him) to take the subject of this old book as the groundwork of a novel. She promised to do so, he said, but months passed by without her undertaking the

work, or showing any disposition to do so, "and so I," he added, in a quiet way, as if it were no great thing to do, "wrote 'The Ring and the Book'!"

"The Book" has found its permanent resting-place in the library of Balliol College. When I visited Mrs. Browning, the Poet's son's wife, in London, in June, 1890, she told me that she and her husband had recently visited Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, and had delivered to him the precious volume.

Somewhat to their surprise, Dr. Jowett laid claim to the MSS. of Mr. Browning's and Mrs. Browning's poems, which had not been disposed of at Mr. Browning's death, on the ground that he had, at one time, promised them to Balliol.

I did not learn which MSS. the family still had in their possession, except that those of 'Aurora Leigh' and 'Asolando' were included in the claim. These I had the privilege of turning over during my visit. The MS. of 'Aurora Leigh,' which is on small note-paper, is beautifully bound in morocco, and does not make a volume much larger, so fine is the writing, than the printed poem in duodecimo. The 'Asolando' MS., though only a verbal change appears in it here and there, Mrs. Browning told me she knew to be the original and only copy which had been made. The inscriptive letter to Mrs. Arthur Bronson, whose guest the Poet was at Asolo, shows no change, if I remember correctly, except that the Poet at first subscribed his name in full, and afterwards crossed it out and wrote simply his initials, R. B.

The Poet left nothing in writing in regard to the disposition of the MSS., and what has been decided in the matter I cannot say. But even if the family hold on to them for some years, it is their purpose that they finally go to Balliol.

During a visit I made to Mr. Browning some years ago, I had the privilege of turning over "The Book." It is in good preservation, and will, no doubt, if nothing happen to it, continue to be one of the great treasures of Balliol College library for centuries to come, by reason of the immortal poem to which it served as the scaffolding. During the same visit, the Poet also showed me Mrs. Browning's books (most of them little books; she couldn't hold big books, he said), which I turned over with great interest, especially by reason of the notes which she had made in many of them. He also showed me books which had been left him by Walter Savage Landor and by Barry Cornwall: all of which, he told me, were to go to Balliol.



## THE EPILOGUES OF BROWNING: THEIR ARTISTIC SIGNIFICANCE.

**T** SUPPOSE every one who has paid attention to the artistic form of Browning's poems has observed his frequent introduction of the epilogue. Doubtless, this feature has been the theme of previous students of his verse; but so far as I have looked over the voluminous literature associated with his name, I have not come across special mention of it; so, as far as I know, the point is freshly taken.

We do not find his epilogues where we naturally expect them, nor where they belong according to the received rules of composition. An epilogue is properly an appendage to a drama; but, though Browning wrote many dramas, not one of them has an epilogue. They are found only in connection with his semi-dramatic or purely lyrical compositions. This is highly significant of the artistic use he made of them, and indicates a departure from or modification of the original purpose of this element of poetic form.

First, let us recall what this original purpose was. The epilogue in the ancient dramas was a versified oration delivered after the

termination of the play by one of the actors. According to the classical rhetoricians, epilogues were of three kinds: first, the confirmatory, which was intended to reassert and emphasize the motive or moral of the play; second, the explanatory, whose purpose was to express with clearness any point of the plot or the purpose of the drama which might remain obscure to the audience; and third, the persuasive, where the subject of the discourse was applied to the heart with the design of influencing the will and the conduct.

It is not the fashion nowadays for poets or orators to pay much respect to the *dicta* of rhetoricians; but, as their analyses of artistic form were generally inductive,—that is, drawn from the best examples, not prescribed to them,—we may safely assume that the above classification of epilogues is correct enough, and applicable to those of Browning.

But the especial interest of his epilogues is found precisely in the different use he makes of them from the established precedents. As I have said, they are not appended to his dramas, and therefore they are not put in the mouth of one of his characters. They are essentially the personal expressions of his own opinions about his work, or about the topics which he has previously discussed in the language of imaginary characters. Browning was strongly averse to revealing his own innermost sentiments, and repeatedly disclaimed sharing the opinions expressed by his *dramatis personæ*. He wished his poems to be regarded as typical and representative of very diverse natures, of all sorts and conditions of men and women. Only in his epilogues do we find the poet speaking of himself and for himself. This he himself tells us in more than one of them. For example, in the epilogue to 'Men and Women' he writes, addressing his wife,—

"Love, you saw me gather men and women,  
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,  
Enter each and all, and use their service,  
Speak from every mouth,—the speech, a poem.  
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,  
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving:

. . . . .

Let me speak this once in my true person,  
Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea,"

and so on, proceeding to discourse of certain strictly personal and family relations.

The same individual expression recurs in the remarkable epilogue to the collection of studies named '*Dramatis Personæ*.' This epilogue has been called by Mr. Symons "a comprehensive and suggestive vision of the religious life of humanity." I cannot read it in that sense. To me it bodies forth the poet's own religious position, as contrasted with the ancient credulity and anthropomorphism shown in the song of David, who is the first speaker, and the completely negative attitude of Renan, who is the second speaker. Then comes the poet himself and says, "Friends, I have seen through your eyes: now use mine." In a few verses he teaches us that we should recognize God in the processes of Nature, and that if we have this insight, temples and choirs and the cries of priests become needless to us.

The epilogue to '*Pacchiarotto*' is an extremely personal explanation of the poet's own work, and a defence of it. Poetry at large is compared to wine; some strong, but harsh; other sheer sweet, and nowise nerving; other half brandy and half ottar of roses; or else a modern cream-and-curd. Of his own he says,—

"'Tis said I brew stiff drink,  
But the deuce of flavor of grape is there.  
Hardly a May-go-down, 'tis just  
A sort of a gruff Go-down-it-must—  
No Merry-go-down, no gracious gust  
Commingles the racy with Springtide's rare."

To this criticism, which is equivalent to saying that his alleged poetry has no poetry in it, the bard rejoins,—

"Mighty and mellow are never mixed,  
Though mighty and mellow be born at once.  
Sweet for the future,—strong for the nonce,  
Stuff you should stow away, ensconce  
In the deep and dark, to be found fast-fixed  
At the century's close."



This epilogue as a whole, like the description of Pacchiarotto's method of working in distemper, must be regarded as an earnest plea for freedom in art, and a vindication of the propriety of Browning's own poetic form as that best suited to his own temperament, and adapted to the purposes he had in his work.

This defence of self, this contrast of his own poetic work with that of smoother and more facile poets, is again brought forward in the brief epilogue to the 'Dramatic Idyls.' As it contains but two verses of five lines each, I shall quote it entire. The first verse describes one of those fluent rhymesters who reel you off yards of song at every instance and on every occasion; the second applies to the bard who through toil and storm elaborates a masterpiece for posterity.

“Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke:  
Soil so quick-receptive,—not one feather-seed,  
Not one flower-dust fell but straight its fall awoke  
Vitalizing virtue: song would song succeed  
Sudden as spontaneous—prove a poet-soul.”

“Indeed?”

Rock's the song-soil rather, surface hard and bare:  
Sun and dew their mildness, storm and frost their rage  
Vainly both expend,—few flowers awaken there:  
Quiet in its cleft broods—what the after age  
Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage.”

The lesson is a true one. The exuberant fertility of some poetic writers is in inverse proportion to the value of their productions. Yet such often win the plaudits of the unthinking crowd.

The most studied employment of the epilogue as a form of art in Browning's works appears to me to be in 'Ferishtah's Fancies.' Not only is there a formal epilogue to the whole poem, but there is one appended to each of the 'Fancies.' Each has a close relationship to the *Fancy* which precedes it, but not in a confirmatory strain; rather, it appears to me, antiphonal, upholding the pleasures of love and sense, as against the dry ethics inculcated by Ferishtah and his disciples. Between the lyrics themselves there is a bond of connection which leads up to the final epilogue, and to the climax of its concluding verse, where we are brought face to face with the

mysterious and appalling shadow which darkens life and negatives effort :

“ Only at heart's utmost joy and triumph, terror  
Sudden turns the blood to ice: a chill wind disencharms  
All the late enchantment! What if all be error—  
If the halo irised round my head were, Love, thine arms?”

This sentiment is drawn from the depths of that pessimistic philosophy which traces all noble endeavor, all sacrifice of self, all worth and greatness, to the needs and appetites of our physical nature. The high-priest of this philosophy was Schopenhauer, and nowhere did he enforce it more cogently than in his essay on Love.

These lyrics have been called by Symons “love-songs, addressed to a beloved memory.” Love-songs they are, exquisite in freshness and grace; but I have been informed by one who saw much of the author at the time he was composing them that they were not addressed to a memory, but to a sympathetic woman, who had awakened in the old poet's heart the tender sentiments which they so charmingly convey.

Love is, again, the theme of the graceful and witty epilogue to the ‘Two Poets of Croisic.’ The girl, who is the speaker, recalls the story of the ancient bard, a string of whose lyre broke as he was competing for a prize; but who was saved from defeat by a cricket, who chirped forth the note of the missing string when it was needed. In life and labor the missing string which crippled the poet was the loss of love; without this, vain were his endeavors.

“ ‘ For as victory was nighest,  
While I sang and played,—  
With my lyre at lowest, highest,  
Right alike,—one string that made  
‘ Love’ sound soft was snapt in twain,  
Never to be heard again,—

“ ‘ Had not a kind cricket fluttered,  
Perched upon the place  
Vacant left, and duly uttered  
‘ Love, love, love,’ whene’er the base  
Asked the treble to atone  
For its somewhat sombre drone.’ ”

One of the most curious of the epilogues is that appended 'Fifne at the Fair,' and which bears the title 'The Householder.'

It is clearly confirmatory of the general moral preached in the main poem that one Elvire is worth "a Fair-ful of Fifnes," and that when a man wanders from the path of duty, the wise wife will forever lose her love for him.

" This hand of yours on heart of mine, no more the bay  
I beat, nor bask beneath the blue !"

The acknowledgment of weakness and the half apology which entered for it, may not meet the approval of all, but it is exceedingly human and pathetic.

In the collection entitled 'Parleyings with Certain People Importance in their Day' we have as an epilogue a conversation between Fust, the early printer, and his friends. Its theme is the value of the discovery of printing to the intellectual development of the race. It appears to refer rather to the Prologue of the 'Parleyings' than to these latter. In the Prologue, Apollo, the god of light, pleads with the Fates for the life of Admetus; and only secures the boon by intoxicating them with wine, and on the condition that some other mortal will voluntarily accept death in place of Admetus. In contrast to this contest over physical death, we have in this epilogue the immortality of thought in print:

" ' Far and wide, North and South, East and West, have dominion  
O'er thought, winged wonder, O Word! Traverse world  
In sun-flash and sphere-song! Each beat of thy pinion  
Bursts night, beckons day: once Truth's banner unfurled  
Where's Falsehood? Sun-smitten, to nothingness hurled! "

The personal turn seen in these extracts is not unusual in some of Browning's concluding lines, even where they do not assume the distinctive form of the epilogue. For instance, witness the last few lines of 'La Saisiaz;'

" Life is stocked with germs of torpid life; but may I never wake  
Those of mine whose resurrection could not be without earthquake!  
Rest all such, unraised forever! Be this, sad yet sweet, the sole  
Memory evoked from slumber! Least part this: then what the whole?"

What a vista do these lines open of fiery passions burned to dead ashes, of ideals wrecked and broken, of ancient loves lost or soiled, of gaunt, spectral memories lurking in the recesses of the mind!

Along-side of these lines I place those which conclude 'The Ring and the Book,' which are eminently personal in character, and closely akin to an epilogue in the manner in which Browning employs this element of the poetic art. I refer to the passage beginning

“ So, British Public, who may like me yet,  
(Marry and amen!) learn one lesson hence  
Of many which whatever lives should teach:  
This lesson, that our human speech is naught,  
Our human testimony false, our fame  
And human estimation words and wind.  
Why take the artistic way to prove so much?  
Because it is the glory and good of Art,  
That Art remains the one way possible  
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine, at least.”

Here we have asserted and developed the weighty thesis that the highest truth is not to be found in history but in representative art; that the strictest veracity dwells not in the pages of the annalist, but in the creations of the poet.

Of all his epilogues, Browning's noblest was his last. It is familiar to all of you, in its place, the final poem in 'Asolando,' fitting close to the volume and to his life. In its four verses he explains and defends his career; and, looking before as well as after, breathes hero-hope and holy courage to all who love him and whom he leaves behind. What grander than those last lines,—

“ At noonday in the bustle of man's work-time  
Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed—fight on, fare ever  
There as here.' ”

Ah! that is the perfect love which casteth out fear, the comforting and holy faith which, in the words of another mighty bard and seer, enables the soul undisturbed and calm to take

“ Passage to more than India !  
 Passage to you, your shores, ye aged fierce enigmas.  
 Passage to you, to mastership of you, ye strangling problems !  
 You, strewed with the wrecks of skeletons that, living, never reached you !”

There is something noteworthy in the fact that Browning chose the form of the epilogue thus to sum up, in a few masterful words at the close of his life, the spirit of that life's endeavor, and the faith which had ever guided it.

Resuming now what I have said about the epilogues of Browning and their artistic significance, I think I have established the following positions :

1. That Browning uniformly treats the epilogue as an element, not of dramatic, but of lyrical poetry.
2. That with him it approaches the form of the soliloquy, and is intended to bring about a direct and personal relation between himself and his reader.
3. That his epilogues are the only portions of his writings in which he avowedly drops the dramatic turn of his genius and expresses his own sentiments as a man.
4. That in this respect they constitute the most valuable material of all his writings for those who would seek the individuality of the poet in his productions.

*D. G. Brinton.*

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## A MODERN STOIC: EMILY BRONTË.



OME of the most powerful poetry and prose ever written by woman was written by Emily Brontë. The range of her genius was possibly narrow, but it was supreme. Best known by her novel 'Wuthering Heights,' she was yet pre-eminently a poet. That novel is really a prose-poem. She wrote this tale and a few verses,—wrote them with unflinching touch; wrote without a public, without admirers, without a hearing. Faith, the faith of a definite creed, she voluntarily renounced; yet her soul

remained untroubled by any of the mysteries of the unseen. Her foot seemed placed upon absolute certainty with regard to her immortal and glorious future. In the last poem that she ever wrote she expressed this boundless confidence,—

“ No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world’s storm-troubled sphere ;  
I see heaven’s glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.”

Her prayer was not for spiritual peace, for comfort or consolation ; she would have deemed it almost unworthy to need such supports. When she wrote of the ‘ Old Stoic,’ it was of herself that she was really writing,—

“ Yes, as my swift days near their goal,  
’Tis all that I implore ;  
In life and death a chainless soul,  
With courage to endure.”

The world never recognized Emily Brontë’s genius as it did that of her sister. It is true that when the little volume of poems was published by Messrs. Aylott and Jones, Ellis Bell’s verse received most of the very scanty recognition. But in fiction Charlotte easily outstripped Emily ; nor can we altogether wonder that such should be the case. Even ‘ Jane Eyre,’ it seems, startled some old-fashioned people when first published, and was branded by a few as an immoral book. We smile at this now. But if readers looked askance at ‘ Jane Eyre,’ what could be expected for ‘ Wuthering Heights’ ? The story, it is true, presents no such problem as that contained in ‘ Jane Eyre,’—whether a man with a mad wife may marry again ; but it none the less seethes and surges with moral turmoil. Emily’s genius revealed itself in uncouth, untamed, almost repulsive force, though it could sometimes be as gentle as an infant’s lullaby. It needs a hardy reader to thoroughly appreciate her book ; yet the power displayed is not that of French realism. No laws of decency are infringed ; no social sewers are opened. The characters are few, the scene almost unvaried. It is a wild, rugged book, heaving and upturn with primitive passions ; frankly displaying much that is usually concealed ; unveiling depths of the human heart, just when those depths were most stirred and sullied with tempest.

'Wuthering Heights' is not like a common sensational novel; there is nothing of the vulgar or conventional about it. The latest 'shilling shocker,' containing the narrative of strange murders or hypnotic marvels, may circulate by the thousand; no such popularity could be expected for 'Wuthering Heights.' Nor is it like an ordinary ghost-story. There is nothing distinctly supernatural in its pages, although its characters—even the wicked Heathcliff—have an intense faith in the spiritual world. But, though no ghost-story, persons of excitable fancies should avoid reading it near bedtime. Even the author's sister spoke of the tale as "terrible and goblin-like." This woman—one might almost say this girl—had witnessed little enough of the ordinary every-day world; but the little that she had seen was well utilized, and was supplemented by stern spiritual experience. Her eye had observed and her heart pondered. Many a scene of tempestuous passion had been enacted in that lonely parsonage on the Yorkshire moors. Some of these live again in 'Wuthering Heights.' The brother Branwell, clever, good-for-nothing,—we may hope insane,—raised many a storm, by reason of his intoxication and worse errors. He madly loved a woman who could never be his,—a woman whom he had brought low into sin and disgrace; and some of his wild paroxysms are reproduced for us in the pages of this book. For a solitary girl to have invented such scenes and such language would have been impossible; but with Emily Brontë they are merely transcripts from life. There had been an antetype for it all at Haworth; and the girl's experience was almost entirely limited to her home. She painted the life that she knew; it was her misfortune, not her fault, that this life contained such terrible scenes.

As a child Emily was the prettiest of the Haworth children. It was a childhood without toys, without sweetmeats, without petting; but a childhood of almost unlimited freedom. The baby-eyes soon learned to drink in the fascination of the moors, the baby-ears soon loved their wild music. All the sisters felt the charm of their home-scenery, but Emily more especially. Charlotte was quite capable of enjoying herself elsewhere, as she proved in their stay at Brussels; Emily only really *lived* when at home. When Catharine, in

'Wuthering Heights,' dreams that she is in heaven, and is not happy there, she is simply expressing Emily's deep love of her home. "Heaven did not seem to be any home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights, where I woke sobbing for joy." Without doubt, that was also Emily's dream.

It seems difficult to realize how helpful, how gentle and unselfish she was in her domestic life; how she excelled in ironing linen and in baking bread. Would-be geniuses are apt to regard such offices as though unworthy of attention; but the really gifted soul can find happiness in any useful labor,—can feel the blessedness of all ministry for others. To some slight extent, Charlotte Brontë's Shirley is a picture of Emily. Shirley is Emily as she might have been under different circumstances. But the real Emily was not so easily drawn, and was an even finer character. She seems to have known no petty spite or jealousy. She was patient under the neglect with which her masterpiece was received; patient, also, under the trial of illness, even unto death. There are two incidents in Charlotte's novels which specially claim notice, as being drawn from the life. On one occasion, in the stupor of drunkenness, Branwell set fire to his bed. The other sisters were terrified and helpless; he would undoubtedly have been burned to death but for Emily's prompt bravery. She saved him, as Jane Eyre saved Mr. Rochester. At another time Emily was bitten by a mad dog, whom she had approached with indiscreet kindness; she went into the kitchen and boldly cauterized the wound with her own hand. Here we have Shirley, who did the same under similar circumstances. At that strange, sad death-bed, when Branwell Brontë stood up to die, Emily was watching by his side with repressed anguish; the terror of the moment had been too much for Charlotte.

Emily was five years old when she went with her sisters to the school at Cowan's Bridge. This school is familiar to all readers of 'Jane Eyre.' It has been the unenviable fate of Yorkshire schools to be immortalized by Charlotte Brontë and by Dickens. Emily is said to have been a great favorite with scholars and teachers at



Cowan's Bridge. In later years she went with Charlotte to Brussels. The Belgian professor, Monsieur Héger, who won so much of the elder sister's affection, thought that Emily showed the greater genius. "She should have been a man, a great navigator," he exclaimed. "Her powerful reason would have deduced new spheres of discovery from the knowledge of the old, and her strong, imperious will would never have been daunted by opposition or difficulty, never have given way but with life." The proof of this inflexible will was shown by her fighting with the giant powers of consumption, to the very day of her death.

The stay at Brussels, so fruitful in Charlotte's case, was useless to Emily. It seems to have left no trace upon her, except the knowledge of French acquired there, and an acquaintance with German literature, which may have slightly affected 'Wuthering Heights.' She was homesick the whole time, longing for the wild freedom of the moors. One of her poems, written in the twilight after school-work had been put aside, utters this ardent and unquenchable yearning. Her fancy called up the features of a well-known scene :

" A little and a lone green lane  
That opened on a common wide ;  
A distant, dreary, dim blue chain  
Of mountains circling every side :

" A heaven so dear, an earth so calm,  
So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air ;  
And, deepening still the dream-like charm,  
Wild moor-sheep feeding everywhere.

" *That was the scene ; I knew it well.*  
I knew the turfy pathway's sweep,  
That, winding o'er each billowy swell,  
Marked out the tracks of wandering sheep."

All the life and varied interests of Brussels had no charm for her ; she was thoroughly miserable. Returning to Haworth, to find their aunt dead, their father almost blind, their brother fallen into irretrievable ruin,—still it was returning home, and home meant happiness. It was at this time that 'Wuthering Heights' was conceived.

Many would have regarded Emily as little likely to die young. If indomitable will could have preserved life, hers would have done it. Not improbably, this unbending will may have hastened her end. She declined to take care of herself, and would let no one else take care of her. In spite of her tall and energetic figure, the taint of consumption lurked in her breast; and, in spite of the breezy moorland air, the Haworth parsonage may not have been altogether sanitary. The decline came slowly but surely. It was possibly hastened by Branwell's death; he had been closer to Emily than to the other sisters. A cold and cough led to a pain in the chest and to troubled breathing. She grew pale and thin, but would spare herself no pains in caring for others, and would take no pains for herself. She refused to see any "poisoning doctor." With the chill waters of death creeping round, she still persisted in her household labors. Even a passing reference to her condition fretted her; she tried to ignore and rise above it, and wished others to do the same. Charlotte was greatly troubled, but could do nothing to combat this stoical madness; as for Anne, she was already sickening with the disease that led her gentle steps after Emily's. On the very morning of her death, Emily rose and dressed herself as usual. At noon she was hardly able to gasp, "If you will send for a doctor, I will see him now;" and at two o'clock she died, in a vain effort to raise herself from the sofa. Probably she wished to die standing, as Branwell had done.

The dog Keeper led the small procession of mourners to the grave. They laid her in the vault under the church, whither so many had preceded her. When the mourning party had returned, the dog went up to her bedroom and lay before the door. He remained there, howling dismally, for many days, and refused to be comforted. So died the writer of 'Wuthering Heights,' in her thirtieth year.

Undoubtedly, Emily Brontë's genius was unique and masterful, and her book will always charm individual readers. It has been compared with Shelley's 'Cenci' and with Webster's 'Duchess of Malfi.' All such comparisons, of course, only go to indicate a generic likeness, but they sufficiently explain the tale's little popu-

larity. It might not be altogether a good sign for such works to be popular; they are for a "fit audience, though few,"—not for the many. They would not be wholesome food for all, and might cause a mental indigestion. Not every reader can assimilate such strong food, or turn it to good purpose. Those who can, will find it attract them irresistibly. Faulty as a narrative, 'Wuthering Heights' burns with energy and pulses with life-blood. It is a poem without the accompaniment of rhyme. After all its strife and passion, it closes with an image of deep peace: "I lingered round the graves under that benign sky, watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

*Arthur L. Salmon.*

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## A GLOVE.

BY BJÓRNSTJERNE BJÓRNSON.

ACT I.—[*Continued.*]

*Svava.* You are really surprisingly modest in your new position.

*Riis.* Yes; don't you think so? And now I shall appear as a modest exhibitor of elegant costumes, or, rather, patterns of costumes,—still more modest,—from the last plate in *Français*.

*Svava.* Oh, no, father; not now!

*Fru Riis.* We will wait till afternoon.

*Riis.* One would really think that I were the only woman here. But as you like. You command the world. Then I have another proposition, in two parts,—to wit, first, that we be seated.

*Svava.* We will be seated. [*The two seat themselves.*]

*Riis.* Next, that you tell your returned papa how it really came about,—this about the mystery, you know.

*Svava.* Oh, that!—Well, you will have to excuse me; that cannot be told.

*Riis.* Not in its sweet details. *Mon Dieu!* who would be so barbarous as to ask that? No; I only meant what was the real moving power in the case.

*Svava.* Oh, I understand. Yes, I will tell you that, for that is the same as learning to know Alf.

*Riis.* For example: how did you come to talk with him?

*Svava.* Well, father, that was our blessed children's gardens.

*Riis.* Oho! *Your* blessed children's gardens, you mean.

*Svava.* When there are over a hundred girls sharing in them?

*Riis.* Oh! Very well, then. He brought contributions, of course?

*Svava.* He brought contributions repeatedly——

*Riis.* Ah!

*Svava.* Then we talked once about luxury. It was better to use time and money this way than to use them for luxury.

*Riis.* Yes. But what is understood by luxury?

*Svava.* We didn't talk about that at all. But I said that I regarded luxury as immoral.

*Riis.* As im——? Luxury?

*Svava.* Yes. I know that is not your opinion; but it is mine.

*Riis.* Your mother's opinion, you mean; and your grandmother's.

*Svava.* Quite true; but also mine, with your permission.

*Riis.* Why, of course! Of course!

*Svava.* I told the little incident which mother and you and I saw in America,—do you remember? We attended a temperance meeting, and there we saw ladies in costly equipages coming to support the cause of temperance,—ladies—well, we did not know just how rich they were; but as they appeared there with carriages, horses, dress, and jewels,—particularly jewels,—they must have had about—well, about——

*Riis.* Let us say many, many thousand dollars. It is true.

*Svava.* Yes, it is true. And that is dissipation in its way, quite as much as drinking is in another.

*Riis.* Oh, yes. But what then——?

*Svava.* Yes, you shrug your shoulders. Alf did not. He told me what he had seen in the large cities. It was horrible!

*Riis.* What was horrible ?

*Svava.* The difference between the poor and the rich ; the direst destitution and the most unmeaning luxury.

*Riis.* Oh, was that it ? . . . I thought—— Well, go on.

*Svava.* He did not sit indifferently, polishing his finger-nails.

*Riis.* I beg your pardon !

*Svava.* Don't suffer yourself to be interrupted, pray ! No, he prophesied a social revolution, and grew warm as he spoke. And that was the way he came to say how a fortune ought to be used. It was altogether unexpected to me, and partly new. You should have seen how beautiful he looked !

*Riis.* Beautiful ?—Well !

*Svava.* Is he not beautiful ? I at least think so,—and mother, too——

*Fru Riis.* [*Who is reading.*] And mother too.

*Riis.* Mothers are always in love with their daughters' princes. But it passes off when they become sons-in-law.

*Svava.* Is that your experience ?

*Riis.* That is my experience. So Alf Christensen has blossomed into a beauty ? Well, we will have to stand it, I suppose.

*Svava.* He stood there so clear in his own ideas, so confident and pure, . . . for I must include that.

*Riis.* What do you understand by "pure," my girl ?

*Svava.* That which the word implies.

*Riis.* That is just what I ask about. What do you imply by the word ?

*Svava.* Well, then, that which I hope it means when applied to myself.

*Riis.* And you give it the same meaning with reference to men as to women ?

*Svava.* Yes ; of course.

*Riis.* And you believe that Christensen's son—— ?

*Svava.* [*Rises.*] Father, you offend me !

*Riis.* Can it offend you that he is his father's son ?

*Svava.* In this he is not. I no longer make any mistakes in those matters.

*Fru Riis.* I am just reading about moral heredity. He has not necessarily inherited his father's tendencies.

*Riis.* Well, well; as you please. But I am afraid of those transcendental theories. You will not pull through on them.

*Svava.* What do you mean?—Mother, what is it father means?

*Fru Riis.* He means, probably, that that is not the nature of men, and that you must not expect it of them.

*Svava.* No, that cannot be what you mean.

*Riis.* But why so excited? Come and sit down. Besides, how can you know that?

*Svava.* Know?—What?

*Riis.* Yes, in each particular case?

*Svava.* If the man who stands before me, or passes me, is an impure, repulsive animal—or a man?

*Riis.* *Et cætera, et cætera.* You may be mistaken, my dear Svava.

*Svava.* No, no more than I am mistaken in you, father, when you shower your horrible theories at me; for you are, in spite of them, the chastest and noblest man I know.

*Fru Riis.* Are you going to keep your morning gown on, daughter dear? Will you not change before Alf comes?

*Svava.* Now, mother, you shall not divert me from this. I have seen so many of my woman friends embrace "the prince of their hearts," as the song says, and then wake up in the arms of an animal. I will have nothing of that! I shall not make a mistake!

*Fru Riis.* There is no occasion to be so violent. Alf is an honorable young man.

*Svava.* So he is. But I have heard one revolting story after another; and now, only a month ago, that about Helga!—And then I have . . . yes, now I can tell it, for now I am happy and trustful, —now I can tell you both why it has taken me so long to make up my mind to marry. For a long time I dared not trust myself; for I, too, came near being deceived once.

*Both parents.* [*Rising.*] You, Svava?

*Svava.* I was very, very young. I sought for my ideal, as most young girls do, and I found it in a young, bright man . . . I will not describe him otherwise. He had—oh, the noblest principles,

the highest aim. In this he was the opposite of father. It would not be enough to say that I loved him: I worshipped him. But now I cannot tell you what I discovered, nor how I discovered it. It was when you all thought I had——

*Fru Riis.* Consumption? Is it possible, child? Was it then?

*Svava.* It was then. No one can bear to be thus deceived! No one can forgive it!

*Fru Riis.* And you said nothing to me?

*Svava.* One who has not made my mistake cannot realize what it is to be ashamed. Yes, now it is over. But I certainly don't mean to make a second mistake,—I, who was deceived so the first time.

[RIIS has, meantime, gone out to the left.]

*Fru Riis.* Perhaps it was best so for you.

*Svava.* I am sure it was. Well,—now it is past; but it was not quite forgotten until I found Alf. Where is father?

*Fru Riis.* Your father? There he comes.

*Riis.* [*Enters from the right, with his hat on his head, and putting on one of his gloves.*] Now, children, I will have to attend to my trunk at the custom-house. I am going down to the railway station to send off a telegram. You will have to put the house in order, for the king will arrive soon,—and then you know what is at stake. Good-morning, then, my sweet girl! [*Kisses her.*] You have made us very happy. But, on the other hand, you have some ideas that are . . . Well, now, [*going*] good-morning! [*Goes out humming.*]

*Fru Riis.* Good-morning!

*Riis.* [*Returning, pulling off his glove.*] Did you notice that melody I was playing when you came in? [*Sits himself at the piano.*] I heard it all over Germany. [*Plays and sings; stops.*] But what am I about? Haven't I left the music in place here so that you can play it and sing it yourself? [*Goes out humming.*]

*Svava.* He is amusing. There is really something innocent about him. Did you notice him yesterday? He "beamed in a hundred colors."

*Fru Riis.* Oh, but you should have seen yourself beam!

*Svava.* Did I look like that?

*Fru Riis.* Your father's daughter,—perfectly.

*Svava.* Yes; for isn't it so, mother, that, however great our happiness may be, the kindness of others makes it greater? To-day I recalled everything from yesterday that had given me any pleasure, and I found—I cannot say how much. [*Nestles up to her mother.*]

*Fru Riis.* You are happy! Now I will go and look after the house.

*Svava.* Shall I help you?

*Fru Riis.* No, indeed! [*They go together towards the rear.*]

*Svava.* Then I will look over father's song,—and then, probably, Alf will come. [*The Mother leaves through the door to the left.*]

SVAVA goes to the piano.

*Alf.* [*Enters noiselessly from the left, and leans over her so that his face is almost in front of hers.*] Thank you for yesterday!

*Svava.* [*Springs to her feet.*] Alf!—I did not hear the door-bell ring.

*Alf.* The music, you know. It was beautiful.

*Svava.* Oh, thank you, thank you for yesterday!

[*They go forward.*]

*Alf.* I don't think you have any idea of how much you were admired?

*Svava.* Yes, just a little. But you must not talk about it, for it is not proper to admit that sort of thing, you know.

*Alf.* They talked to me, of course, and to mother and father.—There is a general rejoicing at home to-day.

*Svava.* Here, too. What have you there?—a letter?

*Alf.* A letter. The maid handed it to me at the door. Some clever head has guessed that I would be here in the course of the forenoon.

*Svava.* You don't think that was hard to guess?

*Alf.* Not so exceedingly. Edward Hansen is the sender.

*Svava.* It won't take you long to reach him. You can cut right through our park. [*Points out to the right.*]

*Alf.* I know that. And, as he says there is haste, and has underlined the word——

*Svava.* Then you can take my key. Here! [*Gives it to him.*]

*Alf.* Thank you! Thank you!



*Svava.* Oh, it is pure egoism ; I will have you back all the sooner.

*Alf.* I can stay here till noon.

*Svava.* You shall stay here till much longer. For we have a thousand things to say about yesterday——

*Alf.* Yes ; haven't we ?

*Svava.* And many other things, too.

*Alf.* Svava, I have a very important question to ask you.

*Svava.* Oh, have you ?

*Alf.* Perhaps you can find the answer by the time I get back ?

*Svava.* Then it cannot be very difficult.

*Alf.* Yes, it is. But you sometimes have inspirations.

*Svava.* Well, then ?

*Alf.* Why did we two not find each other several years ago ?

*Svava.* Because we were not ready,—of course !

*Alf.* How do you know that ?

*Svava.* Because then I was different from what I am now.

*Alf.* But there is a natural kinship between those who love one another. I feel it. And it must already have existed at that time.

*Svava.* We are not aware of the natural kinship if we develop differently.

*Alf.* We have developed differently, then ? and, nevertheless——

*Svava.* And, nevertheless, we love. For it does not matter how different the ways are, if they only lead together.

*Alf.* To the same way of thinking, you mean ?

*Svava.* Well, yes ; lead us to stand together, as we do now.

*Alf.* Thus trustingly together ?

*Svava.* Thus trustingly together.

*Alf.* But even now—now, while I hold you within my two arms—I ask myself again and again, Why did we not find each other sooner ?

*Svava.* I don't think of that,—not in the least. This is the safest place in all the world. That is what I am thinking of.

*Alf.* But, perhaps, without these intervening years, it would not have been so.

*Svava.* What do you mean by that ?

*Alf.* I mean . . . well, I suppose I mean, in reality, just what you do: that I have not always been the same as I am now.—But I must hurry away. The letter says there is haste.

[*They go towards the rear.*]

*Svava.* Oh, a minute more or less makes no difference, I suppose? There is something I must tell you first.

*Alf.* What is it?

[*Stops.*]

*Svava.* When I saw you standing among the others yesterday it seemed to me at first as if I did not know you; for something new had come over you,—something of the spirit of the others. It certainly seemed to me that you were changed.

*Alf.* Of course! One always is among strangers. When you came in among the ladies it was as if I had never looked closely at you before. You see, there are certain measures one cannot take until others are present. For the first time I saw about how tall you were; also how you bowed,—oh, just a little to one side when you greet. . . . And your color: I had really not seen—

*Svava.* Now, do hush, and let me talk a little.

*Alf.* Not one word! I see we have come back again. And now I must go.

[*They go towards the rear again.*]

*Svava.* But only a very little! You interrupted me. When I saw you standing among the other gentlemen, somehow I almost felt as if I did not know you. But just then you caught my eye, and I nodded. I don't know what sort of a change took place in you or in me, but I felt that I grew very red. And it was a little while before I ventured to look at you again.

*Alf.* And now, do you know how I felt? Every time any one came to dance with you I was displeased,—really displeased. I cannot bear to see any one else touch you! [*They embrace each other.*] And then, I haven't told the best.

*Svava.* And that is?

*Alf.* And that is that, when I catch, for example, a glimpse of your arm, then I think, "That arm has lain about my neck, and about nobody else's in all the world. She is mine, she there, and nobody, nobody else's!"

That is the best of it all.

But, dear me! now we are down here again. This is witchery. Now I must go! [*Towards the rear.*] Good-by! [*Releases her; takes her in his arms again.*] Why was I not made so happy years ago? Good-by!

*Svava.* I believe I will go with you.

*Alf.* Yes! come, by all means.

*Svava.* Oh, no; I cannot. Now I think of it, I must learn that melody by the time father comes back. If I don't learn it now, then you will take care that it is not going to be to-day.

*Aif.* Somebody is coming. Let me get out first.

[*He hurries to the right; she remains, waving her handkerchief to him. She is on the way to the piano when MARGIT enters.*]

*Margit.* There is a gentleman who asks—

*Svava.* A gentleman? Don't you know him?

*Margit.* No.

*Svava.* What sort of a gentleman?

*Margit.* There is something—something—

*Svava.* Something suspicious about him?

*Margit.* No; far from it. He is quite good-looking.

*Svava.* Tell him that father is not at home; he has gone down to the station.

*Margit.* I have told him so. But it is Fróken Svava he wants to talk with.

*Svava.* Ask mother to come in. But stay!—no, let him come in.

[*MARGIT leaves. A moment after, HOFF enters.*]

*Hoff.* Is it Fróken Riis whom I have the honor to—? Yes, I see it is. My name is—Hoff,—Karl Hoff. I am travelling for a wholesale iron house.

*Svava.* But what have I to do with that?

*Hoff.* Well, you see, if I had not been a travelling man there are many things which would not have happened.

*Svava.* What would not have happened?

*Hoff.* [*Produces a large note-book and takes from it a small letter.*] Will you please—please read this? Or perhaps you wouldn't care to?

*Svava.* Well, how am I to decide that without reading it?

*Hoff.* Of course, you would first have to read it.—If you please.

*Svava.* [*Reads.*] “This evening, between ten and eleven; that is, if your little Stupid has not come home. You are so dear to me, —oh, so dear! Put a light in the hall window.”

*Hoff.* “Your little Stupid!”—that’s me.

*Svava.* But I don’t understand——

*Hoff.* Here is another one.

*Svava.* “My conscience accuses me. Your cough has alarmed me; and now that you are waiting——”

But what in the world have I to do with this?

*Hoff.* [*After some moments’ reflection.*] Well, what do you think?

*Svava.* Is it some one that I am to help?

*Hoff.* No, poor soul! she does not need any more help: she is dead.

*Svava.* Dead? It was your wife?

*Hoff.* Yes, it was. It was my wife.

I found this, and more, in a little . . . box. At the bottom lay the notes,—there are more of them,—and over them some cotton. On top of that lay ear-rings and such things, from her mother, and then—these bracelets here. They are surely too costly to be from her mother.

*Svava.* She died suddenly, then, since she did not——

*Hoff.* No, I can’t say that she did. But consumptives never believe they are going to die. She was always so frail and delicate. Will you allow me to sit down?

*Svava.* Please do! Are there any children?

*Hoff.* [*After some reflection.*] I don’t believe there are.

*Svava.* You don’t believe——? I asked you because I thought it was aid from our society you wanted. Really, this pains me.

*Hoff.* I thought it would,—I thought it would. I don’t really know, either, if I—— The fact is, I don’t believe you understand this!

*Svava.* No, I don’t think I do.

*Hoff.* No, you don’t. I have heard so much good about you for several years,—yes, my wife, too, always spoke well of you.

*Svava.* Did she know me?

*Hoff.* Maren Tang!—she who was lady companion to——

*Svava.* To Fru Christensen, my future mother-in-law? Why, was it she? She was an educated, well-bred woman. . . . Might you not be mistaken?—A couple of notes without signature, without date even?

*Hoff.* Did you not recognize the handwriting?

*Svava.* I? No. Besides, was it not purposely disguised?

*Hoff.* Yes; although not very much.

*Svava.* But, besides this, you had some particular errand to me, I suppose?

*Hoff.* Yes, I had; but I believe I will let it go. You don't understand any of this, I see. Perhaps you think I am unbalanced like? Maybe I am, too; yes, maybe I am.

*Svava.* But there was something you wanted, I suppose?

*Hoff.* Yes, there was. You see, those children's gardens . . .

*Svava.* Oh, so it was the children's gardens then, after all?

*Hoff.* No, it wasn't that. But I have long thought much of you on their account. If you will allow me to say it, I have never before seen gently-bred young ladies occupy themselves with anything useful,—never before.

I am only a bankrupt retail merchant, now travelling for others,—a poor enough fellow in many respects,—and deserve, perhaps, all that has come upon me. . . . But I would at least like you to be spared. In fact, I thought it was my duty . . . outright my duty.—But now, as you sit this way before me . . . now I am getting very unhappy. And so I will tell you nothing—[*Rises*],—nothing at all.

*Svava.* But, you see, I understand nothing of this.

*Hoff.* You needn't pay any attention to me. I beg your pardon a thousand times! No, you must not trouble yourself,—not at all! Only, I have not been here,—that is all.

[*Meets ALF at the door. When he sees that SVAVA becomes watchful, he hastens to go.*]

*SVAVA sees the meeting of the two and gives a light shriek. Goes hastily towards ALF; but when she stands face to face with him, she is stricken with horror. He approaches, in order to support her.*

*Snava.* Don't touch me!

[*She turns to the door at the left. She is heard to lock and bolt it from the inside; then, for a moment, is heard an outburst of hysterical weeping. From without is heard the same melody as before, and immediately RIIS is seen approaching.*

(To be continued.)

*Translated by Thyge Sógård.*

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CHARACTER IN 'AS YOU LIKE IT': AN INDUCTIVE STUDY.

ROSALIND is essentially womanly, as her lover is manly,—each is perfect in type as in individuality. To analyze her character is terribly like pulling a flower to pieces to get at its fragrance, and yet her flower-like grace is not so perishable, for its parts can be re-combined and her fragrance rejoice us all the more strongly. Beautiful exceedingly, “more than common tall,” faithful in friendships, passionate in love, sensitive in the extreme, proud and yet enthusiastic, warmly impulsive yet capable of self-control, daring as only the pure in heart can be and safeguarded by perfect modesty, full of the girl's light fancy and the woman's tender sympathy, quick and bold of wit yet never reckless, impatient and scornful of defects but loving to look up in love,—Rosalind unites in herself all the lovable qualities of the typical woman, and yet she is the most real living and breathing creature of a poet's brain that ever shamed an analyst's dry catalogue of qualities.

What is the point of the contrast between her and Celia, and how does her superiority show itself? The type of noble woman we have described may be classed further as the idealistic temperament, distinguished from the realistic or practical. A fine illustration of this distinction is to be found in 'Middlemarch,'—Dorothea and Celia are characters which bring it out exactly.

In the former nature, no matter how strong the intellect, above

that is always the rule of an *idea*,—such women are devotees, or passionate lovers, or martyrs, or reformers. By the practical nature ideas are voted dangerous in comparison with *things*; the beaten track of opinion is alone safe to its thinking, and however capable of strong and warm emotions, these are ever under the steady control of common-sense. In this class of women we find the good wives and mothers and daughters, the helpful friends, the careful guardians of the unwritten laws of custom.

To the latter class belongs our Celia,—honest, sweet, true in friendship and love, capable of real sacrifice for those she loves, she yet lacks the *imagination* which consecrates Rosalind utterly from the world's touch. She has the smaller woman's gift of self-adaptability to necessity, rather than the fire of enthusiasm which can melt its iron. She is the smaller nature which can live in the present,—she truly says, "I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine." She values, at their full, worldly advantages; she consoles the grieving Rosalind, grieving for a banished father, with a promise that she shall be her uncle's heir. When Rosalind "devises sports," she is at once ready with a practical thought and a caution. She is never carried away by the fun of the moment to forget the proprieties; she snubs the Fool, whose wit is a real delight to her quick intelligence, the moment he presumes too far; she is scandalized by Ganymede's mocking speeches. At the wrestling, the character of the two cousins comes out in the difference of the pleas by which they seek to divert Orlando from his purpose. Celia puts it on the ground of caution and common-sense; she appeals to his love of safety. Rosalind's quick imagination, putting herself in his place, tells her that above his safety he prizes his reputation for courage, and she promises that shall be guarded. In their burst of feeling as the trial begins, Rosalind invokes the strength of a god to augment his own; Celia would "catch the strong fellow by the leg," thus diminishing what he has to overcome.

She has the clear sight of the practical person, unblinded by sentimental unrealities; she makes no weak excuses for her father's conduct, but promptly judges it. She has not the large-heartedness of Rosalind; she is more exacting, or, conscious of her inferiority,

longs for some sign from the superior nature, which she cannot fulfil as she is by it fulfilled.

"I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. . . . If the truth of thy love were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. . . . Rosalind lacks then the love that teacheth thee that thou and I am one."

Celia is prompt in action; she never hesitates about giving up her inheritance and home, never even stops to regret it, but at once proceeds to arrange all the practical details of their flight. Nor does Rosalind waste time in thanking her; it is a testimony to the strength of the friendship that such thanks are felt by both to be superfluous. Rosalind would have acted the same in Celia's place, and to take her generous conduct as a matter of course is the most true appreciation of it. She will not allow Celia to pretend that she is banished, instead of being a voluntary exile, but she makes no other protest; she shows her gratitude in doing what she can to protect and sustain Celia on their travels. Perfect is Celia's sympathy with Rosalind through all her love-troubles, but she is ever ready to curb the passion with a gentle reminder or a little caution. "If we walk not in the trodden paths," etc. She does not quite believe in the seriousness of the case at first, and tries to rouse her cousin; but then, as Rosalind pathetically owns, "These burs are in my heart." Celia exchanges jests for "a talk in good earnest," and is always ready to listen to counsel, to rally, to protect her from herself if need be, to watch her safely through the hot and cold fits of her love-sickness. We do not see Celia taken by the madness herself, but we know that hers is that love whose excellence is but that of a prelude, a stage towards the consummation of marriage. We cannot imagine Celia the romantic lover so well as the contented wife and mother. Passionately her warm heart can love, but she has not the imagination to sustain her like Rosalind, happy only in loving and being loved.

Does love at first sight need or bear any explanation? Is it not a white magic, which, as we can none of us, sceptics though we be, disprove it in actual life, we must leave among the legitimate spells of the poet-enchanter? This may be so, and yet, though we cannot



explain away that strange fascination, love at first sight, we can find out much that, underlying and supporting the phenomenon, will help to account for the unusual attraction, lasting as it is sudden, of two such natures as Rosalind and Orlando. They are both essentially *good* natures; the goodness of each, as we have seen, characterized the special excellence of its sex. But besides this chief attraction, the need of the man and woman for each other when in each is highly developed just that which is the supplement to the other's perfection, and besides the physical attraction of beauty, there are minor points which are peculiar to these lovers and draw them together,—the friendship between their fathers, which counts for much with the son and daughter so proud of and loyal to their sires, and the similarity of their positions, "out of suits with Fortune."

Rosalind's ardent, impetuous love, revealed to Celia as to a second self, and her rattling, mocking talk to her lover, might almost give us the impression of an unwomanly lack of dignity and reticence; the natural position of the lovers as seeker and sought might appear reversed, did we not take into account these two facts: that Orlando *has no confidant*; that he never has a chance of wooing his Rosalind herself. Again, it must be borne in mind that when saucy, flippant, recklessly audacious Rosalind is playing a part, and just here, when the effect of her gentle womanliness is apparently in danger, the very means by which it would be overshadowed is skilfully turned into a device to throw it into greater relief. Delicacy will show all the more in equivocal circumstances, and though this effect is largely for the actress to make, yet Shakespeare has guarded his heroine in her manly disguise by every possible touch and indication of her true character. When first she comes before us, she is distinguished by passive endurance rather than self-assertion, a strong, proud nature curbed by grief and misfortune. Silence and patience are her womanly virtues; "subtle and smooth" are the epithets her uncle applies to her; before she even assumes the disguise, she thinks of "the hidden woman's fear" which will lie "behind a swashing and a martial outside,"—she "could cry like a woman." "Dost think I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?" she asks Celia. The finest touch of the true woman is when Celia tells of her

lover's presence in the wood. As soon as she hears *that* name: "alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?" she exclaims. She can face it out with others, but how hide her sex to him? Will not the shamefacedness of love betray her? Then the happy thought occurs to her, to fortify her disguise by *pretending to be herself*. What situation could possibly be more trying to a woman? A heroine in man's disguise with her lover is no unusual situation in romance and story, but a woman disguised as a man and playing in that part another part, *personating herself*, that she may thus receive the wooing of her own love, this is surely a rare situation and one most delicate to manage. But its delicate difficulty is its charm for Shakespeare: he seems to love it and to make of it all he can. Skilfully he keeps the three characters distinct from each other, letting us see Rosalind, Ganymede, and the acted Rosalind all at the same time, but the real character shining clear through the rest. Restless and overcome by her sudden and seemingly unlucky love, Rosalind is brought face to face with her lover in circumstances of this exceptional strain. No wonder she is strung up by excitement to an almost hysterical pitch, and very nearly overdoes the part of the saucy lacquey. She finds relief for the strain in venting unqualified sarcasm and daring rattle by means of nimble wit and quick tongue. Yet all the while, the sensitive woman's love is looking on with jealous eagerness for any evidence of a wavering heart, any proof of true love in her lover. How well she acts the swaggering Page in that assumption of manliness which always effects to despise boys and the weaker sex! "As boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color." How skilfully the traitress accuses her own sex! How she mocks her lover in order to draw out his delicious protestations! By what fine touches is the irony of the situation brought out? "The lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too." "Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does."

When she bids him come and woo her, her real self gets the mastery, and sobered by her intense feeling, she speaks quite simply, and does not forget to bid her sister come along with them.

We have said that Rosalind is attracted to Orlando by the firm balance of his nature; we gather her hate and contempt of exaggeration, to which she knows herself liable, from her attitude towards it in others. Love itself may be a "mad humour," but to "forswear the full stream of the world and turn monastic" is a "living humour of madness." "Worse than drunkards" are they who indulge in too much laughing or too much melancholy, yet is she more in sympathy with merry folly than with dismal wisdom. She mocks in Jaques the traveller's verdict of "all is vanity," and is merciless on the cynicism of the experienced man of the world. When Celia's sentimentality compassionates the poor love-sick shepherd, Rosalind's hate of immoderation breaks out,—“Do you pity him? No, he deserves not pity.” She knows love and its smart, but never could she have let her pride truckle to an unrequited love, nor any passion make her “a tame snake.” “Not to be endured,” she pronounces such conduct as Phœbe's, even in a beloved one. And the ignoble self-surrender of Silvius is no more contemptible in her eyes than the vain exaltation of self in Phœbe. The rustic beauty's intolerant scorn she scourges as only a woman could.

When the proud Rosalind surrenders herself, she does it with the utmost humility and simplicity: “To you I give myself, for I am yours,” she says to Orlando, with the same words as she restores his daughter to her father. Love is a second nature, strong as ties of blood, when two are truly mated, soul with soul as body with body; love has vindicated itself against the attack of Fortune, and Nature is all in all.

Round this central pair of lovers revolve three other couples, whose fates all depend upon the disguise of Rosalind's sex, and whose types of love serve as contrasts and foils to her.

Celia and Oliver are as sudden but not so tried in their loves—their course of true love does run smooth—before marriage, and that is all we see of them. But we have not the same conviction that they are made for each other, with sympathy as strong as their love, that we feel in the case of Rosalind and Orlando. The type is passion rather than pure love; it remains for marriage to chasten and confirm it. Silvius and Phœbe are the conventional lovers of

the euphuistic romance; warmed with life as they are by Shakespeare's living touch, yet these country-folk remain artificial, and beside them, our hearty, simple lovers seem the true children of Nature. Phœbe's story is in itself a complete illustration of a Nemesis which overtakes human blindness and infatuation. She incurs the wrath of Venus by her deafness to the sighs of the goddess's votary, who avenges herself by the infliction of a misplaced passion. The irony of the situation is pointed by such words as these: Silvius has been trying to soften her by saying she too may one day know the wounds of love, and she replies,—

“ But, till that time,  
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.”

And immediately appears the “sweet youth,” whose scorn avenges the ill-used Silvius.

In the courtship of Touchstone and Audrey we descend considerably lower in the scale of passion, if we may so call this love of the earth, earthy. The interested love of the courtly *roué*,—the affectations of emotion and its language, poetry,—the attitude of the woman honest and stupid, who looks on the magic domain of courtship as an uninteresting but necessary stage in reaching the vantage-ground of matrimony,—all these are caricatured in this couple. Mutual convenience is their mean substitute for love.

The characters form different contrasts, and show a symmetrical correspondence on more than one side.

Jaques, the courtly cynic, full of solemn wisdom, Touchstone, the cynical mock-courtier, full of merry folly, are two strange products of “the world,” although dwellers in Arden.

Silvius, the shepherd whose worst trouble is his love, and Corin, the contented shepherd, bring out in different aspects the substantial happiness of the unworldly lot.

Phœbe is the spoilt rustic beauty; Audrey, the honest country bumpkin.

Adam is the faithful servant, for whom no worldly advantage

weighs in the balance, compared with the love and duty he owes his master.

Adversity tries the reality of his devotion as fire tries gold. Adam gives his savings, his ease, his support in old age, almost his life itself, to his young master. Nature rises superior to Fortune and honorably rules him to a service not to be paid by wages.

In *Le Beau* we have the worldly time-server, who, with good natural impulses, cannot afford to gratify them. Disinterested friendship is a flower which doesn't thrive in the close air of courts. "Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you," he says to the suspected Orlando.

Jaques and his companion-figure, Touchstone, demand a full analysis. Jaques is "the censurer of mankind," who can see no good in men, because he judges them by himself; who hears naught but discord in the world, because he is playing his own instrument out of tune. His remark to Amiens may be construed as a commentary on his character,—"'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough." His qualification for teaching men how to live is that he has found life a failure himself. He rails at the world, yet cannot be happy without it,—the world is truly his mistress, as he says to Oliver, and as the Greek satirist said of men and women in general, he can neither do with her nor without her. When out of the world, he is but the more uneasily conscious that he is *of it* still. He is melancholy with that moralizing melancholy which nurses itself,—"I thank it. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs." He "enjoys ill-health" of the mind. He is restless with *ennui*, professing to hate emotion and really hating the lack of it. He is puffed up with conceit. "I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks and make no boast of them." "Weed your better judgments of all opinion that grows rank in them, that I am wise." Once he is merry, and why? Because he has found what he thinks a splendid *exposé* of human nature and wisdom, in the "corpus vile" of a Fool, and he longs to have such a stalking-horse of folly for his own wit. The philosophers always have had some patent plaster for the world's ills, but the world wags on, good and bad, disregarding them. The Duke

reminds him that cleanliness comes not from the foul: the physician must first heal himself.

There is the element of hardness in him which goes with lack of faith in human nature. His flippant replies to Orlando in distress show him callous of heart; he lacks sympathy, and human lives are to him only a curious field for study and experiment. He is antagonistic to each noble and true character in the drama; even his devotion to the Duke seems to himself gross folly, and he did it only "a stubborn will to please."

The attraction or meeting-point of the Duke and Jaques seems to be that they are both philosophers; but Jaques is himself one of the studies of the Duke's larger and more generous philosophy, and Jaques is uneasily conscious of this, and resents the Duke's half-mocking attempts to draw him out. "And I have been all this day to avoid him. . . . He is too disputatious for my company."

The inherent difference in their philosophies is that the Duke's is built on the rocks of faith and hope; that of Jaques, on shallow, shifting cynicism, and cannot get beneath the perplexing, disappointing appearances of life to the eternal realities underlying them. The moralizing of each on the text of Orlando's distress shows the difference. The Duke finds in the universality of sorrow, not a selfish consolation for our own pain in the reflection that others suffer too, but a cause for deep sympathy to lift us out of selfish repining, and a reconciliation to our individual sorrow as one part in the grand drama of suffering played in common by the whole race. Jaques paints "our strange eventful history" in words which are immortal, but with a blank pessimism that is utterly foreign to Shakespeare's fruitful thought; humor, but not one touch of sympathy, relieves the gloomy picture, and the outcome of it is *vanity*.

Towards Orlando Jaques feels antipathy; between the harmonious nature and that "compact of jars" there can be only friction. The disbelieving realism of Jaques is dead against any ideal sentiment. He growls at the lover's passion; Orlando's "worst fault is to be in love": "God be with you an you talk blank verse." Yet he wants his society, if only to mock him: like a truant from the

school of life, he seeks others who will bear him company, but in vain. Rosalind eyes him doubtfully,—“They say you are a melancholy fellow;” and quickly she sums him up.

His most congenial associate is the “motley-minded gentleman”; he spends much time with him. To watch the aping of the dissipated, *blasé* courtier and the mocking of humanity by the Fool pleases him exactly. Jaques could find nothing to nourish his views of life in Orlando’s healthy love, but the courtship of Touchstone gratifies him to the full. He sees through his design on Audrey, and takes care that he shall be safely caught in the toils of wedlock, that he (Jaques) may enjoy the spectacle of “Motley” a married man.

We get the measure of Jaques in his admiration of Touchstone. He himself is “a fool (without the motley) thus moral on time.” The highest proof of wisdom, in his eyes, is to have sold all you have for the privilege of learning that nothing is worth having. He pretends to have given up the world, while, really, the world has given him up, and he has no place in the “careless life of the golden world,” where truth and love and innocence make all the happiness of those that dwell therein.

Touchstone supplies at once a counterpart and an antithesis to Jaques. He, too, has left the congenial life of the world, in obedience to an impulse of devotion, and now he mocks himself for his pains: “The more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place.” Still, he loves Celia truly,—“would go o’er the wide world” with her. He, too, is the censurer of mankind; but his is the licensed censure of the professional jester. He has the privilege of galling others by his wit, because they, as well as he, are protected by his very function. If it were not the Fool who hit them, they might retort; as it is, “although they smart,” they do very foolishly “not to seem senseless of the bob.” All personal animus is wanting in the “bobs” of the Fool, who is a kind of personified public opinion. No wisdom, no rank, no virtue, protects from his pungent wit. But this ensures impartiality; he attacks all faults and failings indiscriminately. But Jaques, the impure, to whom all things are impure, is no fit judge of sin and folly; his remedy would be worse

than the disease, because his motive would be his own satisfaction rather than the interests of mankind. What the Fool does professionally, and with all the sublime indifference of a Mr. Punch, Jaques would do *con amore*, and revel in doing. While Touchstone's merry mockery is healthy, even when sharpest,—well likened to the wind that blows away all unwholesome humors,—the melancholy of Jaques is morbid. "I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad," says the wise Rosalind.

Touchstone finds his study in the clown, who is to him what he himself is to Jaques. "It is meat and drink to him to see a clown," he says; and Jaques declares, "As I do live by food, I met a Fool." There is a caricature of Jaques's conceit in Touchstone's remark, "We that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold." All the affectations of the polite world are held up to ridicule in him; the courtier, the critic, the polished worldling, with nothing behind the polish, are caricatured in the Fool; and his love-suit, licentiousness under the mask of fashion and hollow sentiment, ends in a marriage which is a concession to human frailty and a contrast, in its gross coarseness, to the manly love of Orlando, the headlong passion of Oliver, and the shepherd's love made "holy and perfect" by unselfishness.

*C. A. Wurtsburg.*

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#### LONGFELLOW'S 'GOLDEN LEGEND' AND ITS ANALOGUES.

A CURIOUS blending of the 'Faust Legend' with the Alkestis myth is presented in the story of Longfellow's 'Golden Legend.' Is the Alkestis part of the story an especial heritage from the Pagan world, as the 'Faust Legend' seems to be the peculiar product of the Christian mind? This is one of the questions of interest that meet us in the consideration of the 'Golden Legend,' and entices us on to further investigation of its sources.

The legend of Faust is, in its essential attributes, the history of a man who sells his soul to the powers of evil, in order to obtain in



return earthly joys. The essential element of the Alkestis myth is the woman's mediation for the man. "No history is more ancient nor more universal," says Ernest Faligan, in his 'Histoire de la Légende de Faust,' "than the Faust story." He informs us furthermore, "that the two most important variants of the legend are the 'Légende de Théophile,' of Catholic origin, and the 'Légende de Faust,' of Protestant origin. The main distinction between these two is that, in the Catholic tradition, the powers of Heaven finally conquer the powers of Hell and the soul of the man is saved, while in the Protestant version, the struggle invariably terminates with the damnation of the guilty one. The story of Longfellow's poem belongs to the first division. Of each of these main divisions there are almost innumerable variants. One of the most interesting of these in connection with the poem we are considering is the legend of the chevalier who gave his wife to the devil. In this story the Faust and Alkestis elements almost coalesce, as will be seen.

A chevalier in spite of all the warnings of his wife allowed himself to be drawn into the most reckless extravagances, and as his resources diminished he was obliged in order to keep up appearances to resort to expedients. At last the moment foreseen by his wife arrives, he is completely ruined. His wife counsels him to put his trust in the Virgin. Perhaps she might have succeeded in her counsels if Satan had not interposed. He appears suddenly, justifying his appearance on the ground of an imprudent word uttered by the chevalier in a moment of despair. He had little trouble in regaining his empire for a moment lost over this feeble nature burning with the desire of his wonted enjoyments. The devil declares he has been deceived by his wife, and supplying him with gold makes him agree to deliver up his wife at the end of a certain length of time.

The time for the fulfilling of the agreement arrived; the chevalier stifling his remorse, orders his wife to hold herself in readiness to accompany him to the neighboring forest in the middle of the night. She obeys, although her secret apprehensions are aroused by this strange and unaccountable journey.

At the entrance of the forest she sees a chapel and begs her husband to allow her to enter it a moment. He dares not refuse this last grace. The wife kneels before a statue of the Virgin while her husband waits upon the threshold. While she prays, the Virgin

in Heaven pleads not only her cause but that of her unworthy husband. She is successful, and is then commanded by God to take the features of the lady who is about to be delivered to the devil and to go and take her place. The Virgin obeys, and goes to the place where the devil awaits his prey. The devil, impatient at the delay, scolds them, but suddenly recognizing the blessed Virgin he cries out in terror and reproaches the chevalier for breaking his word, but the Virgin puts him to flight with the aid of the angels Gabriel and Raphael, whom God had given her for body-guards. Then she takes the chevalier, who had fallen at her feet overwhelmed with remorse and shame, back to the chapel and obtains for him the forgiveness of his wife.

The date and the author of this story are unknown, but it occurs in several different forms, among them a miracle play of the fourteenth century, in French, by an unknown hand, a short poem, also in French, two or three rhymed variants in German, and one in Old English.

The collection of Lives of the Saints, called 'The Golden Legend,' gathered from various chronicles and pious biographies, by Jacques de Voragine, archbishop of Genoa, in the latter half of the thirteenth century, contains one legend which probably furnishes one of the earliest versions of our story. It is to be found in the 'Legend of St. Basil,' and is given here as it appears in 'La Légende Dorée,' translated from the Latin into French.

An honorable man named Hérard had an only daughter whom he wished to consecrate to our Lord; but the enemy of the human species knew of his resolve and kindled a passion for the young girl in the heart of one of Hérard's servants. His servant, when he saw it was impossible for him, being a slave, to have any connection with this noble maiden, went to a magician and offered him a large sum of money if he would aid him in his desires. The magician said to him, "This is a thing I cannot do; but if thou wilt, I will send thee to the devil, who is my master, and if thou doest what he will tell thee, thou shalt have all that thou desirest."

"I will do all that he will tell me," said the young man. Then the magician wrote a letter, addressing it to the devil by this young man, as follows:

"Monseigneur, as I ask nothing better than to take away from

the Christian faith as many people as possible, and to bring them under your dominion, to the end that your power be enlarged daily, I send you this young man, for he is consumed with love for a certain damsel; I pray you let him obtain what he desires, so that you may be glorified in him, and I may be enabled to procure you still other souls."

The magician gave this to the young man and said to him,—

"Go at such an hour of the night and stand before a pagan tomb and call the demons, and throw the letter into the air, and immediately they will come to you."

And the young man called the devils and threw the letter into the air, and the prince of darkness came, surrounded by multitudes of devils; and when he had the letter, he said to the young man,—

"Believest thou in me, and that I can do thy will?"

And he said, "I believe it, lord."

"Deniest thou Jesus Christ?" said the devil.

"I deny him," he answered.

And the devil said, "You Christians are all tricksters, for when you need me, you come to me, and when you get what you want, then you deny me, and return to your Jesus Christ, and he takes you up again, because he is very gracious; but if you will have me do thy will, make me a writing in thine own hand, in which thou shalt declare thy renunciation of thy baptism and thy Christian profession, and acknowledge thyself my serf."

Then this infatuated young man made out the writing with his own hand and placed himself in the devil's service. And immediately the demon called the spirits of fornication and bade them go to the said damsel and inflame her heart with so much love of the young man that she could not resist him. And they went, and inflamed her, so that she threw herself to the ground, and said, weeping, to her father,—

"Have pity on me, my father, for I am grievously tormented with the love that I feel for this young man. Have pity upon her whom thou gavest life, and show thy fatherly love for me, uniting me to him whom I love and for whom I am thus so much tormented; unless thou wouldst see me die cruelly, and at the judgment-day thou be responsible for my fate."

And the father replied, weeping, to his daughter, "What is this that has come upon thee, unhappy child? What is this which has robbed me of my treasure? What is this which has put out the soft light in thy eyes? I thought to join thee to a heavenly husband, and I thought through thee to make my salvation, and thou deliverest thyself up to an insane love. Oh, my daughter! consent

that I join thee to God, as I had resolved, that thou bringest not my old age to misery and to hell."

"My father," she cried, "accomplish my wish or thou shalt see me die."

As she wept bitterly and was full of madness, the father, who was in deep grief, did his daughter's will, and gave her as wife to the young man, and gave up to her all the goods that would come to her, saying, "Go, wretched girl, devoted to all misfortune."

Afterwards this young man would not enter the church nor cross himself, and this was noticed by many who warned the wife that the man she had chosen was not a Christian. Thereupon she was seized with sorrow, and told her husband, and when he said it was not true, she answered, "If thou wilt that I believe thee we will go to-morrow, thou and I, to the church." Then when he saw he could not deceive her, he told her all that had happened. At once she hastened to visit St. Basil, and told him, and he, calling the young man, learned from him all that had taken place, and asked him if he would turn again to the Lord. And the young man replied that he would, but could not, for he had denied Christ and given his denial, in writing, to the devil.

But Basil took the young man and making the sign of the cross on his forehead shut him up alone during three days, visiting him each day, encouraging and blessing him, and giving him nourishment. The first day the young man was in torture from the clamor and fear of the devils. "Thou camest to us," they cried, "it is not we who came to thee." The second day he reported having heard the furious threats of the demons from afar, seeing them not. The third day he saw St. Basil in a vision fighting for him and vanquishing the devil.

After this Basil brought him out, and assembled all the clergy and the people, and asked them to pray for the young man. Taking him by the hand, Basil led him into the church; and then came the devil with a crowd of evil spirits, and they all saw him seize the young man and try to tear him away from the Saint's arms. And the young man cried, "Help me, man of God!" But the devil assailed him so strongly that in dragging the young man he dragged the Saint after him.

"Abominable spirit of darkness," cried the Saint, "suffices not to thee thine own damnation? Why temptest thou the creatures of my God?"

And the devil made him this reply, which a great multitude heard, "Basil, thou bearest me prejudice. We went not to him. He

came to us, and he denied his God, and confessed my supremacy. Behold, here is his own writing."

Then Basil bade them all to cease not from praying till the writing be given up; and while he prayed, the writing was brought through the air, so that all saw it, and was put in the Saint's hand. The young man recognized the writing as his own, and then Basil tore it, and leading the young man into the church, instructed him and gave him certain rules to follow, and then took him back to his wife.

The visit to the magician who acts in this story as the agent of the mediæval devil; the evidently genuine love for each other of the young man and his wife, in spite of its being arranged by the devil's power, permitted, of course, in the Christian theory, by God,—very much as the gods of the Greek religion contrived such affairs with the connivance of Zeus or behind his back; the mediation of the woman, through the Saint's good offices, for her husband, the Saint acting here as a mediæval Christian Herakles; and finally the happy return to the wife,—these are all most interesting and important features of this variant of the interwoven Faust and Alkestis legends.

Bishop Voragine's '*Legenda Aurea*' is the basis of the various French transcripts made by Jean de Vignay and others, and Jean de Vignay's is the source of that part of Caxton's '*Golden Legend*' which gives the legends of the Saints among which this story appears.

The genealogy of the German tale on which Longfellow's poem is closely founded is lost in the side-alliances, the curious old reunions and new births of thought peculiar to the mediæval period. Its date may be traced back to the dawn of the thirteenth century. Hartmann von Aue, the minstrel of '*Der Arme Heinrich*,' lived about 1208, and this story of his, which in its opening lines he shows was a '*Rede*' gathered from old books,\* was first printed, from an old

\* Bayard Taylor speaks of it simply as an incident occurring in the poet's family, and Longfellow says, "told and perhaps invented by Hartmann." Certainly it may very well be that this form of the story, with its setting in Suabia and its allusions to Salerno, was told of one of the family, but origins are bottomless, nevertheless, and moreover, Hartmann speaks of his '*Manche Schone*' of difficult works, his '*Schwere Stunde*,' and of the '*Rede die er geschrieben fand*.'

Let it be added here, also, that we are indebted to Miss Mary Harned for a literal translation of the old German rhymed ballad.

Strasburg manuscript, in C. H. Müller's collection of German poetry of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. It is a long-winded tale, running in brief to this effect:

There was a man in Suabia in whom was not forgotten a single virtue. He had birth and riches, and his goods were like those of a prince. His name was Heinrich, and he was born von der Aue.

He had an honest wish for all worldly honor; flower of youth, joy of the world, a mirror, a diamond, a whole crown of chastity was he, the refuge of the poor and a shield to his relations, and he sang full well of love; a good minnesinger was he, and thus could he easily win the praise of the world. But his high character was turned aside to a crooked path.

The good things of this world are beyond mastery, as may be seen in the candle, which becomes ashes while giving light. Our laughter is stopped in tears, our flowers fall. In Herr Heinrich's fate it will be seen that whoever lives in high estate is scorned of the gods. For Heinrich fell from his good estate into a loathsome one. And in his leprosy the people turned away from him, and no one willingly looked upon him. His light heart gone, his sweetness become gall, his day a thunderbolt, his sun hid in cloud, he cursed the hour when he was born.

Yet was he not without a ray of hope, for he had heard that this same sickness could be cured. Longing for cure he went for doctor's counsel at Montpellier. But there he found no consolation, no hope of remedy. Hearing this not gladly, he went to Salerno, and there the best physician told him he could be but would not be cured. The only remedy was such blood as flows in that maiden's veins who willingly would offer her life for his. Realizing that this was hopeless, he went home and began to give away his property, giving much of his lands and goods to one of his farmers, and then going to live with him.

This farmer was gifted with a good wife, and among his children one lovely daughter became devoted to Heinrich, and he called her his "wife." One day he told them his story and of the unattainable remedy which alone could cure him, and the young maiden heard of it and slept not that night. Resolving that she would be the cure, she rose, weeping, and stood beside her parents' bed, declaring to them that this she would do, saying that since they depended on Heinrich for all their prosperity, her death would save them as well as him, and that for her to die now or later mattered little; she would but enter earlier into eternal life. And she spoke with so

much more wisdom than that of a child, and seemed so like one inspired of the Holy Ghost, that they were persuaded it was the will of God. When, before dawn, she told Heinrich that she would save him, he at first refused; but, consenting at last, they started out for Salerno. She found the journey long, and when the physician at Salerno explained to her that the death would be most painful, and that if she rued it the breadth of a hair he would lose his work and she her life, she answered, "I am a woman, and I have the strength."

Then the doctor took her away from Heinrich into a secret room, hesitating before her beauty, and sharpening the knife that he might hurt her less. Heinrich, hearing the sound of the whetstone, looked through a crack in the wall, saw her beauty, and, of a sudden, his whole nature changing, he called aloud to the doctor forbidding the sacrifice. She was unwilling to forego the spiritual crown which she would have gained, and cried "What honor is taken from my Lord and me! Oh, that this had been completed, his body cured, and I blessed for ever!" But she had already wept and suffered till she was at death's door, so that at last all pain was taken from both of them, and from that hour he was made clean and whole. And afterwards when his counsellors advised his marriage, and fell out among themselves about it, he chose her for his wife, and both came into the everlasting kingdom.

A comparison of this with Longfellow's poem will show at once how faithfully he has traced again its main outline, and how many artistic occasions of departure he has seized in order to enhance the beauty of the story or to represent the scenes where it was enacted and to give the whole the background and atmosphere of the Middle Ages in Germany. The introduction of Walter von der Vogelweide and the abbess, the story of the Monk Felix, the sermon of Friar Cuthbert, the Miracle Plays, and other scenes of the journey towards Salerno, all contribute to the desired effect. They may appear to be episodes only, and extraneous to the story. How far would such an objection to them be borne out upon a critical examination of the whole poem? Are they really somewhat clumsy—though erudite and interesting—appendages to the story? Do they show, if not the poverty, at least, the nature and extent of Longfellow's poetic power?

In relation with these somewhat external embellishments of the story of the 'Golden Legend,' the quality of Longfellow's adorn-

ments of metaphor and simile may be considered,—such similes as Elsie's "putting off from me all thoughts of earth, as shoes from off my feet" (Act ii., "In the Garden," line 2), being weighed against such far-sought images as "the white hamlet gathered round" the base of the hill "like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet" (Act i., "In the Courtyard"), as Henry's elaborate comparison of "death's dulcimer" to musical glasses,—to the sound of hearts "half full of tears like crystal cups half full of water" responding with sweet music "to the pressure of a finger" (Act v., "Bridge at Lucerne").

An examination of the poetic relation of the Prologue and Epilogue to Longfellow's story, and of the moral force of these as original additions, will lead to the investigation of an important change in the construction of the story,—the introduction of Lucifer. Is it Longfellow's only internal and new element? How far is it an imitation from Goethe's 'Faust'?

In tracing the influence of this new element upon the original story of '*Der Arme Heinrich*,' it is to be noticed that Henry's acceptance of Elsie's sacrifice is thus represented by Longfellow as a suggestion of the evil power,—the poison of the so-called "Elixir of Life," first disposing the prince to selfish and carnal desires which make him willing to let the maiden die for him; and, also, that his rescue from the devil's clutches depends upon his perception, at last, that he is a "vile and abject thing" to "purchase length of days at such a cost," and "Not by her death alone, but by the death Of all that's good and true and noble" in him.

The development in literature of this ethical perception, of the real value and influence of such vicarious atonements, may be tracked onward from the casual reference in Homer to Alkestis, as having honor above other women, to the wonderful leap forward the story takes in the '*Alkestis* of Euripides'; and then, as it passes in new forms through mediæval Christianized legends, prominent examples of which are here given, to its modern transformations,—to its use as an important element of Goethe's '*Faust*'; to Longfellow's '*Golden Legend*'; to the fruitful commentary upon Euripides that Browning puts in the mouth of Balaustion; to William Morris's '*Alkestis*' in '*The Earthly Paradise*'; and, particularly, as one of



the most significant and exalted of modern readings of this fertile legend, to the 'Admetus' of Emma Lazarus.

This sketch of some of the main sources and analogues of Longfellow's 'Golden Legend' is meant merely to furnish material and indicate lines for criticism. It is hoped that it will be easy to build upon these suggestions an attractive comparative study.

P. A. C.

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### DEMOCRATIC VAGARIES.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF — — AND \* \* \*.

DEAR — —

To think of you ignominiously descending to the folly of sending me a Christmas gift, after laying bare, with the relentless knife of an Ibsen, the hidden motives of the Christmas buyer! But I remember a favorite quotation of yours is "with consistency a great soul has nothing whatever to do." So you would exalt yourself into a sort of high priest of Christmas-giving. Your gifts, forsooth, have an esoteric meaning which the common herd are supposed to be incapable of comprehending! Fie on you for a sorry democrat! But you may very well doubt the *strength* of the people when *the weakness* of the people is so apparent. How shall we account otherwise for the power—I do not say strength—of the Corporation, if not on the supposition that the people, aware of their own lack of fibre, prefer gaining a little reflected glory as the retainers of a great institution to converting themselves into strong human beings, unmindful of aught save truth to themselves and to all men?

"Degree being vizarded the unworthiest shows as worthy in the mask." Thou wert wise, O Shakespeare, but not so wise as the Corporation, for it would add, the worthiest shows as unworthy in the mask. And clever dog, that worthiest, such as he is, knows he has a great deal better chance of ruling if he keeps his visor down. He knows that all this cant about the love of humanity which leads to socialistic ideals is rooted rather in hatred of the individual. The

majority of individuals being weak, the sight of strength in other individuals turns this majority into a cruel giant who would cut off all comers to fit his iron bedstead. Power thus becoming vested in the weakness of the people who hold their fiefs under some hulking baron of a corporation, who in turn is manipulated by a lot of unscrupulous but vizarded Napoleons, who in their turn may at any time gain complete control by a *coup de dollars*,—Democracy, afrighted, wings her flight afar off.

These reflections with which I am boring you occurred to me as I was taking my accustomed "constitutional," when a ray of sunshine illumined the gloom. I saw a forlorn modern Corydon, with fusty green coat much too short in the waist, a hat so old it might have been an heirloom from Pan himself, yet around whose slouching figure glowed a halo of poetic memories. Corydon was "telling his tale" on the Chestnut Street Bridge, but although all the sheep wore a corporation badge of red chalk, one of them insisted on turning his back on his brothers and going off in an opposite direction. Who can doubt the possibilities in man when a sheep will insist on his own individuality?

But, on the other hand, there is danger, it seems to me, in such all-embracing sympathetic democracy as that of Walt Whitman. It reminds one of the Pantheism of India, which saw God in everything to such an extent that it was thought sacrilege to attempt to improve in any way on nature, and the result was the crystallization into castes, and the formation of a system of society little better than slavery.

When Huxley hurls at us the doctrine that men are not born equal and free, but slaves, we shudder and wonder if our dream of democracy must die.

The only way out of the dilemma which my present insight affords is by means of the talisman development. If the Pantheism of the Hindoos had but been dynamic instead of static, would such stagnation as they have suffered resulted?

Our democracy, then, must not be content with gazing benignly on all humanity and declaring, "God hath made them, therefore let them pass for men," but it should grasp the fact that all men are

equal only in so far as they are free to work towards the same goal of intellectual and spiritual wisdom, of which true liberty is born.

But I am becoming didactic. I see that the law of entail has been introduced into the literary world, and that our popular magazines are announcing contributions from the daughters of great men. Oh, women, your star is rising!

Nature and the magazine editor have taken pity on your general incompetence and have given you great fathers in order that you may obtain some slight modicum of immortality, since your Tito Melemas and Aurora Leighs and Jane Eyres, according to an authority in a magazine I happened to pick up the other day, whose divine revelations it would be impious to doubt, are destined to be swallowed up in the shadow of perpetual night.

What a baneful superstition is this of inheritance, demanding of us not only that we coddle the criminal because his crimes are merely the estates entailed upon him by his forefathers, but that our literature *must* have the stale flavor of descent upon it!

The daughter of a great man may have differentiated a species of greatness all her own, or she may not, as the history of genius pretty conclusively shows, and because I watch with such absorbing interest the emergence of women from the shadows of conventionalism and biased criticism in which they have been so long partially obscured, because it implies an ignoring of her own personality, it is distasteful to me to have a daughter thrust down my throat at the point of her father's pen.

I suppose, however, that in an age when many people do not have time to look at more than the title-pages of their magazines it is highly important that said title-pages should appear on their fronts to be well connected in the literary world.

The quality most needed in an editor is a sort of Ward MacAllister instinct, which will unerringly choose the "Four Hundred" who will give "tone" and vogue to the magazine, from the great octogenarian, who prattles about his sensations when he first began to grow bald, to the youngster, who perhaps relates what she remembers of her father's habit of shaving without a looking-glass.

Your Philosophic Friend

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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DR. BRINTON'S valuable and suggestive article on the Epilogues of Browning, which opens this number of *POET-LORE*, presents an original theory which is worthy of thorough consideration. Against the idea of the Epilogues in 'Ferishtah's Fancies' being antiphonal or opposed in their trend to the poems they follow, it might be urged that they are rather *confirmatory*, summing up in lyrical outbursts of symbolism the same thoughts which have been given variedly, fractionally, in half-light and side-light, in the preceding poems.

For instance, in the first Fancy, 'The Eagle,' the thought brought out is that it is nobler and more self-developing to work with all your strength and soul among men than to spend your life in selfish isolation. The lyric following brings out the same idea, though, instead of a Dervish who is to leave his solitary meditations in the woods, it is two lovers who are to leave the delights of solitary companionship, and heart by heart to take their place in the world. In 'Plot Culture,' too, the *Fancy* and the Lyric both mean that complete love must be a love of the whole being,—soul and sense; that the thirst of the soul can be quenched alone by sense. One more example,—'The Sun.' In this *Fancy* there is an argument as to the truth of the story of the incarnation. The position taken by Ferishtah in it is that man's conception of the Infinite must have in it human elements, and that the unbeliever, instead of kicking and cuffing the "fool" who believes his conception to be indeed fact, should recognize the worth of it in the chain of religious development. And the Lyric expresses the same idea as Ferishtah,—namely, that the conception by man of divinity must, perforce, contain human elements; though man forgets this, and looks upon his own conceptions as something supernaturally revealed.

It is true, an argument can be made from the Prologue that the *Fancies* are the "hard crusts" and the *Lyrics* the "luscious" ortolans; but the Prologue, instead of declaring that the crusts and the

sage-leaves should be done away with and the ortolans eaten a alone, insists that each gives to the other its gust; so that we should be justified in supposing the poet to mean that "dry ethics" and the "pleasures of love" are both necessary. The whole figure, drawn from the culinary art, strikes us, however, as referring more particularly to the form of 'Ferishtah's Fancies,' in which are mingled the "luscious" lyrics and the "sage" Fancies.

Against still another point in the theory presented by Dr. Brinton it might be urged that the last strain of the final epilogue to 'Ferishtah's Fancies' does not fade away into a dying fall aghast before the so-called "pessimistic" sentiment of the necessary union of soul and sense, aspiration and appetite, but rather meets it at its most desperate turn with the optimistic blast of Childe Roland's bugle, the stanch "No! . . . Greet the unseen with a cheer" of the 'Asoland Epilogue. In a word, does it not ring the right Browning ring with the sudden triumphing question, At the worst, what then? What matters it if all be error,—“if the halo irised round my head were Love, thine arms”?

If this epilogue in particular is addressed to a casual "sympathetic woman" rather than to the absent sharer in a supreme and undying love,—the "Lyric Love" of 'One Word More,'—the what is the force of the exclamation in the first stanza,—“Hear at least, thou happy one”?

To whom else could this apply?

Who is the witness "who saw much of the author at the time" Can we be sure of his clear sight? The fact is that "human estimation" is generally "words and wind"; that any such testimony is necessarily colored by the glasses looked through; and art remaining "the one way possible of speaking truth," we may be justified in judging Browning by Browning, rather than by his most intimate observer.

DR. ROLFE'S illness continues, and his study of 'Much Ado' has to be postponed again. He writes us that he has had "to cancel lectures and lessons." He continues: "The doctor wants to keep me in bed, and says I cannot go out for a week at least. I am very sorry that the 'Much Ado' must be again postponed, but it can't be helped."

## EDITORS OF POET-LORE :

I read Mr. Burr's article on 'Hamlet' in POET-LORE for December with interest. Mr. Burr has truly placed himself in the attitude of the seventeenth-century play-goer, but is the moment's appeal from the stage all the value the play of 'Hamlet' has? Then a few hours' flight backward on the wings of imagination to the seventeenth century is all the value the play has, and the 'Hamlet' of Literature is no more. There is somewhat more than mere sensation or simple perception in mental life. The sensation and the perception are only the data of the great world of intelligence. So 'Hamlet' on the stage is but the pollen scattered from the flower; the fruit may ripen or not, in the stillness of the night, in the sunshine of the fields. And there 'Hamlet' becomes a unity. The lines of the play are the keys which open into portals of the soul. Yes, the mind that produced 'Hamlet' thought long. Through the labyrinths it wandered it is ours to find and follow.

*Philip H. Erbes.*

— SOME works of Arbes have been translated into German, of course,—it being Germany's honor to be as liberal in literature as she is restricted in politics; but nothing—Mr. Kràl writes us—has yet been translated into English. Mr. Kràl, however, is now engaged in putting 'The Bohemian Paganini' into English, and also one or two of the most characteristic of the short stories, one of which will appear in the double summer number of POET-LORE.

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LONDON LITERARIA.

UNDER the title of 'Recollections of Three Cities,' Professor Masson is about to give us some reminiscences that will certainly prove of more than passing interest. Beginning his career as a "newspaper man," the professor will doubtless have some interesting glimpses of journalistic life; while we may confidently hope for many new facts concerning Thomas Carlyle, with whom Professor Masson was on terms of intimate friendship. It may be interesting to note that both Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. J. M. Barrie

attended Professor Masson's English literature class at the University of Edinburgh. *A propos* of Thomas Carlyle, it is stated that his niece, Mrs. Carlyle (*née* Mary Aitken), is engaged, in conjunction with her husband, on a work dealing specially with the genius and character of the Chelsea sage. Mrs. Carlyle possesses unusual qualifications for the accomplishment of the task which she has undertaken, and a work of real and abiding worth may be expected.

A new series of ballads from the pen of Mr. Rudyard Kipling will, in due course, appear,—the date of publication, however, seeming at present to be somewhat problematical; "rumor" having it that the work will not be issued until his return to this country, when, moreover, he is to be married. Many of these ballads have already been published, but others will be entirely fresh.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are about to issue a work entitled 'Siberia as It is,' from the pen of Mr. Harry de Windt, who has achieved some celebrity as an author and traveller. Those readers who are conversant with Mr. George Kennan's fearful tale of the Siberian prisons will be eager to see what Mr. de Windt has to say on the matter, especially as he is understood to be somewhat friendly to the Russian government.

Foremost among the works which Messrs. Longman will issue during the forthcoming spring season are the reminiscences of Dr. Boyd, of St. Andrew's. The doctor's friendships have lain equally among celebrities in literature and the Church, so that some entertaining chapters may be anticipated. Mr. Joseph Hatton, too, is about to publish a volume of reminiscences, under the somewhat fanciful title of 'Cigarette Papers.' Charles Dickens, Reade, Wilkie Collins, and others will figure in these pages; and, I hear, an exposition of the views of the Reverend C. H. Spurgeon *re* tobacco is to be given. Somewhat ominous this,—from theology to smoke!

A forthcoming volume of poems by Dr. Garnett is to consist of translations from the Greek Anthology, and will appear in Mr. Fisher Unwin's 'Cameo Series.' For Messrs. Macmillan's 'Golden Treasury Series,' Mr. W. Watson is to bind into a sheaf an 'Anthology of Love Lyrics,'—a work which promises well, and is likely to become popular.

Of Browning books there would seem at present to be no end. Miss Mary Wilson has recently issued a Browning Primer; Miss Jeanie Morrison has given us studies of 'Fifine at the Fair,' 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day,' and the epilogues to 'Dramatis Personæ' and 'Ferishtah's Fancies'; while last, but by no means least, Dr. Berdoe has published a 'Browning Cyclopædia.' A somewhat colossal affair this, and possibly helpful enough; though most students would doubtless prefer to discover the hidden jewels for themselves. At the same time, there are many things in this work which will render it valuable to the Browning "beginner."

LONDON, ENGLAND, January 13, 1892.

*William G. Kingsland.*

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## SOCIETIES.

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**The Athena Society, Berlin, Wisconsin.**—For many years a highly-successful and intelligently-conducted branch of "The Friends in Council" has been maintained in Berlin, Wisconsin. Early in the history of the movement, the Chautauqua work gave trend and coloring to the studies. After the four years' course was completed, the zeal for literary work, stimulated and uplifted by the Chautauqua influence, sought new fields of labor in which to expend itself. The most fascinating paths of learning were traversed; the historical development of many of the leading nations was studied with scholarly and painstaking care; so that items of general interest, whether of art, literature, geography, or social, political, or individual importance, claimed their just share of attention. As often happens, the study of Shakespeare paved the way to a consideration of other great writers and pregnant epochs of literature. This work was found to be too discursive, and the old Society evolved itself, by a process of "natural selection," into a new organization, with a narrower horizon of investigation. The new movement began about eighteen months ago, under the able presidency of Mrs. J. L. Bellis, and took for its name "The Athena Society." Henceforth, attention was to be concentrated upon the plays of Shakespeare; but each play was to be studied in its proper setting, in due relationship to history. The plan



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*Poet-lore.*

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... remarkable feature: there is constantly one central idea... But, at the same time, there is sufficient variety... themes to stimulate curiosity and maintain a prop...

... work is carefully prepared for one year in advance, '... instruction.'" At present this plan embraces stud... Shakespeare in association with epochs of English histor... each session contains a very interesting consideration of t... origin, religion, customs, and remains, together w... into the domain of "the science of astrology... naturally to the play of 'King Lear.' The meetin... two weeks, in the afternoon. This work is kept up win... without any cessation,—a condition of affairs which co... society which is deeply interested, and in a commun... somewhat isolated and non-migratory. A full scheme of qu... prepared for each meeting, but this is rather for the direction... than for actual use in the meeting. One or two acts are c... session, and the bulk of the work falls on the president, w... propound new questions and direct the general conver... No considerable part of the play is read, so that the club does i... in superficial elocutionary efforts, but is compelled... genuine literary and critical work. At the close of t... play, "character sketches" are read, as on Lear and C... written comparisons are instituted, as between Edgar a... sometimes a topic is made the subject of general conv... instance, "The Roman Empire." As a whole, this pi... angularly felicitous and successful one, and the interest tl... and the high quality of the literary work already done, pres... "Adena Society" a long and prosperous existence. The pres... *President*, Mrs. C. S. Morris; *Vice-President*, Mrs. Geo. ... *Treasurer*, Mrs. J. E. Murph... *Instruction*, Mrs. C. S. Morris.

A. W. R.

The ~~Adena~~ **Adena** Society of the New Century Club occupied its... fall session with the discussion of Magic in Poetry, leading... of Browning's treatment of magic. At the first gene... November 12, a paper was read by Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr.,... and Parable in the East, which will be printed, with Mr. Talc...

Williams's discussion of it, in a future number of *POET-LORE*. Mr. Sulzberger also gave an interesting talk on Magic and Enchantment in Western Poetry, and Miss A. R. Brown chose for special treatment the Magic of Tennyson's 'Lady of Shalott,' which will also be given later in *POET-LORE*.

At the second general meeting, December 10, papers were read by Dr. Frances Emily White, on Browning's Mesmerism and its Moral Implication, to be given here in substance later, and by Dr. Edward Brooks, on the Relations of Magic and Science in Marlowe's 'Faustus,' Goethe's 'Faust,' and Browning's 'Fust and his Friends.' Comparing Marlowe's with Goethe's work, Dr. Brooks said,—

These two works are similar in their leading incidents, the latter being founded upon the former; but in spirit and philosophy, and in what we may call the motive, they are widely dissimilar. Marlowe's is a simple story of an old myth in dramatic form; Goethe's is the same myth, with a wonderful analysis of the aspirations and struggles of a human soul. Marlowe's is a straightforward statement of the German legend with its naturally anticipated results; Goethe's is, in addition to this, a philosophical and metaphysical treatise, dealing with some of the deepest questions that can engage the attention of the human mind. Dr. Faustus is an ordinary man acting under the influence of a superior power with whom he has made a compact; Faust is a complex being, whose lofty soul is stirred by the antagonism of the sensual and moral principles of his nature. Faustus, with a free will, chooses the magic art for the rewards of delight and power; Faust has been moved to give himself to magic by the hope of solving some mysteries that have never yet been brought to light. The motive in 'Faustus' is thirst of power; the motive in 'Faust' is thirst for knowledge. The magical power in both cases is associated with the devil; but the manner of its operation is quite different. Faustus deliberately chooses the magical power that comes from a compact with the Evil One; Faust acts under complex and mystical influences, which move him on to a fate that he seems unable to avoid. Unseen spiritual influences seem to be about him, weaving a spell that binds his soul in tangled meshes of good resolves and evil deeds. The key-note of this seems to be struck in that marvellous prologue in which, after the manner of the Hebrew epic of Job, is represented a conference in heaven; and, with the three angels of light, Mephistopheles also appears in the divine presence.

In this remarkable prologue Goethe unfolds to us the origin and nature of the spell of magic that runs through the entire poem and shapes its tragic events. And, with still higher intent, he also reveals in this allegorical form the mingled influences of good and evil that struggle in the soul of man and urge him forward to his fate. In the working out of this idea we see the marked contrast between Goethe's and Marlowe's concep-

tion of the spirit of evil and the use of the magical art. Marlowe's conception is that of a plain, straightforward, old-fashioned devil, with the smell of brimstone in his breath; Goethe's is a cultured, companionable gentlemanly sort of a fellow, full of wit, vivacity, and good-fellowship. Marlowe's devil is of the regular orthodox pattern of his day, who discusses such important questions as the Trinity, the fall of Lucifer, the location of hell, the torments of the damned, and such other interesting questions of mediæval theology; Goethe's devil is a modern philosopher of the pessimistic school, with a nimble wit, a keen analysis, and a spirit to question and doubt all that does not yield to the solvent of thought and philosophy.

In 'Faustus' the influence is purely supernatural; the devil controls the mind of Faustus as a master does a slave. In 'Faust' the influence is a mixture of the natural and supernatural, wondrously combined to effect a desired end. In 'Faustus,' Mephistopheles is a tyrant, frightening the hero into submission and allegiance; in 'Faust,' Mephistopheles is a gentleman, who knows how, with accomplished arts, to hold the confidence of one whom he desires to control. He is modest, and, when needed, even obsequious in his manner, full of delicate flattery and well-timed compliment,—a witty friend and an accomplished courtier; but, with a remorseless hand, ever weaving the silken meshes of a disastrous fate for his unsuspecting victim.

In Browning's 'Fust' the same idea of magic and learning, as associated with supernatural power, appears, but in quite a different way. The world has been rolling forward into the sunlight of truth; science has come and "cast out the devil" from intelligent minds; and only in the minds of Fust's less intelligent friends, who remind one of Job's comforters, do the old faith appear. They have not yet been emancipated from the old mediæval belief that learning is necessarily associated with the spirit of evil; and so, as they rush up-stairs where Fust is at work, and see his head sunk on his desk 'twixt his outspread arms, one cries, "Ay, there he leans, lost wretch!" and another calls out, "Hallo! Wake, man, ere God's thunderstrike Mayence—Mulct for thy sake who art Satan's, John Fust! But Fust does not admit the "soft impeachment"; with him there is no supernatural power or magic art that gives him insight into nature or skill to use her forces. "I confess," he says, "to many fool pranks, but not so outrageous that Satan was called in to help me." He has no faith in supernatural magic; science and art are the magical influences with which he works. His achievements are, as he says, "the slow travail of yea and long-teeming brains' birth." He throws open the doors of the silent thought devil-haunted chamber, and lo! the printing-press appears,—"the full-bodied birth" of his brain, through which truth is to be finished with wings, and "may speed to the world's farthest corner."

He is the herald of a new faith,—that thought and knowledge are God. To him there is but one force in the whole variation of visible nature; it is this which brings about "the new marvels, new forms the glorious, the gracious we bow to." Knowledge only and absolute

His who conceded a spark of his spheric perfection to earth's transitory existences. Man's prerogative is to discover some of this truth, and, having gained some, to ever press forward for new knowledge, and thus approximate to Him who, reachable not, hast formed him to yearningly follow his whole, sole, and single omniscience.

Here we hear sounding the key-note of the nineteenth century. The old has passed away; behold, all things are new. This is the gospel of Browning's 'Fust.' In Marlowe we had a purely supernatural being as the source of knowledge and power. In Goethe there is a mixture of the natural and supernatural, a being half devil and half man, who, with magical power, seems to control the forces of the material world. In Browning the devil is exorcised, knowledge is clothed in garments of light, and man the thinker becomes the source of truth and power.

Thought is the magician of the nineteenth century; by it man is monarch of land and sea and air. Thought bridges the ocean, bores through the mountain, makes an errand-boy out of steam, puts a pen in the hand of the lightning-flash, sits on the shores of two continents separated by three thousand miles of ocean and chats about the morning news, transforms the fall of the cataract into an invisible fluid that illumines the city at night with the brilliance of noon-day, and promises even more wonderful achievements in the century to come. Like the young Hebrew teacher of Judea, thought is casting out the devil from the world, and, with its garments shining with the light of truth, promises to be an evangel of peace and good-will to all mankind.

Miss Constance Mackenzie discussed the moral implication of Browning's 'Mesmerism,' as follows:

Every influence of mind upon mind holds in it the elements of hypnotism. When we shall have learned to know the how and the why of the partial dominance of one will by another, we shall have grasped the law of mesmerism, and of who knows how many other phenomena of equal mystery?

Superior will-power modifies to some extent inferior will in every contact of mind with mind. It does this in one of two ways. In the extreme exhibition of its every-day phase, it develops in the feebler mind all its best or worst possibilities, by stimulating it to self-activity; in its less usual aspect of mesmerism proper, it renders the weaker soul passive, while it sits in the place of judgment and does practically what it pleases with the usurped body.

This is a compulsion that is recognizable, yet that subtly eludes analysis. It is exercised by one soul upon another, determinedly, steadily, often with no motive other than the passion to govern; oftener, however, to accomplish ends of its own.

Now, while the intentional influence of soul upon soul is perfectly justifiable, under the condition that the soul impressed be throughout a free agent, just as soon as pressure be brought to bear upon a responsible

soul without its consent, or against its wishes, as soon as it is compelled by another, the governing spirit transgresses its rights.

Every spirit holds itself in fee, by right divine. The brave, pathetic Robert, in Mrs. Deland's 'Sydney,' carried this principle to a logical conclusion when, with heroic self-restraint, he forbore to interfere to save a woman from a self-imposed death, because he respected the soul's right to decide for itself.

To what extent, then, shall we let people alone? Unless a person be dangerous to the safety of others, we agree that he must not be coerced, physically. We respect his right to his own body. Under similar conditions, his mind shall be free also. That, at least, is our theory; practically, we know that all of us are not proficient in the art of letting people alone.

But we cannot, and we would not, put out of sight the mind-influence that is not only justifiable, but that, in the very nature of things, is unavoidable. It is the spirit-influence which moulds the world, and which, in its best and highest manifestations, makes so supremely great for all time the spiritual leaders of all ages.

Such mind-influence and mesmerism have one thing in common: each represents one mind determining the action of another by the exertion of superior power. The difference between their manifestations lies in this,—that, while mesmerism, by a transfusion of soul, robs another soul of volition and judgment, legitimate spiritual influence represents one spirit quickening and inspiring another by lifting it to a new point of view. This is the influence at work when a powerful character leaves its mark upon another.

In all its aspects this government of soul by soul was a theme from which Browning could never turn aside. He introduces it again and again; he loves it; and, with that marvellous, many-faceted mind of his, he catches the light of it from every side.

In 'Mesmerism' what has he to say of the right or the wrong involved in the control of one soul by another for its own purposes? We do not need the closing stanzas to help us to his answer to that question. Browning, whose reverence for the individual attains to a fervor almost religious; Browning, to whom there was no high or low, no degree, in souls, could take but one stand: "Thou shalt not. Think! thou stronger soul. Hold back the will."

First, I will pray. Do Thou  
That ownest the soul,  
Yet wilt grant control  
To another, nor disallow  
For a time, restrain me now!

I admonish me while I may,  
Not to squander guilt,  
Since require thou wilt  
At my hand its price, one day!  
What the price is, who can say?



## RUSKIN ON 'GOLD': A TREASURE-TROVE.

**N**OW and again the bibliographer, in his peregrinations in the vicinity of "old curiosity-shops" or the lumber of old book-stalls, comes across a veritable "find" in the shape of some rare tractate or separately-published poem or essay of a master. Whether this rage for "first editions," etc., is matter for commendation may be a moot point, but it nevertheless occupies a foremost place in the affections of the modern *littérateur*. In this matter of separate publication of short papers, poems, or letters, John Ruskin may have, in common with others of his compeers, something to answer for; for it certainly seems as if we had reached the height of bibliomanianism when a small paper-covered brochure of some dozen pages sells for as many guineas! In previous communications to POET-LORE I have called attention to some of these rare Ruskiniana "finds," but I have now before me, under the appropriate title of 'Gold,' a still more rare and, one must add, acceptable "find,"—*in that it has not been hitherto printed at all*, but is a first appearance of an offspring of the master's brain, having been relegated for eight-and-twenty years to some obscure pigeon-hole or other. *Where* it has lain all these years is, so far as I know,

matter of conjecture; but, in the fulness of the days, here it is, in the form of a little booklet of twenty-six pages, and edited by Mr. H. Buxton Forman, who also contributes an interesting bibliographical note. Of this unique work a "few copies only" have been printed for private circulation; consequently it not only remains a sealed article to the reading public, but will be unlikely, for some time at least, to figure as a "rarity" in the booksellers' catalogues. The readers of POET-LORE may therefore be interested in a brief account of the origin of the paper, with accompanying extracts.

Some time during the year 1860 there appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* a series of papers from the pen of Mr. Ruskin, entitled 'Unto this Last.' In these papers the professor began, as he tells us, to do his best to combat what he considered the errors of the then teachers in political economy. The editor of the *Cornhill*, however, having ventured on the insertion of three papers, was fain to draw in his hand, "the outcry against them becoming too strong for any editor to endure." One final essay was, it seems, inserted, thus bringing the series to an untimely end. But though the *Cornhill* public stood aloof, the professor himself was fully conscious that these essays of his were good work and true; and so the storm of indignation from magazine-readers but nerved him to renewed efforts. So he resolved to write an exhaustive treatise on political economy, the editor of *Fraser's Magazine* promising to admit whatever Mr. Ruskin might choose to write on the subject. Thus it came about that, in 1862 and 1863, certain chapters, forming a preface to the intended work, appeared in *Fraser*. But, alas! the *Fraserians* likewise were carers for none of these things, and, despite the demurrer of the editor, the publisher stepped in with a direct negative. So in April, 1863, appeared in *Fraser* the last of these essays. But, towards the end of the same year, Mr. Ruskin being as firmly as ever rooted to the conviction that our system of political economy as then taught was all wrong, Mr. Forman tells us, "there appeared in the *Times* a leading article on the depreciation of gold," which article resulted in a letter confirmatory of its sentiments from Mr. Ruskin. This was the last straw, and in *Macmillan* of November, 1863, Professor Cairnes came to the rescue of himself and brethren,

questioning the soundness of Mr. Ruskin's views, and referring to him as "Our Oracle." This article reached Mr. Ruskin in Switzerland, and called forth a rejoinder entitled 'Gold,' and written in form of a dialogue between *P.* and *R.*,—*P.* denoting Professor Cairnes and *R.* Mr. Ruskin. The opening lines are eminently characteristic of the author of 'Modern Painters':

Early in the morning of the 3d of last November I was travelling from Schaffhausen to Rheinau through alternate gleams of sunshine and flaws of sleety mists. The great plain beyond the Rhine was divided and dappled by them into chequer-work of silver and blue as far as the foot of the Alps; through the thin woods on the river bank the broken rays ran and returned, marking their courses with white flashes on the foam of the river, which flowed with its autumnal narrowness of clearest green under the promontory whose chapel, triple-chancelled, forms the landmark by which, from far or near, the place of the unseen convent is known. These things should have been pleasant to me, but, unhappily, as the day broke, I had been examining the roof-lines of the silk-factories which have just been built on the rapids above Schaffhausen Falls, as well as those of the third Railway Hotel, which is replacing chamber by chamber the walls of the Castle of Lauffen. Also, during breakfast, I had been enquiring of the waiter respecting the rival "Hotel Bellevue," whether its "belle vue consisted in the fall or the factories?" This he did not venture to decide. I asked farther which of these objects the travellers on whom his harvest of half-francs annually depended were the more interested in. On this point also he was uncertain, and on my assuring him that for my own part I had come all the way from England out of a childish interest in foam, and did not think the soot covering the lateral rocks or the smoke mixing with the spray in the least added to the general provision for my entertainment, he only opened his eyes and said, "Mais, monsieur, il faut bien utiliser le courant d'eau;" whereupon I ordered out the only thing in the establishment likely yet to be old, because the only thing that ought to have been new, and in the corner of the heavy German carriage, its coat of arms large enough to be seen across the Rhine, and with the sleet and dead leaves driving through its broken windows, set out for the island convent, wondering only as I went whether the Angel of the River mourned more over the error of human labour or errors of human rest, to which he was charged to minister with his incessant waves.

Mr. Ruskin then proceeds to note that while he was musing on



the desolate open square before the church and the reedy shall of the moat, his letters and books had been thrown from the Schausen post-office on to the carriage-seat. Among them was *Millan*, which he at once proceeded "to cut," opening the page Professor Cairnes's letter. With eagle glance, Mr. Ruskin saw once that "out of the two hundred and six lines of type which occupied, six did truly deserve some serious reply," and this he once set about writing, putting his thoughts into the form of dialogue. It is needless to remark that a mere extract will give reader *no* adequate idea of the fulness of this reply; but here is substance of a passage which may bear severing from the conte

*P.* "Money lodged in bank or invested as certainly reaches hands of producers as if employed by its owner directly in an industrial operation."

*R.* It seems, then, that out of this one of the three special cases you have looked at only one side; for the largest interests of money and the occupations of it which are the most profitable to the lender by no means necessarily involve productive industry in the borrower. Neither does the interest of Stock invariably represent a creation of Produce. It very often represents a destruction of Produce. If I live by usury, not only may the interest paid to me represent ultimately the destruction of twice as much property by the spendthrift or speculator from whom I exact it, but even the interest regularly paid on our vast European capital, so far from representing productive industry, is continually raised by a tax upon it. For instance, we lend a certain sum to a Foreign Cabinet, wherewith the Cabinet forges cannon and hires men, with which cannon and men it burns half the harvest of a fruitful country, steals the other half from its peasantry, and pays us the interest of our loan with a slice of what it has stolen; we thus differing only from ordinary receiver of stolen goods in the fact of having lent his tools to the borrower. Therefore, just because I wished to include the world of each one of these several operations, of which you had specified the semi-operation of one, I use the accurate, universal term "lay by," confining myself to this first question and to the statement of this first fact, which you and all those who name themselves economists ought to have taught us on the threshold of your science and have as yet neither taught nor known; that it is not the gain of gold, but the using of gold, which enriches or impoverishes a country.

. . . I use a term in opposition to "lay by,"—the word "spend." For that word . . . you substitute the phrase, "employed directly in an industrial operation." It is a pretty phrase . . . but then there are so many industrial operations! In old Oxford days I have seen every fragment of food left on our supper-tables industriously thrown into the streets, and the floor industriously flooded with wine, while pale mothers and sisters at home were providing for these operations by divers others—dimly feeling they, in spite of political economy, that there was a difference between "spending" and "laying by." They ought to have felt, you will say, comforted, because in the end "all reached the hands of the producers." . . . But what do you mean by producers? . . . Where is your definition of "production" or "producers"? Shew it me,—yours or any other economist's. Your science is the science of productive industry, and no writer among you all has yet stated what it was you were to produce. Wealth, you say, yes, truly, but what is that; Gold? By your own account, the more you have of it, the less you know what to do with it; Pictures and statues: I hope not, for truly it is probable you know less than others how to produce those; Useful things; yes—but what are they? Is York Cathedral useful, or only the railway embankment which takes you to York? What do you want to go to York for?—to see your friends? Are friends useful? and does your economy make you rich in friends? Or, do you go to York only to build another embankment or another cathedral, or only to get more means for doing neither, because you know—not which. Or, in minor matters, here is a rifle-bullet in my right hand and a viper's fang in my left: which of these is the most useful? One darts a yard only, the other a thousand; if the viper could dart a mile would it therefore become useful and a rod of help? Your Whitworth and Armstrong vipers, every coil of their spiral welded down hot and their venom turned into Greek fire unquenchable—are these wealth according to your divine science? Or, do you rest satisfied with thistles instead of wheat, and cockles instead of barley? . . .

It is to be hoped that, sooner or later, this paper will be made accessible to a wider circle. It is, like all the work of Mr. Ruskin, not only luminous, but alive, and is an utterance on which the England and America of to-day might well reflect. How it came about that it has remained in manuscript until the present day it were vain to conjecture. It has been stated by one who was in a position to know something about the matter that Mr. Ruskin's father inter-

ceded for its suppression; but the truth probably would be that was laid aside and completely forgotten. Be this as it may, the little paper now for the first time brought to light is well worthy the reputation and genius of one of the giants of the Victorian era.

*William G. Kingsland.*

LONDON, ENGLAND, February, 1892.

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## MAGIC AND PRODIGY IN THE EAST.

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**T**O the old saying "*Ex oriente lux*"—"from the East comes the light"—we ought to add "*et ex oriente nox*,"—"from the East also comes the darkness."

While a sense of the mysterious is common to mankind, so that by many thinkers it is regarded as the very source of religious emotions, and though the attachment to the mysterious may perhaps be considered above all else as the touch of nature that makes us all akin, still it is largely to the East that is due the prominence which the marvellous, the prodigious, and the fantastic obtain in the thought and belief, in the religion, literature, and actual life of mediæval Europe, and, to a certain extent, of modern Europe. There is no ancient people among whom the belief in magic and the exercise of magic, using the word in its broadest sense, is absent, and yet it will hardly be deemed an accident that the organized religions and faiths in which mystic doctrines have found their most perfect, and, as it were, their most attractive expression is to be met with on the extreme East. By the side of Buddhism, the mystic systems that have arisen in the Occident pale away; and, moreover, upon examination, it will be found that even the poorest of these European systems—to wit: western theosophy and so-called "Naturalism"—contain an ingredient of the Oriental article, to which they owe whatever vitality they possess. It is in the East that the prodigious is reduced to a science, finding its earliest expression in the astrology

of Babylonia, and its survival in the magic character that medicine retains in the Levant to this day. The popular instinct, accordingly, which, at the mention of the word *magic*—itself of Eastern origin—prompts us to conjure up a picture of the weird and dreamy Orient, and the popular tradition which clothes the magician in an Oriental garb have their justification in fact.

But not only is the persistence of the prodigious as an active force through all phases of our civilization, even to the highest, due in large measure to the direct influence exerted by the Orient upon the Occident, the periods also of the alternating strength and weakness of mysticism among us, flashing forth and apparently disappearing again, like the revolving lamp of a light-house tower, merely indicate the amount of resistance—or non-resistance—offered to the fresh currents ever sweeping from the East to the West. So it was shortly after the conquests of Alexander the Great that under the influence of the closer contact established between Orient and Occident, organized “mysteries” acquired a strong influence over the Grecian mind; while some centuries later, when Rome assumed the heritage of Greece, it was the decline of the popular belief in the gods that afforded a ready entrance for the mystic cults of Asia Minor and Syria. Again, when upon the rise of Islam, a considerable portion of the Western World was overwhelmed by an Eastern nation, there ensued an age of darkness for the Occident in which mysticism, not content with enthraling the popular mind, entered into the realm of science. Scarcely had the thick clouds in which Europe was shrouded begun to lift when the Crusades, knitting a new bond between Orient and Occident, charged the atmosphere afresh; and, finally, in our own days the scene witnessed at the beginning of the Christian era in Rome is repeated in a measure, and, as a direct consequence of the great upheaval of beliefs, of which our age has been a spectator, Oriental mysticism rushes in with almost overpowering force to fill the vacuum thus created.

Turning to literature, it will be found that the element contributed by the East to Western fiction, as well as to Western poetry and the drama, may be united under the single caption of—Prodigy. Fiction only arises there where it is believed, and hence it is the East that

has produced the greatest of all collections of fantastic tales, the 'Arabian Nights,' whose profound influence may be traced throughout the length and breadth of European literature from Boccaccio through Cervantes to Shakespeare, and passing Goethe even to Rudyard Kipling, down to such abortive creations as 'She,' which it is a comfort to learn even Tolstoï pronounces "the lowest type of literature." Fable, which is but an extension of the domain of prodigy, and parable, which is a form of fable, are not indigenous to European literature. The source of the westernized Æsop is to be sought in the East; and in passing, it may be noted, that the various Oriental elements from which our collection has been pieced together, have recently been exhaustively examined in the learned and yet charming introduction of Mr. Joseph Jacobs to his reprint of Caxton's famous edition of Æsop. Similarly the miracle plays of the Middle Ages are of Eastern origin, and so it may in general be said that it is the supernatural and the fanciful which, under various guises and disguises, have forced an entrance into Western literature through the overflow of the element from the East.

With such an abundant overflow we shall be prepared to find, when we enter the stream itself, perfect torrents of mysticism engulfing all mental efforts,—absorbing the vitality and energy of the people and leaders alike. So it proves to be, and by way of illustrating the scope that prodigy obtains in the East, let me speak briefly of the traits of some Oriental literatures.

In the oldest of these—the Babylonian—the dividing line between fact and fiction is entirely wanting. To the ancient Babylonian, the modern contentions regarding the respective claims of realism and romance in art and literature are devoid of meaning. The Babylonian literature starts with prodigy, and though passing through many stages of development never lays aside its original character. The oldest productions of southern Mesopotamia are magic incantations, formulæ to be used in invoking the protection of favorable spirits and in warding off the pernicious influence of hostile ones. Dating back to a period of at least two thousand years before this era, it is interesting to note that they are also specimens of the oldest literature, in the proper sense, at present known to us—

Passing on to a higher period of literary development, we have, as remains of a systematic cosmogony, a theology and a philosophy in which primitive views as to the origin of the universe are transformed into nature-myths. The distinctive forces recognized in nature are parcelled out among a varying number of incorporate spirits; and although the distinction between greater and lesser spirits leads to the differentiation of gods as distinct from spirits, the power of the imagination over his thought prevents the Babylonian from advancing to impersonal conceptions of superior powers, and the progress of his thought leads him from Animism to Mysticism. A cultured age gives birth to such deities among the Babylonians as a god of wisdom and a god of humanity acting by his "word," but through the personification of these deities alongside with pure natural forces, the foundations are laid for a theology of a thoroughly mystic character, which finds a final expression in the Philonian doctrines of the "Sophia" and the "Logos,"—"wisdom" and the "word." In epic poetry, likewise, Babylonia does not cut loose from her magic leading-strings. The heroes of Babylonia are but humanized deities, and their deeds all fall within the domain of magic and prodigy. In the national epic of the Babylonians *par excellence*, the chief personage Izdubar, whose strong resemblance to the biblical Samson (not Nimrod) deserves to be noted, may be taken as a fitting illustration of the manner in which the overwhelming element of prodigy colors historical tradition. Of the twelve valorous deeds performed by Izdubar, some show unmistakable traces of being based upon actual occurrences, and yet even in recounting so plain a fact as the conquest of a city and the overthrow of its ruler, the Oriental spirit cannot resist the temptation of throwing in an ingredient of mysticism. Izdubar is assisted in his conquests by a strange being—Eabani—who, acting as his adviser, never quits his side, and throws himself into the breach when danger threatens. But Eabani—signifying "Ea, the creator"—appears to be only another form of Ea, the Babylonian god of humanity, and his association with Izdubar may, therefore, properly be interpreted as the manner in which the Babylonian figures the intervention of a higher Providence in the affairs of mankind. Under the sway of magic, only pseudo-sciences

can arise, and hence, as already intimated, astrology has its birth-place in the oldest seat of Oriental culture; while medicine, connecting itself directly with magic rites for the exorcising of evil spirits who are the causes of disease, remains an occult science to the end of the Babylonian dominion in Mesopotamia.

Passing on to a second great Oriental nation of antiquity—the Egyptians—it is hardly necessary to do more than recall the vast importance attached by the Egyptians to the treatment of the dead, as an indication of the power that the strange and the marvellous had over them; and this at the time when they reached a climax in art and culture.

The greatest literary production of Egypt is an elaborate ritual for the dead. Death was a far more serious matter for the Egyptian than life. It was after he had shuffled off his mortal coil that his real troubles began, compared with which the duties and sorrows of this existence dwindled into insignificance; and the circumstance that his future happiness depended chiefly upon the attention bestowed upon him by others, rendered his *post-mortem* condition all the more pitiable in the degree that it rendered him helpless. Magic, pure and simple, plays an important place in this ritual, and the prominence that it thus obtains is but a reflection of the control that magic exercised over his thoughts and emotions. The Egyptian view of death is thoroughly and genuinely mystical. There is current among them a belief in a magic fluid which by means of the touch can be passed over from one person to the other. The gods alone were supposed to possess the secret of this fluid, and the aim of the funeral rites was to induce a transmission of it to the dead, whereby alone they could be resuscitated from their lethargy.

The ancient Hebrews no less lived under the sway of magic, and not only are copious traces of magic to be found in the remarkable literature that they produced, but that literature even in its noblest and loftiest parts is colored by this belief. Indeed the origin and growth of the religious ideas pervading the Old Testament cannot be explained without taking into account a factor that entered as an important element in their lives. I need not remind the reader of the sons of Elohim, mentioned in the sixth chapter of Genesis; of

the scene between Saul and the sorceress of Endor, related as a perfectly rational event; of the contests between Moses and the Egyptian magicians, where the Biblical narrative distinctly implies a recognition of the magic power of the Egyptian soothsayers, paling only by the side of the greater power of Moses and Aaron. Moreover, the development of the conception of Satan and of angels among them, whether we account for this through the influx of Persian beliefs or as an independent growth,\* shows their inability to throw off entirely the veil of magic and prodigy through which they, in common with the sister nations of the Orient, gazed at human affairs. At the same time, it ought to be mentioned that we find in the Old Testament the first clear protest against the use of magic at least. Among the sections of the "Decalogue" there is one which conveys a warning against taking "the name of the Lord in vain." As ordinarily interpreted, this is applied to the use of profane language, but "swearing" in our common use of the word was remote from the legislator's or moralist's thought. The admonition must be explained literally as a protest against *using* the name of God for bad—or sinful—purposes, as the word translated "in vain" really signifies; and the bad purpose here meant is the exorcising or invoking of a spirit or a deity by the oldest and only method known to man in the period of primitive culture, namely, pronouncing the name of that deity or spirit. The name of God, we are warned, should not be used in that way.

I have already made a brief allusion to India, and must content myself for Arabia by calling attention to the fact that Mohammed was as strong a believer in the power of the evil spirits, or the *genii*, as any of his ancestors or contemporaries; and so little did he question the possibility of the sorcerer's power that he regarded himself at one time as bewitched. In consequence, Mohammedanism has contributed but little, if at all, to the decline of magic and prodigy; on the contrary, wherever Islam has come, life and literature alike are full of primitive notions regarding man and the universe.

In conclusion, let me emphasize two points of a general character.

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\* See A. Reville's interesting little work on "The History of the Devil" (London, 1871), especially pages 17-23.



It is an error to suppose that the strong attachment to the belief in the mysterious is incompatible with the high development of genuine religious emotions or even religious truths of a high order. Among the remains of Babylonian literature so saturated with magic and prodigy, there are hymns and psalms which for beauty of diction and depth of religious thought have justly been placed by the side of Biblical psalms.\* Soaring far above the primitive notion of sin as arising from an unintentional offence offered to an arbitrary power, who must be appeased in some way, we find the Babylonian conceiving of a God of justice whose laws are promulgated for the benefit of mankind. In the ritual of the Babylonians there is a place for the penitent soul filled with a sense of her weakness and eager to approach the throne of grace. "O Lord!" cries the Babylonian, "my sins are many, my affliction is great." "In sorrow I sit over the multitude of my sins. Tears are my food, lamentation my drink. All thy laws are righteous, O Lord." "How long, how long will I suffer?" And yet in the midst of these genuine outpourings of the contrite spirit, the old magical incantations retain their sway, and the penitential psalm frequently ends in directions regarding the use of water as a means of cleansing one's self from iniquities.

Similarly, the Hebrews, long after monotheistic doctrines had made their appearance among them, clung to the belief in magic. In the collection of Rabbinical lore, dating from the early centuries of our era, there is an acknowledgment of the power of evil spirits over man. So, to take an example out of many, it is suggested in the Talmud that a man ought not to pray in a ruined building for fear of the evil spirits that may be lurking there, and magic formulæ are prescribed in the Talmud to be used on certain occasions. As for the Arabs and other nations of the Orient, the unanimous testimony of travellers proves the strong hold that magic still exercises upon them. There still remains among them a constant fear of the *genii*; and the belief in the power of the word—spoken or written—survives in numerous usages: "I take refuge in Allah, and in the name of

\*See an article by Francis Brown on the 'Religious Poetry of Babylonia' in the *Presbyterian Review* for January, 1888, pp. 79-86.

Allah," exclaims the Arab, believing that by pronouncing that name, he secures a defence against evil designs that may be formed against him. "By the name of Allah, the most merciful" is the universal formula with which every book, letter, or document begins. Moreover, both Arabs and Hebrews, it must be remembered, have had, and still have, their mystics and their mystic sects. The Kabala—a distinctly Oriental production—owes its wide-spread and great influence in Europe to the Jews, among whom many of the purest and best minds were captivated by its weird and fantastic character.

Again, whatever our attitude towards the mystic and the prodigious may be, we ought not to fail in recognizing the services that the belief in magic has rendered. A superstition only becomes disastrous when we have outgrown it. Previous to that, it may serve a useful purpose. So it has been with magic and mysticism. Mysticism is the earliest form of philosophy,—a necessary stage through which human thought must pass. We must grovel in the valleys ere we ascend the heights.

But setting this aside, are we so sure of the value of our reality at all times that we can afford to brush away the webs that imagination loves to spin? Even the children of this century pass through a period of life when fact and fancy are blended into a harmonious whole, when the sights of the imagination are as real as the evidence of the senses,—and surely it is not a sentiment of which we need feel ashamed if at times we regret the loss of the world that we created with our own hands. We may properly, therefore, pay our homage to Eastern magic and prodigy, inasmuch as they prevent us from succumbing completely to the prosaic influence of our matter-of-fact and not at all matter-of-fiction Occident. If we are still able to sit before the hearth and allow free rein to our imagination, it is in some measure at least because we have not entirely weaned ourselves from what appear to be Oriental influences; and when we enter thoroughly into the mood that occasionally steals over us to the extent of not questioning or even thinking of questioning the reality of that which our fancy shows us, at such a moment the East may still claim us, or again claim us, as her legitimate offspring.

*Morris Fastrow, Jr.*

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## CHARACTERISTICS OF MAGIC IN EASTERN AND WESTERN LITERATURE.

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**T**HE explanation of magic and its relation to literature Eastern and Western, given by Dr. Jastrow, is undoubtedly the one gaining ground to-day. This is chief because it is part of the broader and universal tendency which explains man, his works, and his utterances, by the stimuli he receives from without. The phenomena of nature are dropped into man's receptive slot, under this theory, and the machine works playing its little tune and registering the weight introduced by alien force.

I do not now mean to discuss the main issue, were I equal to it. I can only say that the attitude towards the supernatural apparatus in Oriental and Occidental literature needs something more to explain it,—some original tendency in the machine, innate or acquired. I think if one asks himself what is the difference between the attitude of Eastern and Western minds of like grade towards magic,—what is, after all, but a branch of the supernatural, however we may limit this term to what is not of nature or not yet explained by nature,—the answer which will be made by those whose observation has been personal as well as literary will be that the most striking difference is that the acceptance of extra-natural interference is in the Oriental integral, and in the Occidental discursive. By Oriental I mean chiefly Semitic, for this or races and literatures affected by Semitic ideas make the major share, though by no means all, of the field of Oriental literature affected and influenced by magic. Speak broadly, and guarding against sharp lines in a subject fluid in fact as well as in boundaries, the Chinese is still in the fetich stage on many points of his superstition. The Japanese base their concept of the current supernatural on personifications of forces rather than

on magic as a reservoir of powers from which the adept can draw. It is in Arabia and India that magic colors literature, and what I say must be understood with reference to the Semitic attitude rather than any other.

To the Greek, to the Roman, to all the great progeny summed up in Euphorion, the intervention of the supernatural in the high or low needs of life is a *deus ex machina*. Neither the phrase nor the phrase would ever occur to an Oriental poet. The extremely able Semite who addressed the Athenians on Mars Hill, himself a literary artist of no mean order, had for the burden of his preachment the assertion that there was no break between human life in nature and the divine above nature, in which we live and move and have our being. We Westerns shed early and easily the conception of any force not ourselves, whether for righteousness or not. It is a mere incident, but I have found that Irish immigrants who devoutly believed in fairy, banshee, and all the magical machinery of their native fields, believed also that our fields were bare of this witchery and free of its dangers. This is not true of like prepossessions of equally ignorant and prejudiced Syrians and Chinese. The women-folk of the wandering Oriental have always in their flight "taken the images and put them in the camel's furniture and sat upon them," and the literature of the East likewise.

This instantly changes both atmosphere and treatment of magic as well as of all the supernatural. In our own literature, the ghost must be explained, exposed, or treated as a most wonderful wild-fowl, whose appearance sets all the flock to cackling. We must needs be curious about our spirits, and poor Sludge, since he cannot respect himself, respects neither his dupes nor his powers. Across the rushing stream of our doubts, a stream fed from that fountain of knowledge for which we vainly search, no witches will travel.

The Oriental, whose belief is woven all of one piece, and who finds it equally easy to believe in one God and in a whole hierarchy of spirits, takes the supernatural, so to speak, naturally. He does not challenge it; he is not self-conscious over it. If he rationalizes, it is to sublimate and change his magic and his miracles into some finer spiritual mould. The East, in letters and in life, after

letting legions of creeds "thunder past," is content to be "plunge in thought again."

This difference of attitude is not one of degree, but of kind. It is not that the East is simply mediæval Europe, with its drainage of its diseases, its ignorance, and its superstition. The West awakes to doubt; the East to believe. A renaissance means a new scepticism in the West; it is the rising of a new faith in the East. We miss the whole meaning and message of the world's two great literatures if we do not see that to the races which have given the race all its world-religions the supernatural is self-evident and self-proved in the relations of life from magic to monotheism; while to the races which have given the world its logic and its knowledge, the supernatural has always been an incident in literature and an accident in life.

This may be due to casual causes. It may be the work of the imitation in which we most resemble our simian ancestry, or it may be—who knows?—that the unwinding scroll of Humanity has on more of prophecy for the march of the race and its future manifestations than we motes of the hour are always ready to believe or accept.

*Talcott Williams.*

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## A GLOVE.

BY BJÓRNSTJERNE BJÓRNSON.

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### ACT II.

*Same room. SVAVA reclining on the sofa to the right, supporting her self on her arm, her head turned towards the park. FRU RIIS sits by her side, turning towards her.*

*Fru Riis.* These rash decisions, Svava, are in reality no decisions. So many things may turn up afterwards that haven't been taken into

account. Take your time to think it over! I believe he is a good young man. Give him time to prove it. Don't break off just yet.

*Svava.* Why do you always tell me this?

*Fru Riis.* But, my dear Svava, you know that you have really given me no opportunity to speak to you until to-day.

*Svava.* But all your attempts have been on that text.

*Fru Riis.* On what text would you have them?

*Svava.* On the good old one, mother, which is altogether different.

*Fru Riis.* It is one thing to teach one's child how to choose rightly—

*Svava.* And another to maintain one's own teachings?

*Fru Riis.* Another thing is life itself. Here sometimes it becomes necessary to compromise, especially in close personal relations.

*Svava.* In non-essential things, yes.

*Fru Riis.* Only in non-essential things?

*Svava.* Yes, in notions and personal peculiarities, but not on any point that involves the development of one's moral or spiritual individuality.

*Fru Riis.* On those points also.

*Svava.* On those points also? But is it not for the sake of our spiritual growth that we marry? For what reasons, then?

*Fru Riis.* Well, you will see.

*Svava.* No, I will not see; for then I will not marry.

*Fru Riis.* You should have said that sooner. Now it is too late.

*Svava.* [*Sitting upright.*] Too late? If I had been married for twenty years I would have done the same thing. [*Reclines again.*]

*Fru Riis.* May God help you!—You don't know; no, you don't know what a net you are in. But you will learn as soon as you begin to pull in earnest.

Or would you really be willing that I and your father should throw away everything we have built up here?—that we should start over again in some foreign land? For he has said repeatedly that he will not endure the disgrace of a broken engagement. He will leave, and I must follow.

Yes, I see that you are smarting under this. But think of all the others also! It is a serious matter to be placed as high as you

were at the betrothal-feast; it is like being borne in triumph above the heads of the others. Beware lest they drop you! And they will do it if you violate their social rules.

*Svava.* Is that one of their social rules?

*Fru Riis.* I don't mean that exactly. But it is certainly one of their rules that there must be no scandal. Perhaps it is their first one.

Nobody relishes exposure, Svava,—least of all, those who stand supreme in social position. And less still do people like to have their own children disgraced.

*Svava.* [*Half sitting up.*] Great heavens! Is it I who am disgracing him?

*Fru Riis.* No, I suppose that, in reality, it is he himself.

*Svava.* Ah! [*Lies down again.*]

*Fru Riis.* But you will never get them to see that,—no, you won't! As long as nobody but the family and nearest friends whisper about what he has done, they don't regard it as a scandal for there are too many who do the same thing. They do not consider it a scandal until the world knows it.

And if it were made known through the breaking off of the engagement that Christensen's oldest son had been infamously rejected on account of his past, then they would certainly regard it as the greatest scandal possible.

And we should be the greatest sufferers of all. And those who are dependent on us?—you know they are not few. You have taken such an interest in them, especially in the children. This and all that you have worked and cared for here would have to be given up; for you would have to go with us. I am sure your father would leave.

*Svava.* Ah!

*Fru Riis.* I wish I could tell you why I am so sure of this. But I cannot,—at any rate, not yet.—No, you shall not tempt me to tell it.

Here comes your father. Only, take time, Svava,—no breaking off, no scandal!

RÜS enters with an open letter in his hand.

RÜS. Oho! here you are? [*Goes into his room, where he lays away his hat and cane. Re-enters.*] Nothing serious, I hope,—is it?

Fru RÜS. No; but—

RÜS. Well, then, here is a letter from Christensen's. As you will neither receive your *fiancé* nor his letter, you cannot wonder that the family takes the matter in hand. There must be an end to everything. [*Reads.*] "My wife, my son, and myself will have the honor to call on you and yours between eleven and twelve."—It is only a wonder that this has not come sooner! They have certainly been patient enough.

Fru RÜS. We have got no further to-day, either.

RÜS. But what are you thinking about, child? Don't you see what this is leading to? You are, after all, a good-hearted girl; I know that. You surely would not ruin us all outright?

It really seems to me, Svava, that you have shown resoluteness enough in this matter. They have been shaken in the very foundation of their self-assurance, all of them, you may rest assured. What more do you want? Or, do you really want to go still further,—well, then, specify your conditions. They will be accepted readily enough.

Svava. Fie! fie!

RÜS. [*In despair.*] Well, it won't do to go on in this way!

Fru RÜS. No, it won't! You should rather try to smooth things over a little, Svava.

RÜS. You must really be condescending enough, too, to consider whom it is you are throwing away,—one of the richest families in the country, and, I may say, one of the most honorable. I have never heard of anything so inconsiderate. Yes, that is what I say, —inconsiderate, I say.

Even if there has been one—or more—missteps, well—oh, Lord! . . .

Svava. Yes, bring Him in, too!

RÜS. Yes, I do; certainly I do. The case is serious enough for that. Even if there has been a misstep, I say, the poor young man



has been punished severely enough for it. And ought we not, too, to bear a little with one another? It is a commandment, you know, that we must be reasonable and forgive. We must forgive! And we must do more than that. We must help him who fails; we must raise him who falls; we must lead him back unto the right path . . . yes, lead him unto the right path. And you know so well how to do that; it comes so natural to you.

As you know yourself, my dear, it is seldom that I talk morals or that sort of thing; it is simply not becoming in me. I feel that too well. But on this occasion I cannot refrain from it.

Begin by forgiving, my child; begin there.

On the whole, can you imagine a union for life without that . . . without that,—yes, without that?

*Svava.* But here is no question about a protracted union, neither about forgiving; for I will have nothing whatever to do with him.

*Riis.* But this goes beyond all bounds! Because he has dared to love some one before you . . .?

*Svava.* Some one?

*Riis.* Yes; if there is any more in it I don't know it.

No, I don't! It does beat the devil how people can gossip and slander! But I ask, because he has dared to look at some one before he looked at you,—yes, before he ever thought of you, shall he therefore be eternally cast off? How many would then be married, may I ask? Everybody agrees that he is a good, honorable young man, to whom the proudest girl may safely intrust herself; yes, and you said so once yourself! Don't deny it! But now he is suddenly to be despised, because, forsooth, you are not the first one he met!

There ought to be some reason in haughtiness, too. I, for my part, have never heard anything more unreasonable.

*Fru Riis.* The men are not as unreasonable as that.

*Riis.* And the girls, then,—are they? I tell you, they don't ask if their *fiancé* has been married before,—not they! Now, there, I happened to say "married." You can just assume that he has been married. Why not? The other girls do. It is no use to deny this, for I know that you know it. You have gone to balls, haven't you? Who are most sought at the balls? Just those who have something

—well, something like a Don Juan halo about their name. They distance all the others. You have seen that yourself a hundred times!

And is it only at the balls that they are successful? Don't they get married? They generally carry off the very best girls.

*Fru Riis.* That is true.

*Riis.* Why, certainly it is! And, as a rule, they make good husbands, too.

*Fru Riis.* H'm?

*Riis.* Oh, yes, indeed they do!—Oh, of course, there are exceptions. The fact of the matter is that matrimony has an ennobling influence. And it is by marriage that woman responds to her highest calling,—to her very highest calling.

*Svava.* [*Who has risen.*] Well, I suppose I must listen to such things from you. To be frank, I didn't expect anything better.

*Riis.* Ah, thank you!

*Svava.* [*Who now comes forward.*] One would almost think that marriage were a higher bathing-establishment for the male sex——

*Riis.* Ha, ha!

*Svava.* And that men could come and plunge into it when they liked,—and as they liked!

*Riis.* But, Svava——

*Svava.* Oh, yes! And isn't it flattering—oh, so very flattering!—for me, your daughter, that you regard me as particularly fitted to be employed in such a general bathing? However, I shall have nothing to do with it.

*Riis.* But, if that isn't . . .

*Svava.* Well, now listen to me a little while, too. I don't believe I have talked too much these few days past.

*Riis.* Why, you wouldn't let us speak to you.

*Svava.* You, father, have a good many principles for exhibition purposes.

*Riis.* For——?

*Svava.* I don't mean by that that they are not yours. But you are so good and honorable and, withal, so irreproachable in your whole life-conduct that I don't care in the least about your principles.

But I do about mother's, for it is mother's that have made me  
And then, when I propose to carry them out, then mother deserts.

*Fru Riis and Riis.* But, Svava!

*Svava.* It is mother I am angry with. It is mother that irritates me.

*Riis.* Svava! Svava!

*Svava.* For if there is anything about which mother and I have been of the same mind, it is the frivolous way in which men prepare themselves for marriage, and the marriages that result from it. We have followed this up, mother and I, through many years, and we have fully agreed that it is before marriage that family life is destroyed.

But then, when mother the other day began to turn . . .

*Fru Riis.* No, you can't say that! for I believe, you see, that A is an honorable . . .

*Svava.* But then, when mother here the other day began to turn I could not have been more astonished if some one had come and told me that he had met mother down on the street while she sat here and talked with me.

*Fru Riis.* I only ask you to wait a while! I don't contradict you

*Svava.* Let me speak now, please.

Now, as an example: Once, when I was half-grown, I came running in from the park. We had just bought this place, and I was very happy. Mother stood yonder by the door, leaning against it, and wept. It was a beautiful summer eve. "What are you crying for, mother?" I said. She took no heed of me for some time. "What are you crying for, mother?" And I went nearer, but did not touch her. She turned away from me and walked up and down the floor twice; then she came. "Child," she said, and drew me close to her, "don't ever make a concession of anything that is good and pure,—not at any price! It is so cowardly, and one repents of it so; for one has then always to yield more and more and more."

I don't know what it was about; I have never asked; but the summer evening, and mother who cried, and the words,—those strong words, . . . what it has all been to me cannot be overestimated I can yield up nothing. Don't ask it!

All that made marriage beautiful is gone,—my faith, my trust. Oh, gone? . . . No!—No, surely it could not be begun thus, and it is a sin in you to try to make me believe it. To go through such disappointments and such humiliation? No! rather remain unmarried, even though it should be in a foreign land. I shall find something to fill up my life with; only for moments I am overcome. Anything would be better than to fill my life with impurities. If one does not repel it at once, one becomes an accessory. Perhaps there are those who can reconcile themselves to such a life. I cannot,—no, not I!

You believe it is pride, or because I am angry? If you knew what we two had planned and decided, then you would understand it. And if you knew what I thought of him, how I looked up to him . . . then you would also comprehend how unhappy I now am!—how infinite is my loss!—Who cries?—Mother!

*[She goes hastily to her mother, kneels, and lays her head in her mother's lap. Silence. RIIS goes out to the right.]*

Why can we three not stand together? If we do that what have we to fear? What is the trouble?—Father, what is the trouble?—But where is father? . . . *[Sees NORDAN outside the window.]—*Uncle Nordan!

*[Hastens towards the rear, throws herself in his arms, and bursts into tears.]*

(To be continued.)

*Translated by Thyge Sógård.*

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## A SKETCH OF THE PROMETHEUS MYTH IN POETRY.

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**T** is perhaps not more true to say of religion that it has always been enchained by superstition—the principal manifestations of which have shown themselves in dogma and ritual—than to say of poetry, especially in its exalted epic and dramatic forms, that it has been developing for

ages under the bondage of superstition in its more lightsome guise of mythology.

But there is a marked difference in the character of the bondage in the two cases. While in religion truth ever struggles to burst the environing chains of superstition, in poetry the environing and growing truth is ever struggling to put new and deeper meaning into the myth; and as superstition "new truth's corolla safeguard has taken, to carry the symbol further, forms as various and often as beautiful as the real corolla of the flower, so the myth has been made to blossom into the most wondrous forms of beauty.

Many are the poets who have been unconscious that they were working under the shackles of a myth. It is left for the scientific student to discover the fact that the story of 'Hamlet,' for example, is a myth, or that the story of 'Lear' occurs in a hundred varying forms from India to Sicily and from Sicily to the British Islands.

Among the mass of myths which have exerted their spell, conscious or unconscious, over poets, some have developed along purely human lines, while others have become the embodiment of philosophic truths. To develop a poetical narrative from a philosophic truth has been said to be the especial prerogative of the Oriental mind, nevertheless, the Western mind has, in the case of the Prometheus myth, made three attempts through its avatars, Æschylus, Goethe, and Shelley, to develop a poetical narrative from a philosophic truth.

If it were not for the folk-lorists, we might contentedly believe with the great German philologist, Kuhn, that Prometheus in his earliest form was nothing but a fire-drill, *pramantha*, the name which the early Hindus gave the lightning because it appeared to them to drill fire out of the clouds, just as they drilled fire from a disc of wood by twirling in it rapidly a pointed stick. But the folk-lore heretics, who despise the mighty methods of the philologist insist upon a more humble origin for Prometheus. They will have it that, in a primitive state of society, the difficulty of, in modern parlance, "striking a light," caused the savage man to preserve his fire with great care, but if by any mischance it should go out h

scrupled not to steal fire from his enemy, and thus arose the widespread myth of the stealing of fire.

Whatever may have been the philologic or folk-loric ancestry of Prometheus, we find the first connected account of him in Hesiod. But the Prometheus of Hesiod is not yet a full embodiment of a philosophic idea. The puerile bickerings between him and Zeus have fallen far below the splendid though purely cosmical contests of the Hindu nature gods. Though still retaining traces of physical origin in that the struggle of Zeus and Prometheus is one of power against power, with little or no idea of right, a moral lapse in one sense is evident, because power in the case of Prometheus shows itself as trickery and deception, not mere physical strength, and proves mighty enough to tax considerably the strength of the omnipotent Zeus.

The squabble begins by Prometheus tricking Zeus at a sacrifice into a choice of the worst parts of the ox, which he covers up daintily with the white fat. Zeus, like the Prince of Morocco, choosing by the view, got the bones for his choice. Being an omniscient lord, he knew perfectly well what he was doing, but is none the less enraged at Prometheus for his deception, and in his wrath deprived mankind of fire. But Prometheus steals it from heaven in a hollow fennel stalk, and Zeus, more angry than ever, causes him to be chained to a rock and sends the tormenting eagle to prey upon him. At the same time he further punishes mankind by the gift of woman symbolized in the charming Pandora, through whom came all the evils man has since suffered.

Undignified as this squabble appears to be on the surface, there is in the idea underlying it just the right kind of material for the development of a philosophical generalization. Hesiod might draw the inadequate moral that the story only proves how useless it is to fight against the power of Zeus, but to a later age it may suggest the idea of the mind and intellect of man struggling to overcome the hardships imposed on man by the relentless powers of nature.

Under the reverent touch of Æschylus the myth takes on a deeper meaning. Prometheus becomes the personification of a divine love to mankind, the race hated by Zeus. The Zeus of this

drama is a tyrannical usurper, flushed with his recent accession of power and jealous of those who aided him in its attainment. Prometheus, referring to the assistance he had given, says :

“ Tartarus,\*  
With its abysmal cloister of the Dark  
Because I gave that counsel covers up  
The antique Chronos and his siding hosts,  
And, by that counsel helped, the king of gods  
Hath recompensed me with these bitter pangs !  
For kingship wears a cancer at the heart,—  
Distrust in Friendship.”

Here is an anthropomorphic deity, indeed, a survival from primitive past, which shadowed forth a relentless god at enmity with man, while to him have been added the exquisite refinements of tyranny of an autocratic, cruel, human ruler. But, side by side with this conception of a god and at war with it is Prometheus, the symbol of divine compassion for man. Of all the gods, he was the only one to resist, because Zeus in his distribution of gifts when he first filled his father's throne

“ Alone of men,  
Of miserable men, he took no count,  
But yearned to sweep their track off from the world,  
And plant a newer race there.”

Sublime suffering for love of man is the strong weapon of Prometheus against all the tortures which Zeus can inflict. Still it was a sin, as Prometheus himself recognized, to have opposed himself to that of Zeus. His friends try to persuade him to humble himself

“ Seest thou not that thou hast sinned ?  
But that thou hast sinned  
It glads me not to speak of and grieves thee—  
Then let it pass from both, and seek thyself  
Some outlet from distress.”

Scornful of any such compromise with what he conceives to be the best good, he replies :

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\* The translation used is Mrs. Browning's.

“It is in truth  
An easy thing to stand aloof from pain  
And lavish exhortation and advice  
On one vexed sorely by it. I have known  
All in prevision. By my choice, my choice,  
I freely sinned—I will confess my sin—  
And helping mortals, found mine own despair.”

The artistic interest of this poem centres in the splendid delineation of the character of Prometheus, his self-reliance forming a strong contrast with the allegiance to the “powers that be” of the chorus, well summed up in the following bitter sarcasm of Prometheus :

“Reverence thou,  
Adore thou, flatter thou whomever reigns,  
Whenever reigning! but for me, your Zeus  
Is less than nothing! Let him act and reign  
His brief hour out according to his will—  
He will not therefore rule the gods too long.”

Stubborn a rebel as Prometheus is against the established Olympian autocracy, the old ideals still exert themselves, for Æschylus was a reverencer of the gods, with a tendency to aristocratic notions. The god of compassion is not yet to conquer the god of enmity. Destiny alone, working through the will of Zeus, shall ages hence bring about the release of Prometheus. In the mean time, for his continued opposition, he, as Hermes announces to him, shall be hurled into the rocky deeps, and after he has spent a “long black time within,” he shall come out only to be tortured ages more by the eagle of Zeus.

So the poem ends as it began with Prometheus still in chains.

Here, however, is the germ of the democratic idea which has caused two such poets as Goethe and Shelley to seize upon the myth, each in his own peculiar way, for the embodiment of his progressive views. Goethe, himself, has given us the key-note to his fragmentary drama of ‘Prometheus.’ He says :

“The old mythologic figure of Prometheus occurred to me, who, severed from the gods, peopled the world from his own workshop. . . . I clearly felt that nothing important could be produced without self-isolation, . . . so, after the fashion of Prometheus, I separated



of the gods also, and this the more naturally as with my  
marking one tendency always swallowed up and repelled

the noble of Prometheus lived within me. The old Titan web  
according to my own stature and began to write a play."

angry, in the 'Prometheus' of Goethe, the rebel god,  
punishment for his freely-chosen sin, gives place to a being  
independent, over whom Zeus has no power as long as he  
his chosen ideals. The familiar figure of Prometheus  
to a rock in the Caucasus is lacking. Instead, we see the  
who lives and moves and has his being among his  
His voice is never heard in complaints against the force-  
Zeus, for it is he himself who rules—the spirit of eternal  
symbolic of the conventions which the world thinks im-  
of the standards conserved from the past, is in truth the  
to the creative, progressive energy of Prometheus. The  
with pacific offers from the gods of Olympus borne by  
Prometheus receives with this stout declaration of  
independence:

I will not, say to them briefly, I will not. Their will against  
me, one against the other. Thus, methinks it stands."  
To take this to thy father and thy mother?"

the pious Hermes.

What father! Mother! I stand where I from the first have  
received my feet should stand, and reached these hands where I  
reached they should reach, and found attention to my steps to be  
the which thou namest father! Mother!"\*

It would be difficult to find a stronger expression than this of the  
complete self-reliance of genius, which, as we have seen, Goethe  
to be the only attitude possible for the development of his  
own powers.

"I serve not slaves." Hermes is thus summarily dismissed.  
Prometheus recognizes alone the power of fate, by which we sus-  
pect together to mean universal law.

\*As having been able to procure a translation of this drama, I venture on this rough, literal trans—

No more successful than Hermes is Epimetheus,—the very personification of stupid conventionalism,—in breaking the will of Prometheus. “The gods propose to raise you to the highest peak of Olympus, there to dwell and reign over the whole earth,” Epimetheus tells him. But, with the same steadfastness as the Prometheus of Æschylus, he is proof against offers from a faction with which he feels he has nothing in common, and contemptuously retorts:

“To be their captain of the castle, and protect their heaven. That which I have they cannot rob me of; that which they have, let them guard. Here mine and there thine: so are we distinguished.”

Having thus cut himself off entirely from the ruling gods, Wisdom (Athene) tells him that Zeus offers to bestow life on all his beloved artistic creations if he will entertain his proposition; but he concludes that freedom under the bondage of lifelessness is preferable to recognizing the might of the thunderer.

“And they shall live!” bursts forth Athene. “It is fate, not the gods, who bestows life.”

Thus Wisdom leads him to the fountain of life, and his works become living realities.

Prometheus continues with his work of teaching mankind, which has gained its very existence—all, at least, that is worth having—through his ministry, and the last we see of him in Goethe's drama is at work in his workshop, from which he hurls forth the vigorous defiance which, as Goethe himself naïvely tells us, has become so celebrated in German literature, having caused a controversy between Lessing and Jacobi on “certain weighty matters of thought and feeling.”

Though in this poem the democratic idea is developed to the extent of insistence on the individual worth and equality of genius as opposed to the sceptres of the past, yet we cannot help echoing the sentiment of the Hermes in the Æschylean drama, when he said to Prometheus, “If thou wert prosperous thou wouldst be unendurable.” It would be possible to imagine a modern Goethe—one who did not depend so much on princes' favors—leading “men, miserable men,” in *revolt* against any such autocratic rule of intellect;

setting up in its place universal mediocrity, which, in turn, might be displaced by dull stupidity. By the shadowing forth of such bitter experiences, king, priest, poet, and professor might be brought at last to learn that the democratic idea in its full development means the working out by each and every being, whether genius or not, of his own highest individuality, but never the displacing of one set of rulers for another whose patronage merely takes a different form.

Modelled much more closely on the drama of Æschylus, the 'Prometheus' of Shelley embodies the democratic idea in a far more widely-embracing form than the 'Prometheus' of Goethe. While Goethe's drama seems to typify more particularly the progressive spirit of art, Shelley's typifies the progressive mind of the human race struggling to combat error with truth. Mrs. Shelley says, in her notes to 'Prometheus Unbound,'—

“A prominent feature of Shelley's theory of the destiny of the human species was that evil was not inherent in the system of creation, but an accident which might be expelled. In his treatment of the Prometheus myth, he therefore regarded Jupiter as the usurping evil principle,—a rebel against Saturn, the good principle; while Prometheus was the regenerator, who, unable to bring back mankind to primitive innocence, used knowledge as a weapon to defeat evil, by leading mankind beyond a state where they were sinless through ignorance to that in which they are virtuous through wisdom.”

The evil to be combated is the aristocratic idea with all it brings in its train of tyranny and egotism, on the one hand, and of expediency and its foster brothers, lying and hypocrisy, on the other,—all of which are reflected in Jupiter as the anthropomorphic conception of deity. This Jupiter, creation of the human mind itself, endowed by the human mind with its tyrannous attributes, in its turn enslaves the human mind. Prometheus is chained and tormented as long as this mind-created god exercises his powerful sway. Prometheus utters a curse against Jupiter, which is finally fulfilled, and Eternity Demogorgon, the offspring of Jupiter, banishes him to everlasting nothingness. Then follows the release of Prometheus by Hercules, symbolic of strength. The human mind, grown wise and strong through suffering, frees itself from the trammels imposed by its

mind-created deity. Evil annihilated, perfect freedom is born, and from it grow out love, truth, and a noble development of selfhood. The spirit of the hour looked forth,—

“ And behold! thrones were kingless, and men walked  
One with another even as spirits do.  
None fawned, none trampled; hate, disdain or fear,  
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows  
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,  
' All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'  
None frowned, none trembled, none with eager fear  
Gazed on another's eye of cold command.  
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None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines  
Which smiled the lie his tongue disdained to speak.  
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None talked that common, false, cold, hollow talk  
Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it breathes,  
Yet question that unmeant hypocrisy  
With such a self-mistrust as has no name.  
And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind  
As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew  
On the wide earth, passed,—gentle, radiant forms  
From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;  
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think.”

The superstitions of the past having been finally conquered, alone

“ The man remains,—  
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man :  
Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,  
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king  
Over himself; just, gentle, wise, but man.”

If to Shelley alone, among the poets we have been considering, must be accorded the honor of dethroning Jupiter from his ancient state, to Robert Browning must be accorded the still greater honor of recognizing the profounder philosophical truth that evil is not an *accident*, but one of the means through which higher good is evolved.

In the Parley with Bernard de Mandeville, the origin of evil is discussed at some length, and the poem closes with a thoroughly characteristic application of the Prometheus myth. While, from the days of Hesiod to the days of Shelley, each poet has

treated Prometheus as the symbol of rebellion in one form or another, to Browning it has occurred to treat him as a link between the Infinite and the finite. Or, in other words, the fire stolen by Prometheus from heaven he treats as symbolic of the human mind's conception of God, which, though human, is not altogether evil, but contains a spark of the divine, since, however crude it may be, it, along with all imperfection, is shaped through the working of the infinite spirit. While Shelley considers the deity shadowed forth by the mind of man as an unmixed evil, Browning recognizes in such anthropomorphic conceptions the necessary stages towards more exalted conceptions of divinity. The Prometheus of Browning is a type of evolution rather than of revolution, and, with a nice sense of fitness, he has clothed this truly modern application of the myth in appropriate scientific imagery. Picturing to himself the despair of mankind deprived of his anthropomorphic conceptions, he says,—

" Thus moaned  
 Man till Prometheus helped him,—as we learn,—  
 Offered an artifice whereby he drew  
 Sun's rays into a focus,—plain and true,  
 The very sun in little : made fire burn  
 And henceforth do Man service—glass-conglobed  
 Though to a pin-point circle—all the same  
 Comprising the Sun's self, but Sun disrobed  
 Of that else-unconceived essential flame  
 Borne by no naked sight."

Thus has this nineteenth-century poet burst the chains not only of Prometheus, but of the Prometheus myth.

*Helen A. Clarke.*

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#### ‘ANDREA DEL SARTO:’ A PAINTER'S POEM.

MUCH has been said of Browning's value to the musician and of his knowledge of music, but little of his suggestiveness to the painter and his knowledge of painting; yet, if there ever were a poet who was a painters' poet, Browning was he. His realizing grasp of form is as firm as his analysis of spirit is subtle. Abun-

dant illustrations of his delicate observation of light and shade, his grouping of masses, his exquisite color-sense, might be quoted throughout much of his work. But in some poems he is painter and critic too,—notably in 'Andrea del Sarto,' which, besides its pictorial suggestiveness, is a wonderful critical summary of the life and work of the master. The leading characteristics of his style, his position in the history of his art, and his relation to the state of culture around him are indicated with unerring touch; while the poem as a whole is a picture painted in del Sarto's manner.

The first thing we are conscious of in reading 'Andrea del Sarto' is its excessive smoothness. There is none of what the ordinary reader, reading little and hearing much of Browning, expects to find of suddenness, roughness, unexpectedness. The words follow one another with almost monotonous regularity, like the even throbbing of a calm pulse. The accent beating with sustained precision, not a syllable but carries its weight of suggestiveness of the leading ideas of deepening evening and moral numbness, subtly enforced and strengthened until we feel the gathering darkness closing round us. The dominant tone of color is struck at once:

Quietly, quietly the evening through.

You smile? Why, there's my picture ready made,  
There's what we painters call our harmony!  
A common grayness silvers everything,—  
All in a twilight, you and I alike  
—You, at the point of your first pride in me  
(That's gone, you know),—but I, at every point;  
My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down  
To yonder sober, pleasant Fiesole.

This sense of color and sense of life in Andrea are throughout maintained. The only other color-suggestions are of gold and pearl, and of gleaming lights.

The well-known picture in the Pitti Palace—portraits of Andrea and his wife—possibly hinted to Browning his poem. In it, as in most of Andrea's easel-pictures, silver-gray is the prevailing tone. The idea, however, never suggests itself that gray as a pigment has been used. The solid forms lose, and find themselves in the en-

veloping atmosphere: it is only in that that the gray is felt. J. A. Symonds writes, "His silver-gray harmonies and liquid blending of hues, cool yet lustrous, have a charm peculiar to himself." That criticism bears about the same relation to the truth as a dogma does to the haunting, nebulous thought in which it has its foundation. Nothing ever astonishes us in Andrea's pictures,—no freaks of originality, no flights of imagination. There are a monotonous sameness of treatment and an even perfection of execution which leave a feeling of successful craftsmanship behind them, and little else. The movements are natural, simple; but there is no individuality in the types used. We feel any other beautiful form would do as well in the same place. There is none of the distinction of the "inevitable," as Matthew Arnold calls that peculiar quality of the highest inspiration which carries the conviction of unalterable rightness with it. Occasionally the conception falls so far below the general standard that the vulgarity is only painfully accentuated by the easy, sometimes mechanical, accomplishment of execution.

But all the play, the insight and the stretch—  
Out of me, out of me!

The well-known facts of Andrea's life are used by Browning,—his wife's worthlessness, his own weakness, his treachery to Francis, the desertion of his friends; but in the lines—

I, painting from myself and to myself,  
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame  
Or their praise, either. . . .  
Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for?—

the man and his work are summed up. Supreme technical acquirements; no spiritual insight; a self-centred personality; at heart a pagan, in spite of the occasional use of the idea of "God"; and, finally,—

I regret little, I would change still less.  
. . . Let each one bear his lot.  
. . . . . Some good son  
Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try!  
No doubt, there's something strikes a balance.

No effort, no energy, no belief. Turning to Vasari, we find that

Andrea "died in 1530; Raphael in 1520; and in 1563, Michel Angelo," who outlived his Age. Before his death the forces of the Renaissance had spent themselves. The last word had been spoken in painting. Andrea del Sarto received the mind of the Renaissance without the power of infusing new life into the dying inheritance.

I might have done it for you. So it seems:  
Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.  
Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;  
The rest avail not.

Browning shows in him the never-failing emptiness of satisfied attainments, of exhausted inspiration. The curiosity of the Renaissance had given place to a self-indulgent sense of beauty.

At any rate, 'tis easy, all of it!  
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past:  
I do what many dream of, all their lives,  
—Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,  
And fail in doing. . . .

Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.

Florence, long enslaved and corrupted by the Medici, fell a prey to her enemies in 1530,—the year of del Sarto's death. The universal motto seems to have been, "Every man for himself." How far a man's art and his environment are connected; how far his moral may affect his artistic perceptions, are difficult questions; but, as it seems impossible to escape from the connection altogether, we must look upon a man not as an isolated personality, but as the natural and logical outcome of the same circumstances which also tended to produce his environment,—the aspects of which he faithfully represents in his creative powers, great or small as they may be. Browning chooses to express other ideas through the medium of del Sarto,—with those we have nothing to do,—but he also certainly suggests an over-ripeness in art and a want of moral fibre in life, which were the common characteristics of his day, and which are clearly expressed both in the story of his life and in his works. Beautiful as they sometimes are, they are the easy utterances of a facile mind harping upon conventional themes which had lost their significance, except as pictorial motives, and which had not received,



as in the case of the Venetians, the energy of new passions which were a new inspiration.

And autumn grows, autumn in everything.  
 Eh? The whole seems to fall into a shape  
 As if I saw alike my work and self  
 And all that I was born to be and do,  
 A twilight-piece.

*Harriet Ford.*

SAN GIMIGNANO.

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### 'JULIUS CÆSAR' AND 'STRAFFORD': A COMPARATIVE STUDY.

I. COMPARISON OF THE STRUCTURE.—In the opening scenes of both plays a tragical action against one man is foreshadowed. Do the differences in the treatment of 'Strafford' illustrate more democratic conditions than those in 'Julius Cæsar'?

Examine—

1. The individualizing of the characters in the two plays,—First and Second Citizens and Tribunes, in 'Julius Cæsar,' and the "great-hearted men" who make up the "faction" in 'Strafford.'

2. The contrast between the fickleness of the "rabble" in 'Julius Cæsar' and the determination of the Parliamentarians in 'Strafford'; the "Citizens" during the speeches between Brutus and Antony, in the scene with Cinna, etc., and the spectators of the trial in 'Strafford.'

3. The relation of Brutus to the Roman faction and the relation of Pym to the English faction; the readiness of Brutus to fall in with Cassius's schemes against Cæsar, and Pym's reluctance to proceed against Wentworth; the obsequiousness of the Roman conspirators to Brutus (in regard to Cicero, Antony, etc.), the heat of young Vane and Rudyard against Pym's belief in Strafford, and, later, their sympathy with Strafford against Pym and his bill of attainder.

4. In the third act of 'Julius Cæsar' the action foreshadowed in the first act is consummated by the stabbing of Cæsar; the impeachment of Strafford, in the third act, represents an identical stage

in the action, but instead of being presented directly to the audience, its effect on all the various parties concerned is presented.

5. In 'Julius Cæsar' the portents and Cæsar's instinctive fear of Cassius play the same part as Carlisle's interview with Strafford,—warning him of danger and difficulty ahead.

6. The catastrophe in 'Julius Cæsar' is shown in course of preparation by Brutus and Cassius, just as, in 'Strafford,' it is shown potentially active in Pym in the appeal to Wentworth to join the popular party, though delayed by his belief in Wentworth.

7. The soliloquy of Brutus in the second act at once determines the course of the action against Cæsar, which is consummated in the visit of the conspirators; where, in 'Strafford,' Pym's announcement that "Strafford is wholly ours" again delays it, though it brings about the scene where the popular leaders burst in upon Strafford's interview with Charles, from whence the action against Strafford is certain.

8. Calphurnia's holding Cæsar back from going towards his fate, and Decius Brutus's determining him to go because the Senate are to give him a crown, correspond with Lady Carlisle's cautions to Strafford and his determination, in spite of them, to "breast the bloody sea." Cæsar goes to the Capitol under the impression that a crown is to be offered to him; Strafford goes to his fate with the triumphant certainty of crushing his enemies by an overwhelming impeachment.

9. Here the actions of the two plays diverge. While the eloquence of Antony brings on at once the retribution of the *crime* of Cæsar's death, Strafford's eloquence in hurling back the charges has the effect of deterring the movement.

10. The speeches of Brutus and Antony are given directly in 'Cæsar'; in 'Strafford,' only the effects of Pym's and Strafford's speeches are shown. Would Browning's play be stronger if the trial itself were depicted, the interior of Westminster instead of the anterooms, Wentworth's preparations, talking with Hollis and Carlisle, outside talk of spectators, etc.? Is the real action in the spectacle of the trial or in its inception?

11. Compare the unimportance of Portia in the action and the

slight, ineffectual influence of Calphurnia with the parts played by Carlisle and the Queen.

12. In 'Strafford' the climax is not reached in the third act, as in 'Julius Cæsar,' but almost at the end of the play, when Pym confronts Strafford. The failure of the impeachment, the new bill of attainder, the question of Charles signing it, the proposals of escape, etc., delay the action. Is this disappointing or exciting?

13. In 'Julius Cæsar' the movement after the climax in the third act falls into the reaction, and Portia's death, the army scenes, the quarrel, etc., are of subsidiary interest, though skilfully interpolated to fill out the play.

14. The "resolution" of the tragic conflict with Cæsar is found in the ghost-scene and the death of Brutus after Philippi, as, in 'Strafford,' it is found in Wentworth's last words to Pym, and the prevision of the "bloody head." Has Browning intensified the situation in a way fitted to suit his purposes, by bringing together in this way the climax and the resolution of the action?

#### PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. Browning's characters are labored and complex; Shakespeare's, natural and simple presentations of typical individuals.

2. Shakespeare's characters are simple because typical, and, in proportion as they are typical, are unreal. Browning's are complex because more individualized, and, in proportion as they are individualized, are true to new and more democratic conditions.

3. The dramatic construction of 'Strafford' is a distinct advance over that of 'Julius Cæsar,' because every scene has a direct influence on the movement of the play.

II. DRAMATIC MOTIVE.—The want of unity of interest is the objection most frequently urged against 'Julius Cæsar.'

1. What grounds are there for this objection?

2. Is envy, in conflict with ambition, the cause of the action in 'Cæsar'?

3. Or republicanism, vainly opposed to the spirit of the time?

4. Is Cæsar, or Brutus, the hero of the play?

There are two dramatic motives in 'Strafford,'—the influence of

personal love on action, and the conflict of the aristocratic and democratic principles in government.

1. Which is the principal motive?
2. How are they interwoven?
3. In which single character do they most come in opposition? Is that one the central figure of the play?
4. Do any of the characters lie entirely outside of either of these motives?

PROPOSITION FOR DEBATE:

"The poetical interest attaches frequently to an idea. In the historical drama the interest must indeed be one," says Ulrici, "but one historically, and then it will be one in a poetical sense. In '*Julius Cæsar*' this interest is one throughout, and possesses a true organic unity." How is it in '*Strafford*'?

III. CHARACTER QUESTIONS.—*Wentworth*.—Concerning *Wentworth's* apostasy, a recent writer (H. D. Traill, '*Life of Strafford*') says, in brief,—

The most credible explanation is not the most creditable; the most excusatory is the least convincing. In supporting the Parliamentarians, in 1628, he was either sincere or not. If sincere, (1) he may have become convinced that his views were mistaken and his party dangerous; (2) he may have yielded to Charles because fascinated by him, and espousing his cause in the hope to accommodate the legitimate claims of royal prerogative with the rightful liberties of the subject; (3) he may have been bribed. Or, if never sincere, his action in 1628 was in order to show his value and to wring preferment.

What was the younger Vane's opinion of him? The elder Vane's and the court party's? Pym's and Lady Carlisle's?

Concerning *Wentworth's* intellectual greatness, Gardiner says (*Introduction to Miss Hickey's 'Strafford'*),—

Having thus [by strengthening the personal feeling entwined in *Strafford's* political attachment to Charles] brought out the moral qualities of his hero, it remained for Browning to impress his readers with *Strafford's* intellectual greatness. The historian who tries to do this will have much to say on his constitutional views and his Irish government, but a dramatist who tried to follow in such a path

would only make himself ridiculous. Browning understood the force of the remark of the Greek philosopher, that Homer makes us realize Helen's beauty most by speaking of the impression which it made upon the old men who looked on her. Browning brings out Strafford's greatness by showing the impression which he made on Pym and Lady Carlisle.

Consider the reason for Strafford's failure in spite of his ability. Which does he fear more,—the power of "the faction" against him, or the "court's?" Does he at last recognize that Pym has been all along at once most true and most dangerous?

*Cæsar.*—Concerning Cæsar's character, Hazlitt says, "We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Cæsar, nor do we think it answers the portrait given of him in his 'Commentaries.' He makes several vaporing and rather pedantic speeches and does nothing." Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far, the fault of the character is the fault of the plot. Combating this, Knight says, "It would have been nearer the truth to say the character is determined by the plot. . . . It was for the poet, largely interpreting the historian, to show the inward workings of 'the covetous desire he had to be called king.' . . . He is suspicious; he fears. But he has acquired the policy of greatness,—to seem what he is not." Does Shakespeare shape everything so as to make you sympathize with Brutus at the beginning of the play, and at the ending with Cæsar? Why, dramatically, should Cæsar be stronger dead than living?

*Brutus and Pym.*—Coleridge says of Brutus,—

Nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets attributed to him [in his soliloquy, 'Julius Cæsar,' ii. 1],—to him, the stern Roman republican,—namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause,—none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not crossed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate? Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True; and this is

just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?

Snider says (Introduction to 'The Shakespearian Drama'),—

Shakespeare has portrayed no great, heroic, triumphant personage, whose career is essentially moral, and who collided with the established system of an epoch and ultimately overthrew it by his thought and example, like Socrates or Christ. Brutus will not answer the requirement at all; both he and his principle failed; the poet, indeed, furtively laughs at his claims.

Are these demurrers against Shakespeare's Brutus sound?

How is it with Pym? Is he heroic? Gardiner considers Pym "the most unsatisfactory, from a historical point of view, of the leading personages" of Browning's play. He adds, however, that "it was perhaps necessary for dramatic purposes that he should appear to be larger-hearted than he was, but it imparts an unreality to his character."

Snider, on the other hand, speaking of Brutus's shortcomings, thinks "the sympathies of Shakespeare were decidedly conservative, institutional," and that "they had to be so to make him a great dramatic poet." What of Browning's sympathies as shown in 'Strafford'? Is Snider right? and is it indeed impossible for a dramatist to depict liberal tendencies?

Is Pym's character, as conceived, consistent? For example, is his dialogue with Charles (iv. 3) in keeping with his character as shown up to that point? Does his offer to Strafford through Loudon (v. 2. 148-150) throw any light on this interview?

*Portia and Lady Carlisle and the Queen.*—Contrasting the effect of each on the plot, note the differences as to the subordination of their parts,—Portia's isolation, Carlisle's omnipresence. Is Carlisle at the bottom of Wentworth's defection from Pym to Charles? Calphurnia's and the Queen's comparative shares in the progress of events add to the strength of the differences noted. Note, also, the similarities in the self-control and self-abnegation of Portia and Lady Carlisle. Is the influence of the Queen more effective even than Carlisle's because it is more direct? If Charles's indeterminate policy and manifold vacillations find their centre of action in the Queen's will, is it

because he loves her that she influences him? or because he trusts her impressions? Why, on the other hand, are Carlisle's finer insight and greater ability so ineffective? Mary E. Burt (in 'Browning's Women'), referring to the chapter on 'Egoism *versus* Altruism,' in Herbert Spencer's 'Data of Ethics,' says the question involved in Carlisle's character is, "When does self-sacrifice cease to be a virtue and become a weakness?"

Who displays the highest type of love,—Strafford, Pym, or Lady Carlisle?

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. Browning shows in Strafford a personal devotion to the king, which makes him an embodiment of the feudal virtue,—loyalty to the liege; in Pym he shows a personal devotion to Strafford in conflict with an embodiment of the new political virtue,—belief in the people, and all the others fall into dramatic position with close reference to these central conflicting characters and ideas.

2. Shakespeare shows in 'Julius Cæsar' Cassius's envy and Brutus's patriotism in conflict with Cæsar's ambition and the designing loyalty of Antony, and further illustrates in general the instability of the people and the futility of revolt.

IV. RELATION TO SOURCES.—'Julius Cæsar' is modelled closely upon Plutarch's 'Lives' of Brutus and Cæsar; 'Strafford,' upon Forster's 'Lives' of Pym and Wentworth. Contrast the methods of the two poets in developing the facts into an artistic whole. Dr. Rolfe's 'Julius Cæsar' gives the passages from Plutarch necessary to make such a comparison. POET-LORE, vol. i., or the numbers for May, June, July, August, September, November, and December, 1889, gives the parallel passages in Forster's 'Lives'—or Browning's, in part, if he wrote the 'Life of Strafford,' as has been said—and 'Strafford.'

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. Shakespeare leaves the basis of the characters intact, but enhances their value by expanding them poetically.

2. Browning expands the conception of the characters, and an increased poeticalness results from this expansion.

P. A. C.

## OUR SO-CALLED COPYRIGHT LAW.

It was urged in favor of last year's copyright bill that the only chance for any sort of a measure securing an author's right of control in the reproduction of his work was a bill so framed that it would give his publisher and printer an interest in his book. The sanctified publishers would work for the passage of such a bill against the unregenerate millers of books who sought to hinder the reign of righteousness, and great and glorious would be the result for the American public.

The recent ruling of the Treasury Department helps to show how great and glorious the result is for that public. This ruling declared that the importation of English books through the mails by individuals was illegal, but that such books, although subject to seizure, might be released, at the pleasure of the Collector, upon payment of a fine not less than the amount of duty. In fact, it matters little under what name the duty on books is extorted. The collection of customs on single books is peculiarly vexatious, because, as is well known, it is made at a loss to the government, and can serve no purpose except to provide a few office-holders with salaries. It is useless, arbitrary, and oppressive legislation which levies a petty tax, at larger expense than its collection amounts to, on any student who needs a special work, on any American who has a book sent him as a gift, or on any editor who presumes to do his share, as reviewer and critic, towards bringing about some intelligent intercourse between the two great countries of the English-speaking race. It appears, however, that the effect of the new "copyright" law upon this blockade of the American mind has been, not to release it from embargo, but to draw the lines closer.

The oldest and most reputable of our publishers, with few exceptions, have enriched themselves by piracy, tempted to it and protected in it by the national policy. Having seen that upstarts on all sides could play the same game and annoy the larger still-hunt with their small sharp-shooting, the veterans found it, at last, to their interest to demand and secure a copyright bill which, under



cover of moral decency, would protect them from the clever skirmishes of rivals.

The new law protects our weak publishing barons from unfair and cheap competition in this country; it also cuts off all fair and legitimate competition from outside, and leaves the reading public and the private student to die or buy at the baronial price whatever mental food they deem it profitable to supply. The independent private student who now wishes to acquaint himself with what has been done in England in his line of investigation, must understand that to do this he must break his country's beneficent law, or get around it, possibly, in some way involving an increase of cost; for the works he would want, being merely useful and neither by Kipling, Gladstone, nor Haggard, will not be reprinted for him and the few or no other readers here who want that sort of book.

He may want, also, to publish the fruits of his investigations,—if he gets so far as to prepare any such work with thoroughness enough to compete with foreign scholars,—and he may even have some additional thoughts or theories of his own to which he wishes to give expression. He will not be able to be published, probably in this his own country,—our native works of special literary research having rarely, if ever, been issued at a publisher's sole risk,—but he may be able to employ a publisher to publish for him. In that case he will need, and should have, the benefit of all the market there is in both countries and throughout the world for the sale of such an unpopular yet desirable book as we may well suppose his work will be. Here, again, he will come in conflict with the beneficent working of our "copyright" law. This law, like the regulations of Lord Tit Barnacle's Circumlocution Office, is clear in showing "how not to do it." It virtually forbids a student to have ideas; for unless he can afford to go to the expense of setting up his book in both countries, he cannot secure copyright for it in large enough book markets to gain any sort of success. The American printer—or rather, the American publisher who employs the American printer—has more interest in his book, either to print or suppress it, as the case may be, than he has; and the copyright law has been "fixed" to suit that interest.

The economic waste of reprinting a book that it is cheaper to export from wherever it is best and most conveniently produced does not concern the man who by that means gets in an extra pocketful: it concerns only the good of the general progress and the meagre purse of the scholar, whose country cheers him on by besetting his road with thorns and with thieves of the legitimized variety. If this extra expense and limited market estops the book from coming out, is there not room saved for salable trash? Or, if the enterprise is not discouraged and the book appears, and even gets a copyrighted reprint-double, then how will that reprint's public fare? If there is one place where the work can be best done, to make it anywhere else will be, of course, to make it in an inferior way, and thereafter, by virtue of our "copyright" law, to compel the public in that country where it is worse made to buy the inferior product in place of the superior one.

Clearly, the only matter of importance to this country is the money it can divert into the pockets of its capitalists and such mechanical workers as they choose to employ. The only other favoritism this country will show is to the large firms that are privileged to do our educational jobbing,—the college corporations, which could stand extra expense, generally speaking, more easily than the private student. Possibly to the libraries of prisons, reformatories, and insane asylums, as well as to college libraries, this country will stretch a point and decree an exception; to the absolutely free man, to the independent private brain-worker, it shows no consideration whatever. Evidently it don't want him or his kind. It desires material development for the benefit of certain people,—those already strongest materially. Intellectual development, free growth, moral progress, are idle affairs to be discouraged by "copyright" laws. It seeks to suppress the incipient growth of independent individual study wherever it may venture to show its impudent head outside of chartered corporate bodies. If you are not somebody else's man, or if you do not pretend to be, understand that you are merely an individual citizen having no rights that the American oligarchy is bound to respect; for our "copyright" law, hedged about as it is, is not a copyright law at all, but a McKinley

bill for the protection of the American publisher at the expense of the American writer and thinker and of the intellectual and moral progress of the American public.

From the publisher's point of view, as well as the reader's and author's, our present policy is short-sighted. Our best material interests are not separable from our intellectual interests. Publishers can only grow in adroitness and ability in proportion as wider markets give them opportunity; it is an unworthy timorosity, fostered by narrow notions, which makes them fear rather than meet foreign competition.

Those citizens who most believe in the great destiny of this nation and its abounding capability to do good work materially and intellectually, if its best elements of brain and business power were allowed a chance to grow, must most grieve over the present degradation of our moral, intellectual, and material powers. Let all such citizens rest not till, by voice and vote, they have righted this monstrous copyright law, cancelled the restrictions that render it nugatory, and paved the way for an international copyright treaty, with all the civilized nations of the world, that shall guarantee his original copyright to every author in every land.

*Charlotte Porter.*

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### "BOSSISM:" AN ARISTOCRATIC SURVIVAL.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF — — AND \* \* \*.

WELL, my dear \* \* \*, I think you might have said, "Thank you!" Now, as a friendly rite, didn't the beautiful irrationality of my Christmas gift crown it in your eyes? or would it have been inconsistent with the "dynamic" species of democracy you particularly affect to have said so?

On the contrary, say I; for "what is our failure here," in our everlasting processes as living up to a true democracy and a perfect logic, but "a triumph's evidence for the fulness of days?" "Dynamic" democracy? Yes, of course; is it not a contradiction in terms to say anything else? Neither the democratic nor the ratio-

are yet. The sole ground for those unrealized principles is the evolution and differentiation of individuals. Substitute for the old doctrine of man's total depravity, and consequent need to be goaded from the outside towards goodness, a new faith in every man's capacity to better himself from within through action and reason, and then any derived virtue is no virtue, and in nothing short of such all-embracing sympathetic democracy as Walt Whitman's is there any safety.

This gride of blade on shield resounding now along the whole line of advance in Literature and Art, as well as in Trade, Politics, and Society, is the clash of fixed standards with formative democratic principles. The conflict is part of the process of civilization, of course, and we have no right to fear; but it is coercion towards fixed standards and the habit of ruling, left over from the ages of avowedly aristocratic government, rather than democracy that puts our progress in jeopardy. It is not, for example, our ignorant vote that imperils us, but its exploitation by party “bosses.” Recent experiments in the State of New York show, of course, that only the ignorant vote is usurped. It may be comforting to conclude, as Mr. Traill does in his ‘Life of Strafford,’ that popular government has failed, but it is clear enough that it is the running of “the machine” on the old aristocratic “thorough” plan that makes the difficulty, and that democracy has really never been put to the test. By means of the legal establishment of democratic suffrage, and in spite of it, our modern political and commercial leaders divert the power properly vested in each voter for his sole behoof into their peculiar private reservoirs of power and profit. The worst of these leaders plumes himself upon his superiority over his tools by just such tests of shrewdness and skill as in the old day proved a king or a general. And the world stands the assumption of superiority; but can *they*?

By the way, I happened to take up the other day at the bookseller's an exemplar of “bossism” in literary criticism. It was a little book that professed to be a ‘University Extension Manual,’ a more or less philanthropic and also authoritative and superior dispenser of the sweetness and light of intellectual privilege among the benighted masses of mankind.

French literature was its subject, and it stopped discreetly at Victor Hugo as a great and well-meaning but not sufficiently pruned man of genius, who ushered in that modern school of "nature" whose impliedly lamentable result, too dangerous for English eyes to gaze square upon, is the work of Guy de Maupassant, Pierre Loti, and others. French ideas tended to revolution; English, to reform. It was a pity for French writers to make any attempt towards modernized expression, for that inherent Latinity of the French language which constitutes its tendency to elegance and polish should limit it to the tether prescribed by Du Bellay in the sixteenth century.

Actually these generalities were set forth gravely and without any such specific examination of the modern works in question as would place the opinion in the student's hands for consideration. France was to leave the field of modern problems in England's safe hands, forsooth, and withdraw the Gallic spirit from free influence for whatever it might prove worth, upon cosmopolitan development.

I remembered Mrs. Browning's indignant outburst against some British intolerance of her husband's work,—“ Well, at least, Robert *is*; they can't prevent that!” and I put my precious pedagogue down on the counter with a similar feeling of protest against the university extension of fixed standards,—at least, France *is*; they can't prevent that. I venture to add, now, how stupid for them to try!

I wonder if you have noticed, in one or two of the monthly magazines, another little ancestral trick left over from our palmy days and adapted or warmed up, so to speak, to suit certain popular cravings? I mean the way we have now of foot-noting an article with a miniature biography of the distinguished contributor, running for instance, to this effect:

Dr. Pondling Pond, although born in Idaho, is a descendant of the famous Pond family of Connecticut, which traces its lineage to a step-brother of Lady Pondlington, the famous feminine favorite of Charles II. Dr. Pond's great-great-uncle, on the distaff side, being Colonel I. Small Poole, an officer in the colonial militia, Dr. Pond himself is a prominent member of the “Sons of the Revolution.”

Some other important details incident to the existence of “Dr. Pond

himself," and sometimes, also, a miniature portrait, accompany this little "tree" and commend to notice its uppermost twig. All of this illustrious as it is, the unsophisticated reader might think more or less irrelevant to the subject of Dr. Pond's contribution; yet these items show at once that superiority in the career of the contributor which entitles his every utterance to the respect of an impressed public.

Thus is it beautifully ordained, under modern conditions, that such patrician claims shall spread their contagion more and more widely, until nothing will so plainly show inferiority as "superiority" itself.

I await thy next philosophic utterance.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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DURING the past two months the lover of all that is best in literature has had unusual opportunities for the gratification of his tastes in Philadelphia. The critical lectures on poetry by Mr. Edmund C. Stedman have shown him to possess those two qualities so rarely found in conjunction, yet so all-essential to the great critic,—the power of analysis joined to that of synthesis; so that, while he has laid bare the very warp and woof of poetry, has disintegrated it into the primal elements which go to its formation, he has, at the same time, not forgotten the supreme importance of the faculty which underlies all others,—underlies the perception of beauty, of truth, of nature, of mind,—namely, the faculty which knows how to weld all these elements into an artistic whole; a faculty so subtle, so elusive, that no lower term can be found to express it than inspiration. All who have had the privilege of listening to these lectures will wait impatiently their publication in magazine or book form, for the fleeting human voice hurries on from point to point while the ear of the listener vainly tries to "shoot liquidity into a

mould." He is aware of flights of wisdom and beauties of style following each other in a harmonious flow which makes him "yea to save its capture."

— WHILE Mr. Stedman was making better known to us the beauties of poetry through his genius of criticism, Mr. George Riddle was exerting to the same end his genius for interpretation. His range is very remarkable, extending all the way from the presentation to the life, of a family of poor children getting ready for a Christmas dinner to those personifications of aristocracy,—Prospero and Lord Tresham. Once under his spell, his listener sees 'The Tempest' he never did before. Caliban's rough-raging outbursts, his thick swollen beast's neck, his crouching fear and coarse hands, clawed with a brutal but impotent will, are actually all brought before the eye of the imagination by tone, gesture, and facial expression of this delicate-handed, rich-voiced reader; and then, again, in a moment, Ariel's exquisite and unembodied presence breathes its most subtle suggestions of spirit-power. From the sweet and charming, but very naïve and rudimentary, maidenliness of Miranda and her young love for Prince Ferdinand, the listener is carried captive again to a new and modern world, to as sweet and a purer and more subtle young love,—the richer promise of Mildred and Melton's unerring instinct of the soul for each other. Again, Guendolen's cultured and noble womanliness, her quick insight and intelligence, are revealed in a way that is captivatingly true to nature and later, the affectionate, revengeful Queen of 'In a Balcony' stands not less really before the hearer.

While we would enjoy anything as Mr. Riddle reads it, we must express our especial delight in his interpretation of Browning's 'In a Balcony' and 'A Blot in the Scutcheon.' If we had ever had any doubts of Browning's qualities as a dramatic artist, Mr. Riddle would have dispelled them forever; though, to do Browning's character justice, every actor in the cast would need to have Mr. Riddle's sympathetic grasp of the poet's conception.

— WHEN GEORGE ELIOT's first novel, 'Amos Barton,' came out in *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, 1857, and 'Mr. Gilfil

Love-Story,' 'Janet's Repentance,' and 'Adam Bede' followed, Warwickshire readers "who knew the neighborhood of Nuneaton had no doubt about the real 'George Eliot,' from the numerous local descriptions of persons and places," says Mr. Sam : Timmins, in his interesting 'History of Warwickshire' (pp. 151, 152): "Arbury Hall was the 'Cheverel Manor,' and Mrs. Poyser's 'farm-house,' near Corley, remains unchanged, with its two griffins on the gateposts, its clipped yews on the lawn, and its double row of walnut-trees behind. Astly Church and the moated castle were identified as 'Knebley Church,' 'Milby' with Nuneaton, and Chilvers Coton with 'Shepperton.' 'Milby' was the corn-mill at Nuneaton, the 'Red Lion' in the same town is the Bull Hotel, and 'Orchard Street' is Church Street. 'Paddiford Common' is Stockingford; and 'Silas Marner,' 'Felix Holt,' and 'Middlemarch' all owe most of their local color as to persons and places from the neighborhood of Nuneaton, which is especially 'George Eliot's country,' to the impressions indelible and graphic of her early life. It is curious that Coventry contributed so little, but she saw it later in life, and her tastes and feelings were more with people and incidents rather than old city life and scenes. 'Rufus Lyon,' however, in 'Felix Holt,' is well remembered as a local worthy, and 'Esther Lyon' is largely an autobiographic portrait. The election riot was a scene in Coventry in 1832, which Mary Ann Evans saw when a girl of thirteen, and which evidently made a permanent impression, for she reproduced nearly every detail. The larger number of her characters and her first three stories were of Warwickshire origin, and only those who knew the people or are familiar with the scenes can realize the graphic skill and dramatic power of her artistic realism."

— **WHAT** would Shakespeare think of a modern performance of one of his plays? First of all, perhaps, he would not know what to make of the outlandish pronunciation. Mr. W. J. Churchill, of the Archæological Section of the Birmingham Institute, called the attention of his fellow-members to these examples of other manners, other sounds :



“‘Ea’ was probably then scarcely distinguishable from ‘ai,’ or where would be the point of Falstaff’s punning question, ‘if reasons were as plenty as blackberries?’ ‘Rome,’ again, was pronounced ‘Room,’ as appears by the play of words in ‘Julius Cæsar.’ The tradition of ‘Room’ for ‘Rome’ indeed even lingered on the lips of the late Earl Russell. Rosalind’s play upon the words ‘suitor’ and ‘shooter’ again implies that an ‘h’ crept in as now in the word ‘sugar.’ John Kemble seriously endeavored to restore the supposed Shakespearian pronunciation of ‘beard,’ which he pronounced ‘bird.’ Leigh Hunt’s amusing note to his criticisms on the actors of his early days reminds us that Kemble pronounced ‘merchant’ ‘marchant,’ ‘virtue’ ‘vartue,’ ‘hideous’ and ‘odious’ ‘hidjus’ and ‘ojus.’ A caricaturist of the period represented this ‘lofty grave tragedian’ in a barber’s shop, exclaiming, ‘Cut off my bird, it is ojusly long.’ ‘Aitches and pains’ for ‘aches and pains,’ as stage histories record, caused a riot at Covent Garden.”

The *Daily News*, which gave the quotation above, as cited in the last “Jahrbuch,” adds that Mr. Churchill recited Jaques’s soliloquy in Shakespearian pronunciation. Philadelphians will remember that Dr. H. H. Furness, several years ago, in the course of one of his lectures, gave his hearers the same example of the rotund Elizabethan oratory.

— THE editor of the *Springfield Republican*, in the course of a recent notice of ‘Harold,’—the drama published in POET-LORE in the August-September number, and since reprinted in book-form,—says, we know not why, that he presumes ‘Harold’ has never been acted. Supposing he is not acquainted with the current dramatic affairs of Germany, a glance at the title-page either of the magazine or of the reprint would have informed him that ‘Harold’ was first performed at the Royal Court Theatre in Hanover on the 7th of March, 1882. We may add that it has since proved one of the most popular historical dramas on the German stage. The fact that it has been acted so much would also seem to militate against this editor’s criticism that Baron von Wildenbruch had not succeeded any better than Tennyson in throwing the story into a dramatic form.

— BROWNING’S ‘Pauline’ and Balzac’s ‘Louis Lambert’ have

been made the subjects of an interesting comparison by Mrs. B. C. Dick, of Oakland, Cal., in a paper read by her recently at the Woman's Press Association. She points out their similarities of sentiments as follows :

In Balzac we learn that Louis Lambert at an early age had read and absorbed numberless books of ancient lore, philosophical and mystical works. Browning's hero had a like experience. In 'Pauline' he says,—

They came to me in my first dawn of life,  
Which passed alone with wisest ancient books.

The hero of each author was endowed with wonderful concentration. In speaking of the battle of Austerlitz, Louis Lambert says, "When I read of the battle of Austerlitz, I saw all the incidents. The volleys of cannon, the shouts of the combatants, sounded in my ears and stirred my very entrails. I smelt the powder; I heard the tramp of horses and the cries of men. I saw the plain where the armed nations clashed together as though I stood on the heights of the Santon. The sight was awful to me, like a page of the Apocalypse." The same idea is portrayed in Browning's poem, where the hero expresses himself in these words,—

And I myself went with the tale—a god  
Wandering after beauty, or a giant  
Standing vast in the sunset—an old hunter  
Talking with gods. . . .  
I tell you, naught has never been so clear  
As the place, the time, the fashion, of those lives.

Both authors invest their heroes with wonderful innate powers. Balzac gives an example of that power in Louis Lambert. When in school he was frequently rebuked by the master. "It often happened that, without his knowledge, he would give the master a look of irrepressible disdain, charged with thought as a Leyden jar is charged with electricity. This glance would strike the father like a flash of lightning." Browning also says of his hero,—

Yet strong beneath  
Was a vague sense of power, though folded up.

Balzac writes of Louis, "Studying all systems of philosophy, he accepted no one in particular; but Jesus Christ was to him the type of his system." Browning's hero says of himself,—I gazed

On all things: schemes and systems went and came,  
In wandering o'er thought's world to seek some one

To be my prize, as if you wandered o'er  
The white way for a star. And my choice fell  
Not so much on a system as a man.

Louis Lambert says, "Why do you wish that our happiness, which resembles no other upon earth, should conform to the laws of earth?" Browning's hero expresses the same sentiment,—

Pauline, come with me, see how I could build  
A home for us, out of the world, in thought!  
I am uplifted: fly with me, Pauline.

Balzac describes Louis Lambert's mental state as follows: "Perhaps the life of the soul had annihilated the life of the body." Browning writes of his hero, "I should be left,—a wreck linked to a soul."

Louis Lambert uses these words: "What if some evil power arise to blind me, and to turn to jangling discord this most ravishing of melodies." Browning's hero says, "There is some vile juggle with my reason here."

Balzac says, "I see us united, stepping with one step, living in one thought ever at the core of each other's heart." Browning writes, "Our hearts so beat together that speech seemed mockery."

Louis Lambert addresses Pauline in these words: "Ah, Pauline, the eyes, the looks of others, I cannot bear them! Let us go to Villenoix" (the home of Pauline); "let us stay there, far from every one. I desire no creature of human kind should ever enter the sanctuary where thou art mine." Browning's hero says,—

We will go hand in hand,  
I with thee, even as a child . . .  
And thou hast chosen where this life shall be:  
The land which gave me thee shall be our home.

We will go together, like twin gods  
Of the infernal world, with scented lamp  
Over the dead, to call and to awake,  
Over the unshaped images which lie  
Within my mind's cave.

Balzac makes Pauline say of Louis Lambert, "I follow the path of his mind, and though I cannot understand many of its turnings and digressions, I nevertheless reach the end with him."

The last quotation is evidence, to my mind, that Louis and Pauline were the twin gods of Browning's imagination. The thoughts shadowed forth in Browning's 'Pauline' unquestionably had their source in 'Louis Lambert.'

## SOCIETIES.

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**The Clifton Shakspeare Society, Bristol, England.**—An interesting programme has been prepared by this Society for its seventeenth session, 1891–92, including the following plays and propositions for debate:

**CYMBELINE, October 24, 1891.**—1. The tone of 'Cymbeline' shows that the play was written when Shakespeare, having passed through his life-gloom into a time of serenity and repose, had finally returned to Stratford. 2. The moral beauty of womanhood is the all-pervading idea of 'Cymbeline.' 3. The non-essential parts of 'Cymbeline' show great carelessness in their treatment.

**THE DUKE OF MILAN, November 28, 1891.**—1. No author reflects the social corruption of the latter half of the reign of James I. so much as Massinger. 2. Massinger's characters act from single motives, and become what they are in spite of events; thus differing from Shakespeare's, who act from mixed motives, and are made what they are by various circumstances. 3. Nearly all Massinger's plays teem with political allusions from the stand-point of the Herberts.

**THE WINTER'S TALE, December 19, 1891.**—1. The freedom with which Shakespeare used the incidents of 'Pandosto' shows that he did not hesitate to profit by the work of an author whom he despised. 2. Shakespeare wrote 'The Winter's Tale' to enforce the lesson of forgiveness of wrongs. 3. The anachronisms which abound in 'The Winter's Tale' seriously detract from the enjoyment of the play.

**THE TEMPEST, January 23, 1892.**—1. Shakespeare's observance of the unities in 'The Tempest' entitles it to special commendation. 2. Shakespeare's object in writing 'The Tempest' was to bring forward the question of the relationship of civilized and uncivilized races. 3. The various allegorical interpretations of 'The Tempest' show that, as a play, it is uninteresting, and that it was written when Shakespeare's powers were falling.

**THE BIRTH OF MERLIN, February 27, 1892.**—1. As parts of 'The Birth of Merlin' are far above the level of Rowley's other work and of most

other dramatists, it is almost certain that the play contains fragments of Shakespeare's writing. 2. The separate conduct of the plots contained in 'The Birth of Merlin' is definite proof that Shakespeare could have had no hand in the present form of the play. 3. It is inconceivable that Shakespeare could have presented any part of the Arthurian legend for the mere amusement of the groundlings.

HENRY VIII., March 26, 1892.—1. 'Henry VIII.' was written in 1603, then set aside for political reasons, and, altered by Fletcher, was brought out in 1613 as a rival to Rowley's play on the same subject. 2. The grandeur of England resulting from the establishment of the Reformation is the governing thought of 'Henry VIII.' 3. The only Shakespeare parts left in 'Henry VIII.' are the scenes in which Katharine appears.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN, April 23, 1892.—1. Most, if not all, of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' was written by Fletcher and Massinger. 2. In 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' the degradation of Shakespeare's work by Fletcher's underplot is painful and almost intolerable. 3. The departures from Chaucer which are made in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' are in accordance with Shakespeare's mode of treating originals.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS, May 28, 1892.—1. Fletcher wrote in July and August, 1625, nearly all the first two acts of 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts.' 2. Massinger meant the character of Sir Giles Overreach to be a true picture for all time of that wilful selfishness which mistakes the inveteracy of its purposes for their rectitude. 3. In tragedy Massinger was second only to Shakespeare, and, in the higher comedy, not inferior to Ben Jonson.

The Warren Shakespeare Club lately entered upon its ninth season of literary work, and elected the following officers: *President*, Mr. A. D. Wood; *Vice-President*, Mrs. A. W. Ryan; *Secretary*, Mr. Will S. Henry; *Treasurer*, Miss May L. Rockwell; *Corresponding Secretary*, Mr. A. D. Wood.—A. W. R.



## HAMLET AND DON QUIXOTE.

BY IVAN TURGENIEV.

**T**HE first edition of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' and the first part of the 'Don Quixote' of Cervantes appeared in the same year, at the very beginning of the seventeenth century. To us this concurrence seems to be one of significance. It awakened a series of thoughts in us. In these two types there are embodied two opposite fundamental characteristics of a human being, — the two ends of the axis around which the nature of man moves. All men belong, to some extent, to one of these two types; almost every one of us possesses the character of either Hamlet or Don Quixote. It is true that in our times there are far more Hamlets than Don Quixotes; but even Don Quixotes are not wanting.

All men live, knowingly or not knowingly, by the strength of their ideal; that is, by the strength of what they consider as truth, beauty, good. Many receive their ideal complete, in definite historically developed forms. They follow this ideal in their life, sometimes forsaking it through the effect of passions or accidents; but

they do not philosophize on their ideal or doubt it. Others, on the contrary, analyze it and subject it to their own judgment. However this may be, it is sure that with all men this ideal, this ground and aim of their existence, is either outside of them or in themselves, — in other words, every one of us puts either his own self in the first place, or something else that he recognizes to be the supreme.

Having pointed out these two different relations of man to his ideal, we shall show how, according to our views, these two different relations are embodied in the two types selected by us.

Let us begin with Don Quixote. What does Don Quixote represent? Let us look at him, but not with that volatile sight which is busied with trifles and superfluities. In Don Quixote we shall not see a knight of a sad figure only, — a mere figure invented for the purpose of satirizing the old romances of knightly adventure; a peculiar and comical crank who is dealt blows so liberally. We must penetrate to the kernel itself. What does Don Quixote represent? He represents *belief*, first of all; belief in something eternal, irreversible, in truth, — in truth existing outside of an individual, and requiring service and sacrifice. Don Quixote is fully pervaded by devotion to his ideal; he is ready to suffer any troubles for its sake, to give up his life; he values his life only so far as it can serve him to maintain truth and justice on earth. To live for himself, care for himself, would be considered base by him. He lives (if we may call it so) entirely outside of himself, for others, for his brethren, for suppressing evil, for crushing forces hostile to mankind, — wizards, giants; that is, oppressors. In him there is not the least trace of egotism: he does not care for himself, he is self-sacrificing, — appreciate this word! — and he believes, believes firmly and unconditionally. Therefore he knows no fears, he is patient, he is satisfied with very poor food and very poor clothes, he does not think of any such matters. His heart is contrite, but his spirit great and bold; his touching piety does not abridge his freedom; not being haughty, he does not doubt himself, his calling, or his bodily strength; his will is steadfast, immovable. His continual endeavor to reach his aim makes his

thinking one-sided ; he knows little, for he does not need to know much ; he knows what his task is, why he lives on earth, and that is the crown of knowledge. Don Quixote may sometimes appear as completely crazy ; for the most palpable materiality vanishes before his eyes, melting like wax in his fiery enthusiasm (he really sees living Moors in the wooden puppets, knights in the rams). At other times he appears as a blockhead, because he does not know how quietly to sympathize or quietly to enjoy himself. This wandering, cranky knight is the most moral being in the world, — the steadfastness of his moral views adds especial force and dignity to all his opinions and speeches, to his whole figure, in spite of the comical calamities into which he throws himself continually. . . . Don Quixote is an enthusiast, a servant of an idea, and therefore he is enlightened by its light.

What does Hamlet represent ? He represents *reasoning*, in the first place, and egotism, and therefore unbelief. He lives entirely for himself, — he is an egotist. But even an egotist cannot believe in himself ; we can believe only in what is outside of us and above us. But this *self* in which Hamlet believes, is dear to him. It is his starting-post, to which he ever returns, for he finds nothing in the whole world to which his soul can cling. He is a sceptic ; he is always busy with himself alone ; always he has in view his rank, but not his duty. He doubts everything, and does not spare himself either ; his mind is too developed to be satisfied with what it finds in itself. He recognizes his own weakness ; but all self-recognition is strength, — hence his irony arises, a converse of Don Quixote's enthusiasm. With a great pleasure and extravagantly Hamlet abuses himself, steadily observes himself ; incessantly he is looking into his interior ; he knows minutely all his faults, scorns himself, and at the same time, so to say, he lives on this scorn. He does not believe in himself, and is haughty ; he does not know what he wants and why he lives, and he is bound to live. . . . " O that the Everlasting had not fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! " he cries in the second scene of the first act. " How weary . . . seem to me all the uses of this world ! " Yet he would not sacrifice this weary, stale, and unprofitable life.



He dreams of suicide even before the appearance of his father's ghost, before receiving that dreadful command which completely breaks his already half-broken will. Yet he does not kill himself. Love of life is mirrored in these dreams of its end. All youths of eighteen years know similar feelings. It is their blood that boils; it is an abundance of life-power.

We must not, however, be too severe to Hamlet; he suffers, and his suffering is more painful and more acute than that of Don Quixote. The latter is beaten by cowboys, by criminals freed by him; Hamlet is wounded and vexed by himself; his hands hold a sword, too,—a two-edged sword of reasoning and analysis.

Don Quixote is really comical. His figure is perhaps the most comical ever created by a poet. At a mere recollection of him we see that gaunt, awkward figure with a rugged nose, encased in an armor, seated on a thin, bony horse; the poor, ever-hungry, and ever-beaten jade Rossinante awakens a half-amusing and half-touching sympathy in us. Don Quixote is comical, . . . but in laughter there is a conciliatory and redeeming power; and just as it has been well said, "You will serve what you have laughed at," so we may add, Whom a person has laughed at, him he has forgiven, and is willing to love him.

The exterior appearance of Hamlet is, on the contrary, interesting. His melancholy, his paleness (but he is not thin, for his mother says, "Our son is fat"), his black velvety clothes, the fluttering feather in his hat, his elegant manners, will please all. His monologues breathe poetry; he feels his supremacy over others, and nevertheless humbles himself with malicious joy,—all this is enchanting. Every one would like to become as famous as Hamlet, while no one would wish to be called a Don Quixote. No one will think of laughing at Hamlet, and that is his doom; to love him is wellnigh impossible. Yet everybody sympathizes with him, for almost any one finds traits of his own character in him; but to *love* him, we repeat, is impossible, because he loves nobody himself. Only men like Horatio associate with Hamlet; we shall speak of them presently.

We shall proceed with our comparison. Hamlet is the son of a king, murdered by his own brother, who then had usurped the throne. The father of Hamlet comes from his tomb, "from the jaws of hell," and commands the son to avenge him; and the son hesitates, makes excuses to himself, finds solace in abusing himself, and finally kills his stepfather *by chance*. On the other hand, Don Quixote, poor, almost a pauper, without any means, without friends and family, an old man, undertakes to mend the evil, and on the whole globe to protect the oppressed whom he does not know at all. What does it matter that his *first* effort—to deliver an innocent person from a tyrant—brings greater suffering to his protégé? . . . Don Quixote had saved a boy from being flogged by his master; but immediately after the departure of the deliverer, the master flogs the little unfortunate ten times as severely. What does it matter that, believing he sees the wicked giants, Don Quixote attacks the useful windmills? The comical cover of these pictures must not darken their hidden meaning to us. If he who is going to sacrifice himself were to think first of all possible consequences of his deed, of the probability of his success, he would be hardly able to sacrifice himself. Hamlet, a man of keen and sceptical sense, will never meet any such accident. Hamlet will not fight with windmills, for he does not believe in giants; . . . but he would not attack them even if they really existed. Hamlet would never, unlike Don Quixote, assert a barber's dish to be the real magic helmet of Mambrin; but we believe that if truth itself, embodied truth, should appear before the eyes of Hamlet, he would not dare to say that it was really truth. For, who knows, may be there is no truth as there are no giants. We laugh at Don Quixote, . . . but which of us, after a careful examination of his inner self and his past, dares to say that he always could tell a barber's leaden dish from a magic golden helmet? Therefore we think that frankness and strength of conviction are the main things; . . . success depends on fortune. Only fortune can show to us whether we fought with delusions or with real enemies and with what kind of arms we covered our heads. Our duty is to arm ourselves and fight.

The relations of the people to Hamlet and Don Quixote are remarkable. Polonius is a representative of the people in regard to Hamlet; Sancho Panza, in regard to Don Quixote.

Polonius is an upright, practical, sober-minded, prating, old man. He is an excellent chamberlain and an exemplary father, — let us remember what instructions he gives to his son Laertes, going to France; these instructions find their peer in the known commands of Sancho Panza, governor of the Island of Barataria. To Polonius Hamlet is not a madman, but rather a child; and were he not the king's son, Polonius would scorn him as an entirely useless person, who cannot govern his thoughts and act in agreement with them. The scene in iii. 2, where Hamlet thinks he is mocking the old man, supports our view. We take the liberty to present that scene to the reader: —

*Polonius.* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Hamlet.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then I will come to my mother.

In this scene Polonius at the same time is both a courtier who speaks with a prince, and an adult who will not contradict a wayward, sickly boy. Polonius does not believe Hamlet in the least, and he is right; he explains the caprice of Hamlet by his love for Ophelia, — in this he is mistaken, but he is not mistaken in appreciating his character. Hamlets are, indeed, of no use to the people; they give nothing to the people and cannot lead it, because they do not move themselves. Besides, the Hamlets scorn that great crowd, the people in general; who does not esteem himself, — whom or what can he esteem? That great crowd is so rough and dirty! and Hamlet is an aristocrat, not only by his birth.

Sancho Panza presents quite another picture. He laughs at

Don Quixote ; he well knows him to be crazy ; thrice he leaves his home, house, wife, daughter, to follow this crazy man ; he accompanies him everywhere, suffers all kinds of adversities, and yet he is devoted to him, believes him, is proud of him, and weeps kneeling at the paltry bed on which his former master is dying. How to explain such devotion ? Perhaps by a prospective gain. Oh, no. Sancho Panza has too much sound sense ; he knows very well that the page of a wandering knight cannot expect anything save flogging. His devotion has deeper roots ; it has its foundation *in the best virtue of the people*, therein that the people is capable of a happy and honest blindness (alas ! it knows other kinds of blindness too) ; that it is *capable of unselfish enthusiasm*, so that it scorns direct personal advantages, which to a poor man is the same as to throw away the means of living. A noble, historical virtue ! Crowds of people will, after all, follow the persons whom they scoffed before, whom they cursed and persecuted, but who, fearless, not dreading their curses and their scoffs, go firmly on, having fixed their eyes upon their aim, visible only to themselves, — seeking, falling, rising, — till they finally reach their mark ; . . . and justly so, because only he that is led by his heart will approach the aim. Great ideas come from the heart. The Hamlets, however, attain nothing ; they find nothing, and leave nothing to be remembered for, except a trace of their own personalities. They do neither love nor believe ; what can they find, then ? Even in chemistry (not to speak about organic nature) *two* bodies must unite to produce a third one, and the Hamlets are steadily occupied with themselves ; they are isolated and therefore barren and sterile.

You will perhaps object : “ And Ophelia, does not Hamlet love her ? ” We shall speak of her and also of Dulcinea. The relations of our two types to women are interesting, too.

Don Quixote loves a Dulcinea who does not exist, and is ready to die for her. Let us recollect his words (he has been conquered, thrown to the dust ; the victor shakes his spear at him) : “ Kill me, knights, but do not permit my weakness to lessen the glory of Dulcinea, for in spite of everything, I proclaim that she is the

most perfect beauty in the world." His love is pure, ideal,—so ideal that he does not suspect that the object of his passion may not exist; so pure that when Dulcinea appears before him in the person of a rough, dirty country-woman, he does not believe his eyes, and considers her as changed by a bad wizard. We have ourselves seen men dying either for a not existing Dulcinea or for a rough and often dirty thing in which they saw the realization of their ideal, and whose change they too ascribed to the influence of bad persons—we should almost say wizards—and evil occurrences. We have seen them, and when they shall have disappeared from human society, then let the book of history be shut forever; there will be nothing to read. In Don Quixote there is no trace of sensuality; all his dreams are bashful and blameless, and in the depths of his heart he perhaps does not expect a final union with Dulcinea, perhaps he fears that union!

And Hamlet, does he really feel love? Would perhaps Shakespeare, the best judge of *human heart*, dare to give an egotist and sceptic, imbued with the poison of cold reasoning,—would he dare to give him a devout, loving heart? Shakespeare is not guilty of such a fault. The reader can easily convince himself that Hamlet is a sensualist and a voluptuary,—in secret at least; the courtier Rosencrantz does not smile without good reason when Hamlet tells him that woman ceases to delight him. Hamlet, we say, does not love; he only—unskillfully—pretends to love. We have Shakespeare's testimony. In the first scene of the third act Hamlet says to Ophelia:—

I did love you once.

*Ophelia.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Hamlet.* You should not have believed me! . . . I loved you not.

Saying this last word, Hamlet unwillingly told the truth. His feelings toward Ophelia, this innocent and chaste virgin, almost a saint, are either cynical—let us remember his ambiguous allusions when, during the performance on the stage, he asks to be allowed to lie . . . in her lap—or only affected, as in the scene

between him and Laertes when he leaps into the grave of Ophelia, and says, in such a tone as if Bramarbas or Captain Pistol were speaking: "Forty thousand brothers Could not, with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum! . . . Let them throw Millions of acres on us!" etc. All his relations to Ophelia finally are nothing else but attention to *himself*; and in his cry, "Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered!" we see only a deep consciousness of his own inanity, — he is incapable of love, — almost superstitiously bowing to the "temple of chastity."

But we have spoken enough about the dark aspects of the Hamlet type, about those traits which the more attract us the nearer they are to us. We shall now appreciate what is justified, and therefore eternal, in him. In him is embodied the principle of *negation*, — the same principle which, separated from everything human, is presented to us by another great poet in the figure of Mephistopheles. Hamlet is the same Mephistopheles enclosed in the living circle of human nature; therefore his negation is not evil, and it is directed against evil. The negation of Hamlet does not doubt the good; but it suspects its truth and genuineness, and fights it, not as a good, but as a false good, under whose mask evil and falsehood, its old foes, are hidden. Hamlet does not laugh with the cold, diabolical laughter of Mephistopheles; his most bitter smile is tinged with sorrow, which testifies to his sufferings and reconciles us to him. The scepticism of Hamlet, rejecting the possibility of realizing truth, is an implacable foe of falsehood; and thus he becomes one of the chief defenders of the same truth in which he cannot believe. But in negation, as in fire, there is a destructive power; and how are you going to keep that power within bounds, to show it where it should stop, when that which is to be destroyed and that which is to be saved are often joined and mixed together? And this is *the tragical side of human life*. Thought is necessary to a deed; but here thought and will have parted; day after day reason and will divide more and more.

Thus there stand on one side the thinking, self-conscious Hamlets, often all-comprising, but as often useless and doomed to *idleness*; on the other side there are the half-crazy Don Quixotes, who

benefit and move the people only because they know but one point which often does not exist, in the picture which they alone see. I voluntarily the question arises, *Has a man to become crazy in order to believe in truth; and does a spirit that has arrived at self-control, therefore, lose all its strength?*

Even a superficial examination of these questions would lead us too far. We shall only add that in this separation, in this dualism of human spirit, we must recognize the fundamental plan of human life: life is an eternal making peace and war between two principles. Using philosophical words, the Hamlets are representatives of the centripetal force of Nature according to which all that lives believes itself to be the centre of creation, and all the rest have been created for its exclusive use, — just like the mosquito that sat down upon the forehead of Alexander the Great, and, conscious of its right, peacefully fed on his blood as food properly belonging to it. Hamlet also, although he disdains himself, which a mosquito does not, — Hamlet also, we say, refers all things to himself. Nature would not endure without this centripetal force of egotism; neither could it last without another, a centrifugal force, in which all that lives is living merely for another. This force, the principle of devotion, which Cervantes has surrounded with the light of ridicule, — being anxious not to stir up the anger of the then all-powerful bigots of ancient Spain, ruled by political despotism and religious intolerance, — this principle is represented in Don Quixote. These two forces, one of persistence, the other of motion, — conservatism and progress, — are the fundamental forces of all that exists. They explain to us the growth of the tender flower, and they give us a key necessary to understand the *evolution of the greatest nations*.

We shall now pass to other observations. It is well known that 'Hamlet' is one of the most popular plays of Shakespeare. It is the most remarkable product of the modern spirit, and an admirable work. The spirit that created this picture is the spirit of a Northern man, — the spirit of reflection and analysis, gloomy, ponderous, without harmony; but deep, strong, variegated, independent, leading Shakespeare to take 'Hamlet' from the depth of his bosom; and th

he proved that in the realms of poetry also he stands above his work, because he comprehends it.

The spirit of a *Southern* man was active in 'Don Quixote,' — a light, jolly, naïve spirit, which does not penetrate into the depth of the stream of life, and is not very extensive; yet it mirrors all scenes of life. We shall point out here some marks of difference and similarity between Shakespeare and Cervantes. "What!" many will say, "is there any comparison possible? Shakespeare is a giant, a demi-god." Yes; neither is Cervantes a pygmy if confronted with the giant that has created 'King Lear,' but a *man*, a complete man. Man, however, has a right to stand on his own feet even before a demi-god. Undoubtedly Shakespeare surpasses Cervantes — and not him only — in the riches and force of his imagination, in the splendor of the noblest poesy, in the depth and width of his gigantic<sup>o</sup> soul. On the other hand, in the romance of Cervantes we find neither insipid witticisms nor unnatural comparisons, bombastic phrases; nor will you find in Cervantes those cut-off heads, torn-out eyes, all those rivers of blood, and the iron cruelty. All this is a dreadful heirloom of the Middle Ages and barbarism, which more slowly melted in the stubborn characters of the North. And yet both Cervantes and Shakespeare were contemporaneous with St. Bartholomew's night; long afterward heretics were still burned and blood was shed, — will it ever cease to be shed? In Cervantes the Middle Ages are reflected in a different way than in Shakespeare. In 'Don Quixote' the Middle Ages are marked by the light of Provençal poesy, by the legendary grace of the same romances which Cervantes had so openly ridiculed, and which he himself at last followed in his 'Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda' (The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda) published *after* the first part of 'Don Quixote' had appeared. Shakespeare takes his figures of speech from everywhere, from heavens and earth; nothing can escape his all-penetrating eye. Cervantes kindly presents his few figures to the reader as a father would his children; he takes only what is at hand, what is *known*. All that is human seems to be subjected to the powerful genius of the English poet; Cervantes draws his supply only from his soul, — a clear,



mild soul, experienced but not embittered. In vain had Cervantes, during his hard seven years' captivity at Algiers, learned the science of suffering, as he says himself. His horizon is narrower than that of Shakespeare; but within its bounds every living being reflects all that is human. Cervantes will not dazzle us with flattering words, will not make us tremble with the Titanic strength of victorious enthusiasm. His poetry is not the Shakespearian sometimes muddy — sea; it is a deep river, quietly flowing between various banks; the reader, slowly carried by its transparent way, looks with joy at that really epic tranquillity. It is remarkable that both Shakespeare and Cervantes died on the same day a year, the 23d of April, 1616. Cervantes undoubtedly knew nothing about Shakespeare; but the great tragedian, in the solitude of his Stratford mansion, where he retired three years before his death, could read the famous romance, which had already been translated into English. . . . Shakespeare reading 'Don Quixote,'— what a subject, worthy of an artist's brush! Happy countries where such men are born, teachers of contemporaneous and future generations! Unfading laurels, wreathing a great man, also adorn the brows of a nation whence he sprung.

We will add a few remarks before we finish our very incomplete essay.

A certain English lord (a good judge in this respect) in my presence called Don Quixote a model of a true gentleman. Indeed, if simplicity and quiet conduct are the characteristics of a so-called gentleman, Don Quixote has a full right to that name. He is a true hidalgo, and he is a hidalgo even when a mocking maid soaps his face. His manners are simple because he knows no self-conceit. Don Quixote is not occupied with himself; he esteems both himself and others, and never thinks of boasting, while Hamlet is restless, haughty, and scoffing, notwithstanding his noble position. But Hamlet expresses himself in a peculiar way and with proper words; therein is his strength, which always distinguishes a meditating, self-judging man. Don Quixote entirely lacks such strength. The depth and fineness of analysis which we find in Hamlet, his extensive studies (we must not forget that I

has studied at the University of Wittenberg), have developed in him an almost infallible taste. He is an excellent critic; his advice to the players is very truthful and reasonable; his æsthetic sense is about as strong as Don Quixote's sense of duty.

Don Quixote respects the existing order, religion, the rulers, captains; at the same time he is free, and respects the freedom of others. Hamlet abuses kings and courtiers,—in substance he is haughty and intolerant.

Cervantes has often been reproached for having burdened Don Quixote with endless beating. We must remember, however, that in the second part of the romance the unhappy knight is not beaten any more, that without that beating he would less please the children who read his adventures with such eagerness; even to us, the adults, he would not appear in the true light, but would seem cold and haughty, which would not agree with his character. We have said that in the second part of the romance he is not beaten any more, yet at the very end of this part a herd of swine trample him under their feet,—it happened after Don Quixote had been conquered by the knight of the *light moon*, a disguised bacculaureate, and had given up knighthood forever, shortly before his death. They reproached Cervantes for having written this chapter, it being (as they alleged) a mere repetition of the old threadbare jokes of the first part. Yet here also Cervantes was led by the instinct of his genius; and in this ugly accident there is a deep sense. To be trampled under swine's feet is sure to occur in the life of Don Quixotes, always before their death; it is the last tax they have to pay to rude and audacious folly. . . . It is a slap given by a Pharisee. . . . After that they may die. They have gone through all the fire, obtained immortality, and the gate of immortality opens to them.

Hamlet, if necessary, is cunning,—nay, cruel. Let us only remember how he brought to death the two courtiers sent to England by the king; let us recollect his words about the killed Polonius. We may, however, see in that the rudeness of the just-past Middle Ages. On the other hand, in the honest and truthful Don Quixote we must point out an inclination to self-deceit,

half conscious and half innocent, which is a characteristic mark of enthusiastic people, endowed with vivid imagination.

Hamlet loses heart at the least misfortune, and makes complaints; whereas Don Quixote, pounded by galley rogues so that he cannot move, does not doubt the success of his undertaking. Thus Fourier is said for many years to have kept going out to meet an Englishman whom he was asking through newspapers for a loan of a million francs, to be used in carrying out his plans—and the Englishman, of course, did not come. This is undoubtedly very ridiculous, but here it occurs to us that the ancients called their gods envious, and, in cases of necessity, held it useful to pacify them with voluntary sacrifices (for example, Polykrates threw his ring into the sea); why should *we* not think that a certain portion of the ridiculous must be admixed to the deeds and to the character itself of men called to a new great work, as a tax, as a peace-offering to the envious gods? And yet mankind would not move without these comical crank-inventors, and the Hamlets would not have wherewithal to reason about.

Let us repeat: Don Quixotes do the inventing; Hamlets, they working up. But how, many will inquire, can the Hamlets work up anything when they doubt everything and believe in nothing? To this we answer that by a wise order of nature there are neither complete Hamlets nor complete Don Quixotes, for these our heroes are only two extremes, two poles placed by the poets on two divergent highways. Life speeds to them, but never reaches them. Thus the principle of analysis in Hamlet is brought to tragicalness; in Don Quixote the principle of enthusiasm, to comicalness; but real comedies and real tragedies seldom occur in life.

Hamlet affects us—and it is a very favorable impression—by the fact that Horatio is such a devout friend to him. Horatio, this admirable type, is frequent enough in our time, to the honor of our time. It is the type of an adherent, a disciple, in the best sense of the word. Being of a frank, stoical character, of a warm heart and somewhat limited understanding, Horatio feels his defect and is modest, which is rarely the case with narrow-minded people; he thirsts for instruction, and therefore he esteems Hamlet,

to whom he clings with all the power of his honest soul, even without demanding reciprocity. He submits to Hamlet, not as to a prince, but as to a chief. It is a great merit of the Hamlets that they awaken and develop men like Horatio, — men who, having received from them the seeds of ideas, fertilize them in their hearts and then diffuse them over the whole world. Hamlet recognizes Horatio's significance, and this does honor to Hamlet himself. Words that he speaks to Horatio in iii. 2, contain his view of the noble dignity of man, of man's noble endeavors, which no scepticism can weaken. "Hear," Hamlet says to Horatio:—

"Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those  
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee."

An honest sceptic always esteems a stoic. When the ancient world was near its ruin, and in every period like that, noble-minded people embraced stoicism as the only shelter where dignity of man could be saved. Sceptics, if they had not strength enough to die, to depart to that unknown land from whose shores no pilgrim ever returns, always became epicureans.

The death of both Hamlet and Don Quixote is touching, but how different! Beautiful are the last words of Hamlet. He submits to his fate, bids Horatio to live; his dying voice is given to young Fortinbras. But Hamlet's eye does not look ahead. "The rest . . . is silence," says the dying sceptic; and really he becomes silent forever. . . . The death of Don Quixote fills our soul with touching grief. The great importance of this man is evident to every one. When his former page, hoping to console him, tells him that they will soon go out together after knightly adventures, "No," replies the dying knight, "all that is gone forever, and I beg pardon

of all, for I am not Don Quixote, I am again *Alonso the Good*, as they formerly called me, — *Alonso el Bueno*."

This word is remarkable; the fact that this name is mentioned here for the first and the last time powerfully affects the reader. Yes; this name has its meaning in respect to the approaching death. All will perish, all will vanish, — dignity, power, genius, — all will crumble into dust. . . . "All earthly greatness vanishes like smoke," but good deeds will not vanish, for they are more durable than any glittering beauty. "All will perish," the Apostle said; "only love will remain."

I have nothing to add to these words. I shall be satisfied if with this essay I have awakened some thoughts in the kind reader, even though they be different from mine, and if I have performed this duty without trespassing upon his patience.

*Translated from the 'Zlatá Praha,' by  
Josef Jiri Král and Pavel Durdik.*

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## 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.'

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**M**UCH ADO About Nothing' is one of that trio of plays, evidently written at about the same time, which Furnivall aptly calls the "three sunny or sweet-time comedies," — 'As You Like It' and 'Twelfth Night' being the others. They are all full of sunshine and joy, with which the intermingled sorrow serves only to form a finer harmony.

The play was probably written in 1599. It is not mentioned in the famous list of Francis Meres, published in 1598; and it was printed in August, 1600, when, as the titlepage informs us, it had been "sundrie times publikely acted." It was entered on the Stationers' Registers at the same time with 'As You Like It' and 'Henry V.'

The main incidents of the serious portion of the plot may have been taken from the story of Ariodante and Ginevra in the Orlando

*Furioso* (canto v.), where Polinesso, in order to revenge himself on the Princess Ginevra, who has rejected his suit and pledged her troth to Ariodante, persuades her attendant, Dalnida, to personate the princess at night in a balcony, to which he ascends by a rope-ladder in sight of Ariodante, whom he has stationed there to witness the infidelity of his betrothed. A translation of this story by Peter Beverley was entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1565-66, and was doubtless printed soon afterward. It was also dramatized, as we have a record of the performance of a 'History of Ariodante and Genevora' on the night of Shrove Tuesday, 1582-83. Sir John Harington informs us that the tale had been "written in English verse" by George Turberville, before the publication of his own translation of the '*Orlando Furioso*' in 1591. Spenser had also introduced the story, with some variations, in the second canto of the '*Faerie Queene*,' printed in 1590.

It is more probable, however, that Shakespeare took this part of his plot from the twenty-second novel of *Bandello*, which had been translated into French by Francis de Belleforest in his '*Histoires Tragiques*' as early as 1570, and probably also rendered into English before 1599, though the version is not now extant. *Bandello*, like Shakespeare, lays his scene in Messina, and the names of Lionato (Leonato) and Piero (Pedro) are common to the novel and the play. The latter, moreover, follows the former very closely in the details of the story.

The comic portion of the play is Shakespeare's own, as indeed is everything else in it except this mere skeleton of serious incident. Claudio and Hero, Don Pedro and Don John, are as really his own creations as Benedick and Beatrice, Dogberry and Verges, who have no place in *Bandello*'s novel or Ariosto's poem. Charles Knight well says: "Ariosto made this story a tale of chivalry, Spenser a lesson of high and solemn morality, *Bandello* an interesting love-romance; it was for Shakespeare to surround the main incident with those accessories which he could nowhere borrow, and to make of it such a comedy as no other man has made, — a comedy, not of manners or of sentiment, but of *life* viewed under its profoundest aspects, whether of the grave or the ludicrous."

The plot has been criticised as improbable ; but there are few of Shakespeare's plots that are not improbable. He takes some poor but popular old tale as he finds it, and amazes us by his skill in making the characters real men and women, natural and consistent throughout, in spite of the absurd situations in which they are put. In nothing is his art more wonderful than in this management of apparently unmanageable incidents in such a manner that they not only do not interfere with the characterization, but are compelled to aid directly and effectively in its development.

The critics have united in doing homage to the polished wit Benedick, though a few of them have failed to do him full justice in other respects. They have made the mistake at which he himself is so indignant when he supposes Beatrice to have made it, namely, in regarding him as merely a "funny man." He is never more angry with the lady than when she has compared him to professional jester. He is too much of a man, of a gentleman, to be willing to be reckoned a mere buffoon. He is a wit, but something much better than a wit. He is vastly superior as a man to Claudio. He does not show it in his bearing toward Claudio while the latter is his friend ; but as soon as he becomes his enemy on a count of his base treatment of Hero, and Beatrice's appeal to her lover to vindicate the wronged maiden, he at once rises above Claudio, and treats him with the contempt he deserves. "Fare you well, boy," he says ; "you know my mind ;" and he turns on his heel and leaves the fellow.

I am inclined to agree with Charles Cowden-Clarke that in wit Benedick is more than a match for Beatrice with her quick and sharp raillery. It is true that she always has the last word, but she thinks she owes the seeming victory to his chivalrous gallantry. He could drive her from the field, but with knightly deference to her sex he spares her that ignominy. He knows when to stop, for he is a gentleman ; she never does, — probably because she is not a gentleman, but, as Don Pedro calls her, "a pleasant-spirited lady," full of merry mischief, and feeling no restraint that should keep her from indulging her love of banter to the utmost.

About Beatrice the critics have had some difference of opinion

The poet Campbell calls her "an odious woman." Cowden-Clarke explains this harsh judgment by supposing that Campbell, though an elegant poet and an accomplished scholar, was "a man subject to strong impulses, and to a high degree of nervous irritability; and that he had risen from his task of editing this charming play annoyed and excited by the sparring between Benedick and Beatrice." To me the explanation seems much simpler, and is suggested by Campbell's adding that he "once knew such a pair." The lady, he says, "was a perfect Beatrice; she railed hypocritically at wedlock before her marriage, and with sincerity after it." No doubt this woman was witty and sharp of tongue like Beatrice; but there the resemblance probably ended. From what Campbell says of her it is evident that she had none of the better qualities of Shakespeare's heroine. Struck by their likeness in one prominent trait, the critic assumes that they were alike in all respects, and ascribes to poor Beatrice all the faults of the Scotch or English vixen. If he had never met this disagreeable creature, I believe that his judgment of the Italian lady would have been less unjust.

Mrs. Jameson has some doubts whether Benedick and Beatrice will be happy in their married life; but the critics generally have taken a more hopeful view of the matter. Cowden-Clarke, while he defends Beatrice against Campbell, strangely expresses the opinion that she does not really love Benedick. Their union, he thinks, was like "ninety-nine hundredths of the marriages that take place in society," — one of friendship rather than mutual affection. He quotes in proof of this what Beatrice says in the arbor: —

" And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:  
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
To bind our loves up in a holy band."

He says: "There is no avowal of passion, methinks, in that speech. It is merely an acquiescent one. 'If thou *dost* love, my *kindness* shall incite thee' to tie the knot." So good a critic as Cowden-Clarke must have known, though he seems to forget it here, that *kindness* in Shakespeare is often used in a much stronger



sense than now. Schmidt, in his Lexicon, puts full a third of the instances in which the poet uses the word under the head of "affection, tenderness, love;" and this passage is very properly one of the number. Another striking one is in the one hundred and fifty second Sonnet: —

" For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,"

where the second line explains the first. The adjectives *kind* and *kindly* have a similar meaning, as might be shown by many examples. In the present passage *kindness* is evidently used merely for variety of expression. The word *love*, in one form or another, occurs in each of the four lines, — a fact which the critic ignores while he fastens on this single instance of *kindness*, which is really a synonym of *love*. The whole speech is full of tender passion. Indeed, it may impress us at first as too strong an outburst of affection for one so sudden, and from the sarcastic Beatrice without. But has not the poet prepared the way for it? Does he not mean us to understand that Benedick and Beatrice are already attracted to each other, in spite of their mutual raillery? As Mrs. Jameson remarks: "The very first words uttered by Beatrice are an inquiry after Benedick, though expressed with her usual arch impertinence. And that he also has a liking for her appears, as more than one critic has noted, from his telling Claudio that, "an she were not possessed with a fury," she excels Hero "as much in beauty as the first of May does the last of December." These and kindred foreshadowings of the love that is to be roused to a conscious flame by the tricks of their friends were unquestionably inserted by the poet to suggest the true explanation of what comes to pass. Benedick and Beatrice are all ready to fall in love with each other, but neither has the slightest suspicion of the other's feeling. As soon as each is made to believe that the other loves, the responsive passion already in existence, though not acknowledged even to themselves, springs at once into full life. To my thinking, no utterance of love could be more spontaneous or more earnest than this of Beatrice's in which Cowden-Clarke sees no passion. She does not say in substance, as a mere *friend* would have said, "I pit

the poor fellow, and must see if I can learn to like him in return, or else try to convince him that his love is hopeless." "Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adieu!" are almost her first words; and then follows that prompt and clearly joyous apostrophe:—

"And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand."

And at once she goes on to the pledge of marriage, — which no woman who did not love would be in such haste to do:—

"If thou dost love, my kindness shall *incite* thee  
To bind our loves up in a holy band."

She has just said, "I will requite thee," — that is, I will return thy love, — and in the very next breath she talks of "*our* loves" and the "holy band" of wedlock. And yet one of the most sensitive and sympathetic of Shakespeare's editors sees in this nothing but a kindly feeling and a prospective marriage of mere friendship!

He gives another reason for his belief that Beatrice does not really love Benedick, and that is her willingness to get him into a quarrel with Claudio. He says: "A woman, personally and passionately in love, has been known to involve her lover where her own self-love has been compromised. . . . But no woman, so enamoured, would place her hero's life in jeopardy for a third party." Here again I take direct issue with the critic. I see in this clear proof that she is really in love. She has so exalted an idea of the knightly courage and prowess of her lover that the thought of any danger to him in an encounter with Claudio no more occurs to her than it does to him when he calls the fellow "boy" and "my lord lackbeard." She knows what Claudio is. "Is he not approved in the height a *villain*, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? A goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant!" as if she had called him "Count Sugar-candy! My Lord Lollipop!" "Kill Claudio!" is her brief injunction, as she would have ordered the killing of a cur that had offended her. That Claudio should kill Benedick is as far from her thought as that the puppy should turn and rend its executioner.

But I must not dwell on Beatrice, who seems the more charming the more I study her character. I fully agree with Furnivall,

who calls her "the sauciest, most piquant, sparkling, madcap girl that Shakespeare ever drew; and yet a loving, deep-natured, true woman too." There is the whole portrait in a single sentence.

Claudio, as I have already intimated, I do not like, and I wonder that Hero could have loved him. If she had not been one of those soft, sweet, affectionate young creatures who are apt to see the ideal of their hearts in the first good-looking young fellow that makes love to them, it could never have come to pass. We all have known such women, and we know what sad mistakes they often make in marrying men who are not worthy of them. The only redeeming trait in Claudio is a high sense of honor; and that we are half compelled to believe merely conventional when we attempt to reconcile it with the rest of his character. He loves Hero, or fancies he does, but has not spirit enough to woo her for himself. Be it noted that it is not because, like Miles Standish, he is "a blunt old captain, a man not of words but of actions, a maker of war and not a maker of phrases;" for is he not "the exquisite Claudio," and can he not tell the story of his love in sufficiently rhetorical style to Don Pedro when he asks his help in gaining the "only heir" of Leonato? It was not without design that Shakespeare made him begin his talk with the question, "Hath Leonato *any son*, my lord?" And Don Pedro understood the point of the question when he replied, "No child but Hero; she's his *only heir*." He had an eye to the maiden's fortune when he professed to be in love with her, and perhaps really fancied that he did love her.

It is also much to Claudio's discredit that he is so ready to believe the evil reports concerning Hero. He assumes that she is guilty the moment she is accused, and resolves at once to disgrace her publicly before the marriage altar. When he learns that Hero has died broken-hearted, he has no regrets except for himself and what *he* has lost. Later in the play his treatment of Leonato and Antonio is contemptuous and unfeeling in the extreme. He either cannot see, or, seeing, cannot sympathize with, their deep affliction at the bereavement and domestic disgrace they have suffered. Hero is much too good for him, and I seriously doubt whether even her saintly influence ever made a true man of him after marriage.

*W. F. Rolfe.*

## IS SHAKESPEARE'S CÆSAR IGNOBLE?

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**I**N none of his dramas does Shakespeare adhere more closely to historical details than in 'Julius Cæsar,' where we feel that the real helps us to comprehend the ideal, the historic to interpret the poetic. Such being admitted, we cannot help a feeling of disappointment when we see that the mirror held up to the imperial nature of Cæsar seems at first to reflect for us but an imperfect and distorted image; and this is the more surprising when we recall the many passages scattered throughout his works, which show us how truly Shakespeare appreciated that lofty soul, and how its greatness had impressed itself upon his imagination.

Of these passages there is none more moving than the scene in 'Richard III.,' iii. 1, where the unhappy boy-king is led by his treacherous uncle to the Tower, that he is never to leave alive.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

*Buckingham.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;  
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record, or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it?

*Buckingham.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd,  
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,  
As 't were retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valour live;  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

What, then, can be the reason for what is certainly, at first sight, a somewhat ignoble presentation of the great Dictator, or is it really ignoble, after all? One explanation suggested has been an artistic one, which would seem to have much in its favor; and

before considering this, it may be well to recall the circumstances of Cæsar's position, and let history help the drama, as the poet doubtless intended that it should.

The old Roman democracy has hopelessly broken down, both at home and abroad. The power is wholly in the hands of the Senate, whose seats are mainly filled by the *nobles*, — a newly arisen class, consisting of those members of patrician and plebeian houses who are office-holders and the descendants of office-holders, who are the real rulers; an organized oligarchy, powerless to govern well, but mighty to oppress. The assembly of freemen has become, long ago, a mob, ready to follow in the train of any demagogue who will flatter it and give it food and pleasure; the provincials are ill-governed, and subject to extortion and injustice for which there is no redress; the thousands are enslaved that the few may keep their power. The popular party, led by Marius, has threatened the State with destruction; but Sulla, with singular ability, preserved it from downfall, and placed the oligarchy upon as secure a base as such a rule can be based upon. Pompey, a good general, but a poor statesman, vain and fickle; Cicero, a lover of his country, and an eloquent pleader, but timid and time-serving, fondly believing himself a master of statesmanship, — are its chief supports among the leading men, but cases are now settled rather by street fights than by reason. Rome, like her parent, Troy, is tottering to her fall. Shall the Roman dominion, which contains within its bosom the philosophy of Greece, her literature and her art; which stands even now for civilization, and for the means of order; which is to be the diffuser of Christianity and of reasonable law, — shall this State fall asunder into a mass of warring fragments, or subsist as the bulwark against the intruding tide of barbarism for centuries to come? To this question there can be but one answer; but how is this good to be preserved? Not by the stupid, selfish oligarchy; not by the irresponsible mob; not by the powers of a city, ruling cities; a city, ruling provinces, — the system has broken down for the Empire as well as the democracy for the city. It must be done by some power that can control the city, substituting order for violence; that shall restore to the subject peoples the

rights they have lost, substituting freedom for enslavement, admitting provincials to the citizenship and to office, thus insuring their allegiance and their aid, a power to reform the laws and their administration, to make men equal before the law, and to do something to stem the flood of poverty and distress, and give peace and prosperity to the war-wasted and oppressed world. To do this, as things then were, there was but one way, — the wise rule of a single man, the establishment of a monarchy, based upon the will of the people, and framed in accordance with law. For this task "the hour had come, and," as not always happens, "the man."

Fully equipped by nature and by training, soldier and statesman, man of letters and of science, a lawyer and an orator, strict in discipline, but generous, and mindful of essentials, not of trivial details, clement by nature, stern but rarely, and then in accordance with his time rather than his heart, Cæsar was not only magnanimous and forgiving from choice, but from conviction; for he felt that his rule, to endure, must be fixed not upon fear, but upon love. The consummate flower of Roman civilization, — yet holding within his nature some qualities, as did Scipio Africanus, not wholly Roman, in his feeling that nice customs must courtesy to great emergencies, — he offered good gifts to the world, and was its victim. Jealousy and spite destroyed the last hope then held out to humanity; but in his few years of power he wrought what stamps him as one of those providential men who appear from time to time in history, and leave their impress upon all ages thereafter; the creators of civil order, the upholders and framers of civil justice, who make it possible for men to live and work in peace, and who, laboring in the spirit of their age, yet mould and guide it; who have the imagination to see before them an end to be attained, and the practical capacity to adapt the means to that end, — men like Cæsar, and Charles the Great, like Alfred, and Henry Plantagenet.

This work Cæsar is engaged in when our play opens; his enemies are scattered to the winds by his might, or seem to be reconciled by his clemency and kindness, having accepted place and honors from his hands. Order reigns; prosperity revives; the privileges of Roman citizenship are being gradually extended to

her subject nations ; reforms and improvements of every kind are advancing ; learning and art spring into fresh life under the fostering care of the ruler ; the sky is clear, — but, alas ! how soon is the thunderbolt to fall !

Cæsar has reached the summit of human greatness ; what more can he desire ? He would embody his ideas in an institution, that they may become permanent ; he would bind the kingly diadem upon the brow already wreathed with the laurels of the *imperator*, and add to military strength and popular favor “the divinity that doth hedge a king.”

Herein, in the popular belief, lurks Cæsar’s one weakness here lies the opportunity for the *motive* of the drama, his ruin and death ; for “the Senate and the people,” who have alike brooked “the eternal devil” of misrule and bloodshed “to keep his state in Rome,” will not endure the name of king.

There is much truth, it seems to me, in the suggestion of an eminent critic that Shakespeare would have us see Cæsar first with the eyes of the conspirators and their dupes ; that he wishes to hide his greatness, and exaggerate his alleged weakness, or we should be unable to enter into the spirit of the two leaders, Brutus and Cassius, or help regarding them as the purely base and vulgar murderers that all their fellows are. Had their victim trodden the stage in the full splendor of his powers, we could not have endured his death, or borne for one moment with his assassins ; forgive them we never can. But the feeling conveyed by the boastful words and arrogant bearing of Cæsar is not suffered to be a lasting one ; for a moment we see him with the envious eyes of Cassius and the undiscerning eyes of Brutus, but it is only a moment’s glimpse.

In the splendid lines which speak his scorn of death, in spite of the omens and prodigies by which Nature and soothsayers seek to warn him of his coming doom, he declares that —

“ Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
 The valiant never taste of death but once.  
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
 Will come when it will come.”

In this fearlessness, in the graceful courtesy with which he receives the conspirators, his true nature asserts itself, and we recognize it again in the impression he makes upon those about him,— in the passionate and self-forgetting grief of Antony ; in the unwilling tribute paid to him by Brutus, who justifies his own treachery by suggestions of what Cæsar *may* do ; in the hatred of Cassius, the representative of the fallen oligarchy ; in the very spite and hatred of the wretches who cannot endure a greater than themselves.

It has also been well suggested that the real hero of the drama is not Cæsar, who passes so early from the stage, but the spirit of Cæsar, which is also the spirit of the age ; and that they cannot kill, though never would that magnanimous soul, of its own will, have “let slip the dogs of war” in “ranging for revenge.”

To “stand up against the spirit of Cæsar” they are not strong enough. They can kill the body ; but after that they have no more power. They can “cumber Italy with domestic fury and fierce civil strife,” they can force the work of Julius to be done far less worthily by Augustus ; but the majestic spirit defies their daggers, and, freed from the weaknesses of the flesh, moves on through time in gathering splendor, until the simple name of Cæsar becomes the proudest and most sacred of earthly titles.

“Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,  
And Douglas dead, his name hath won the field.”

So was it then ; the crime, which was also a stupid political blunder, drenched the world in blood, and through the folly and despair of the murderers turned their swords against themselves.

In Brutus and Cassius, the heads of the conspiracy, we have sharply defined and contrasted characters, in a way complementary. Intellectually Cassius is superior ; “he is a keen observer ;” is the shrewder judge of men, the better soldier, the more acute politician. By no means gifted with the generous and comprehensive statesmanship of Cæsar, he yet has a fairly clear comprehension of the relations of things, can see an end and the means to attain it, knows what is needful to an act to make it successful. He recognizes the excellences of Cæsar’s government,



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*Poet-love.*

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to see for them to continue ; he hates him for his  
takes no pains to conceal his hatred ; he detests  
has overthrown the oligarchy, to which he himself  
has deprived it of its power to misgovern and op-  
There may be, also, in Cassius something of  
of dislike with which a man of the *ancien*  
the new order of things,—the Bourbon honesty  
progress of events, neither forgetting nor learning  
the White Flag before the welfare of the people ; the  
honesty that clings to the letter and neglects the spirit  
his more pliant colleagues, will accept no favor:  
hand, but means to hurl him from his seat, and grasp  
place for himself.

The good side of his nature appears in his relations with Brutus,  
he truly loves, and whose sharp thrusts he bears with pa-  
even this affection does not hinder him from confess-  
the "honourable metal" of his brother from that to  
is disposed" to what he is himself forced to acknowledge  
purpose.

is shown to us in his sweetest and purest aspect in his  
as the dear lover of books, the kindly, gentle master,  
husband, who truly loves that noble wife who yearns  
and solace her husband's cares. Would that he had con-  
purpose to that true soul ! Who can doubt that  
vision would have discerned the truth, and that she  
have saved him from himself ? When he turns from her, he  
his good angel behind him. When he steps outside the  
circle of domestic and studious life into the arena of  
and ignorant of men and of the world, would grasp the  
state, his weakness becomes manifest, and he drives the  
open the rocks.

is a purely *doctrinaire* statesman, seeing things from a theo-  
point of view alone, with no grasp of facts, and totally inca-  
of seeing the relations of things to one another or to the  
Unlike Cassius, he is wholly lacking in the power of adapt-  
means to ends ; he cannot realize his own ideals, or complete

his own purposes. A follower of Pompey and a member of the oligarchic party, he fought at Pharsalos, and after that defeat gave in his adhesion to the side loved of the gods, even although he had married a daughter of Cato. Cæsar, who loved him for his sweet and winning nature, had received him with great kindness, and had loaded him with benefits. Yet how easily he exposes himself to the wily tempting of Cassius, becomes a traitor to his friend, a murderer; the destroyer, not the restorer of civil peace and order; and spite of his lofty moral standard, commits a crime from which many a worse man would have shrunk!

This error comes partly from intellectual incapacity, from his habit of dealing with ideas wholly aside from their relations to facts, joined to a kind of mental dishonesty and a certain consciousness of virtue, which makes him incapable of seeing any defect in a course upon which *he* has resolved to enter. He fails surprisingly to see, or does he not refuse to see, that his patriotic idea is to be transformed into a sin? And yet he must have had some glimmering of this, for he is constantly striving to explain himself, to see how the deed will appear to others; and it is not intellectual obtuseness only that makes him an easy victim to the arts of Cassius.

As he muses in the orchard, he does not object to Cæsar's being king, if he were certain to rule justly, and so far he is forced to admit that the Dictator has done no otherwise.

"Then lest he may prevent!" What more sophisticated argument was ever advanced to justify a crime? The crafty words of Cassius, and the scrolls that appeal to a pride of ancestry somewhat ill-founded, are cunningly contrived to play upon his vanity, and help to work his ruin.

With all his excellence there is in Brutus something of the Pharisee: he is vain of his morality; he is self-righteous; he is not as other men are, extortioners \* and unjust, like Pella and Cassius, who would "wring from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash," yet he seeks this same trash from Cassius with an eager-

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\* The Brutus of history was, next to Verres, the infamous proconsul of Sicily, the most extortionate and hardest usurer in Rome.

ness that quite overlooks the means by which the latter has obtained it. He brutally contrasts his own excellences with his brother's faults, and when reproached for making them greater than they are, replies, "I do not *till you practise them on me.*"

He ignores the evident truth that even from his own point of view, the only justification of Cæsar's murder lies in its effecting the purpose for which it is nominally committed; and he overrules Cassius, who would revert to the course of his old commander, Sulla, who certainly won for his own plan a temporary success by killing off all who opposed him, — all save one, whom at the request of his own party, and the urgency of the vestal virgins, he had reluctantly spared, and who now, as he had prophesied, had overthrown the oligarchy which had seemed so firmly placed. Sulla had spared Cæsar; and Cassius saw the mistake. "Kill all," was his motto; "at least kill Antony." But Brutus has his way, strangely enough not being shown by this honest aversion, which turned him from bloodshed, the evil of the deed he meditated.

In the very grasp of Satan, in the depths of hell, Dante has placed the three great traitors of the world, — Judas, Brutus, and Cassius; of the two Romans condemned to this dread pre-eminence of sin, the one who is most deservedly associated with the Arch-betrayer is not Cassius, but Brutus, the trusted and beloved, he who, we know, "was Cæsar's angel," who, with falsehood on his lips and murder in his heart, betrayed the friend who loved him.

After the murder Brutus and Cassius congratulate each other upon the applause of "ages yet unborn," and Brutus utters an unfeeling jest over the body of the man whose heart he surely broke, as well as stabbed. When Antony appears, the policy of Cassius would prevent him from addressing the people; but Brutus, who desires that everything shall look quite proper, insists upon permitting Cæsar's friend to speak at his funeral, and is sure of no harm coming of it, since he will first explain things clearly to the multitude. He cannot for one moment imagine that the pleasure-loving Antony can be, for the time at least, transformed by a real passion of affection and sorrow, and be capable of tearing into shreds his flimsy reasons, and sweep them away with burn-

ing words that go straight to the people's heart, and drive out all memory of the studied excuses and laconic phrases of the conspirator. Even Cassius, who thought to win over Antony by the promise of new dignities, for once mistook his man. Just then love for the dead overcame the love of self in Antony's passionate soul, and he longs for the moment when he shall stand where Brutus now stands, promising peace and prosperity, since the tyrant is laid low. Promises of this kind the people are quite unable to reconcile with a return to the old oligarchic government; and they cry out that Brutus shall be their Cæsar. But Antony's fiery words and the dumb eloquence of Cæsar's wounds stir up new passions in the "changing crowd;" young Octavian arrives; the tide turns; and the conspirators flee from Rome, to wander, like Cain, over the face of the earth.

When next we meet them, after years of tumult and fighting, they are still in warlike guise. But the end draws near; once more Cassius, the abler soldier, as the abler politician, is overruled by Brutus, whose erring generalship precipitates their ruin. Their philosophy deserts them at the last: the epicurean Cassius has come to believe in omens; the stoic Brutus declares that if defeated he will die by his own hand. His wife has already passed from life, and he strives to bear her death with calmness; he is kindly and thoughtful for those about, and would bury all unkindness against his brother, who has indeed lured him into great evil, but who has also much to forgive.

Remorse for his own act must have wrought upon his soul and evoked the spirit of his murdered friend, who warns him of his coming doom. Surely the stinging words of Antony must yet linger in his memory, and the spectacle of his country's woes and the terrible results of Cæsar's death must have aroused within him some knowledge of the true nature of the deed; and if this were so, who was ever more greatly to be pitied?

A murderer and a traitor, — and for what?

*Annie Russell Wall.*

## HOW SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATES BACON.

WHEN both Bacon and Shakespeare are studied with a proper discrimination and impartiality, one is pleased to find the dramatist illustrating the philosophy of Bacon, or the philosopher moralizing upon the creations of Shakespeare,—it may be unconsciously in either case, but still with a considerable degree of appositeness.

Discarding all controversies that have arisen among their posterity, a comparison of the sentiments found in Bacon's *Sixth Essay* with several developments of character delineated in certain tragedies of Shakespeare may yield some notable results; and some underlying gentle sarcasm may add to our enjoyment in a comparison like this of their respective views of simulation and dissimulation, for I believe it probable that Shakespeare never read Bacon's *Sixth Essay*, and that Bacon never dreamed that his philosophy would be illustrated and enlightened by the dramatist's immortal creations.

Bacon's *Sixth Essay* treats "Of Simulation and Dissimulation,"—the former relating to matters feigned, with false pretences, for an evil purpose; the latter a species of prevarication, or evasion, to hide one's real feelings or opinions from undue inquisitiveness, and that without malice toward any, and also without injury to the interests of others. The sentiments introduced are thoroughly Baconian, liberally illustrated, as was its author's wont, from the ancients, and adorned with his own inimitable corollaries.

Thus, quoting from Mucianus, who spoke of "the piercing judgment of Augustus," and the "extreme caution, or closeness, of Tiberius," Bacon remarks:—

"These properties of arts, or policy, and dissimulation, or closeness, are indeed faculties several to be distinguished; for if a man have that penetration of judgment as he can discern what things are to be laid open, and what to be secreted, and what to be showed at half-lights, and to whom and when (which indeed are arts of State and arts of life, as Tacitus well calleth them), to him a habit of dissimulation is a hindrance and a poorness. But if a man cannot attain to that judgment, then it is left to him generally to be

close, and a dissembler ; for where a man cannot choose or vary in particulars, there it is good to take the safest and wariest way in general, like the going softly by one that cannot well see. Certainly, the ablest men that ever were have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity ; but then they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn ; and at such times, when they thought the case indeed required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad, of their good faith and clearness of dealing, made them almost invisible. There be three degrees of this hiding and veiling of a man's self: the first, closeness, reservation, and secrecy, — when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold, to be taken what he is ; the second, dissimulation in the negative, — when a man lets fall signs and arguments that he is not that he is ; and the third, simulation in the affirmative, — when a man industriously and expressly feigns and pretends to be that he is not."

The first of these "three degrees of this hiding and veiling" is found in the character of Hamlet, who, it must be acknowledged, was a gentleman, if not the "first gentleman" of Denmark, — a dignified, courageous, cautious, and every way reputable prince, one evidently superior in manners and intelligence to most of the courtiers of his time ; certainly unrivalled by any who appear with him in the play. Throughout the severe trials which he is called to undergo, he maintains a princely integrity, a ready wit, a commendable caution, a secrecy touching the mystery of his father's taking-off, and of his ghostly interviews, that never fail to inspire reader or spectator with profound respect. Witness the colloquy between himself, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern (act iii. scene 2), in which he acknowledges a warm regard for Rosencrantz, but refuses to take even him into his confidence concerning his treatment of his queen-mother, and will not suffer them to "play" upon him. The effectiveness of this scene is well-known, and tends to raise our esteem for the aggrieved prince. The same justifiable simulation is further exhibited in his interview with his mother, which is emphasized and marred by the precipitate haste with which he kills Polonius behind the arras. His knowledge of the queen's participation in the murder of his father is adroitly veiled

by his terrible denunciation of her lesser crime in wedding her co-assassin. Whoever censured Hamlet for his grotesque evasions when his personal motives were attacked?

“Assuredly,” says Bacon, “the secret man heareth many confessions; for who will open himself to a blab or babbler? But if a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery, as the more close air sucketh in the more open; and as in confession, the revealing is not for worldly use, but for the ease of a man’s heart, so secret men come to the knowledge of many things in that kind. . . . In few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides (to say truth), nakedness is uncomely, as well in mind as body; and it doth no small reverence to men’s manners and actions, if they be not altogether open.”

This is Hamlet’s position. Bacon continues, as if he had Polonius in view:—

“As for talkers and futile persons, they are uncommonly vain, and credulous withal; for he that talketh what he knoweth, will also talk what he knoweth not; therefore set it down that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral.”

The conversation between Hamlet and Polonius, in which are introduced the varying shapes of the cloud,—“very like a whale,” etc.,—illustrates, according to Bacon, the character of the two men.

Compare, also, the simulation of Hamlet with the dissimulation of the king, in act i. scene 2, before the prince has been apprised of the manner of his father’s death, wherein the murderer refers to the assassinated sovereign as “our dear brother,” and speaks of his own marriage to the queen with the coolness of a hardened villain, that might silence the uninformed, while he proclaims himself the gracious patron of his royal nephew.

This is what Bacon calls—

“Dissimulation in the negative,—when a man lets fall signs and arguments that he is not that he is; . . . it followeth many times upon secrecy by a necessity, so that he that will be secret must be a dissembler in some degree; for men are too cunning to suffer a man to keep an indifferent carriage between both, and to be secret without swaying the balance on either side. They will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick it out of him, that without an absurd silence, he must show an inclina-

tion one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech. As for equivocations, or oraculous speeches, they cannot hold out long; so that no man can be secret, except to give himself a little scope of dissimulation, which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy."

Hamlet, by reproducing before the real king and queen the fictitious representation of the murder of his father, obtained a more perfect acknowledgment of the crime from the guilty parties, notwithstanding their silence and secrecy, than he could have done by any amount of questioning. His method left them no escape by equivocation. "The play's the thing" that caught the conscience of the king and filled him with remorse and despair, arising from the exposure of his crime.

For the illustration by Shakespeare of Bacon's third proposition, one need only to cite Iago and Macbeth. It is "simulation in the affirmative, — when a man industriously and expressly feigns and pretends to be that he is not. That," continues Bacon, "I hold more culpable, and less politic, except it be in great and rare matters; and therefore a general custom of simulation . . . is a vice rising either of a natural falseness or fearfulness, or of a mind that hath some main faults; which because a man must needs disguise, it maketh him practise simulation in other things, lest his hand should be out of use."

The motives for this third degree of simulation are many, and embrace the malevolence of Iago, the ambition of Macbeth and his wife, and the avarice of Bacon himself, whose motive was the meanest of all, since his circumstances offered no excuse for his falling into the vice of corruption. His influence had raised him to a high position in office and wealth, which should have satisfied him, as it would most men, and should have made him invulnerable to the temptations of common politicians.

Nowhere can one find a more villanous specimen of dissimulation than in Macbeth and his wife, because it not only grew out of their unholy thirst for power, but also included the basest ingratitude. Notice the sweet courtesy of Duncan to the treacherous thane in the king's palace (act i. scene 4).



Take, too, in this connection, the interview between Duncan and Lady Macbeth, with which the sixth scene of the first act concludes. Then compare these passages with the conversation between Macbeth and his wife, at the close of the fifth scene of the first act, than which nothing could better represent the "culpable simulation and false profession" described by Bacon.

In the murder of Banquo, Macbeth's dissimulation is not so elaborately portrayed, yet it is quite apparent in the action of the play.

But what shall one say of Iago, whose heartless destruction of happiness and life resulted from malevolence, and was accomplished by dissimulation in its most fiendish form? The history of the human race is filled with these malignant characters, yet history or poetry has never pictured a greater villain. It required the genius of Shakespeare to paint him to the life, and thrill the world with horror by his acts of dissimulation.

*Henry M. Huguenin.*

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## A GLOVE.

BY BJÓRNSTJERNE BJÓRNSON.

ACT II. (*Continued.*)

*Nordan.* Big, big baby! great big baby!

*Svava.* Oh, now you must talk with me!

*Nordan.* Is not that why I am here?

*Svava.* And I thought you were up in the mountains, and could n't hear from us!

*Nordan.* Well, was n't I? But telegram upon telegram came, as far as they could reach, and then messenger upon messenger; and now, at last — Well, I don't suppose it will do to mention his name here now.

*Riis.* [*Coming in from the right.*] At last! How we have waited!

*Fru Riis.* [*Rising and approaching NORDAN.*] Thank you for coming, doctor.

*Nordan.* [*Looking closely at her.*] It seems that you are having a serious time here?

*Fru Riis.* To you, doctor, I need not say anything.

*Nordan.* Well, now, leave us, both of you! Let this big baby and me have a talk. [*FRU RIIS goes out to the left, followed by SVAVA.*]

*Riis.* I just wanted to tell you that in a little while—

*Nordan.* The whole Christensen family will be here. I know it. Now go!

*Riis.* Nordan! [*Whispers.*]

*Nordan.* Yes, yes! oh, yes! No, of course not! [*Breaks away.*] Don't you suppose I can manage that? Now be off!

*Svava.* [*Who has followed her mother, comes in from the left at the same time that he goes out to the right.*] Dear Uncle Nordan! at last I shall have somebody on my side!

*Nordan.* Oh, you think you shall, do you?

*Svava.* Oh, Uncle Nordan, what days these have been!

*Nordan.* And nights, no doubt?—although you don't look so bad, after all.

*Svava.* The last few nights I have slept.

*Nordan.* Oh, that's it! Then I surmise the state of affairs! You are a stubborn one, you are.

*Svava.* Oh, don't begin now by saying everything you don't mean, uncle.

*Nordan.* Everything I don't mean?—

*Svava.* For you always do that. And there is no time for that now. It burns within me.

*Nordan.* Now tell me what kind of a mess it is you have compounded here.

*Svava.* Now, there it begins!

*Nordan.* Begins? Who the dickens has made you believe that I say anything else than what I mean? Come, now, and let us sit down. [*Places a chair in the middle of the room.*]

*Svava.* [*Turns her chair so that it partly faces his.*] Now then!

*Nordan.* I hear that you have proclaimed a brand-new law about love since I was here last. I congratulate you.

*Svava.* Have I?

*Nordan.* A transcendental, a Svava-soaring law! Presumably gotten up on some theory of harmony from the seraphic world,—  
“There is but one love, and that has but one object.” Period!

*Svava.* Have I said that?

*Nordan.* Is it not you, pray, who are rejecting a young man because, forsooth, he has had the audacity to love before he saw you?

*Svava.* Do you too look at it that way?

*Nordan.* That way? As if there were any other for sensible people!

A young, splendid fellow worships you in good earnest; a grand family throws open its portals for you as if you were a princess. And then you come and say, “You have not waited for me from the time you were a little boy. Away!”

*Svava.* [*Springing to her feet.*] And you too! and you too! And the same old story! the same stupid story!

*Nordan.* I may just as well tell you at once. If you will pay no attention to what can be said against you, then *you* are stupid. It is no use to run away from me, and rush up and down there; for then I am going to rush up and down too. Come here and sit down. Or are you afraid of investigating this matter with me?

*Svava.* No, I am not! [*She comes back and takes her seat.*]

*Nordan.* For suppose now that this is an exceedingly problematic question, which is being discussed by serious-minded men and women all over the world?

*Svava.* It concerns only me; and to me it is not at all doubtful.

*Nordan.* You misunderstand me, child. You must in the end decide your own case, — you, and nobody else, of course.

But when that upon which you must decide is not so plain a matter as you perhaps think, since at this moment it occupies the minds of thousands and thousands, ought you not, then, to take

into consideration the general conditions, and what has been thought and said of them ?

Is it not conscienceless to judge in an individual case without doing that ?

*Svava.* I understand. I believe I have already done this. Ask mother.

*Nordan.* Well, yes ; you and your mother have talked and read a deal about matrimony, about the women's cause, about the abolishment of class privileges, now the sex privileges are to be abolished. But this particular question ?

*Svava.* What is there that I have overlooked ?

*Nordan.* Well, then, have you a right to be as severe with the men as with the women ?

*Svava.* Why, of course.

*Nordan.* Is that so entirely a matter of course ? Go out and inquire yourself. Ninety out of a hundred you meet, *even of the women*, will answer, No.

*Svava.* H'm ? That makes a difference !

*Nordan.* Well, yes ; but it takes knowledge to decide that question.

*Svava.* Do you mean what you say ?

*Nordan.* That is none of your business. For that matter, I always mean what I say. A woman can marry at sixteen ; a man must wait till he is twenty-five or thirty. There is a difference !

*Svava.* Yes, there is a difference. There are many, many more unmarried women than men ; and they practise self-control. Men find it more convenient to make a law of their weakness.

*Nordan.* Such answers betray ignorance. Man is a polygamous animal, like many other animals ; and it supports the theory immensely that there are so many more women than men. Now you see. That is something you never have heard before.

*Svava.* Yes, I have, Herr Doctor.

*Nordan.* Don't laugh at science. What on earth should we believe in, then ?

*Svava.* All I would ask is, that men share equally with the women in the rearing of their own children. Let us have them

do that, uncle. Then I think they will very soon have other principles. Oh, let them do that!

*Nordan.* They have n't the time. They have to manage the world.

*Svava.* Yes; they have assigned the rôles themselves. Now tell me, Herr Doctor, is it cowardly not to live up to one's own teaching? *[She kneels beside him.]*

*Nordan.* Why, of course it is cowardly.

*Svava.* Why don't you live up to yours?

*Nordan.* I? I have always been a monster, dear; don't you know that?

*Svava.* Dear Uncle Nordan — you wear such long, white locks. Why do you wear them?

*Nordan.* Well — there are reasons for that.

*Svava.* Which?

*Nordan.* Oh, we will not discuss that.

*Svava.* You told me once.

*Nordan.* Did I?

*Svava.* I was going to take hold of them; but you withdrew them. And then you said, "Do you know why you must not do that?" "No," I answered. "Because nobody has done so for thirty-four years." "Who was it that touched them last?" I asked. "A little girl that looked like you," you answered.

*Nordan.* Oh, did I tell you that?

*Svava.* "And she was a younger sister of your grandmother," you said.

*Nordan.* So she was. Yes, so she was. And you look like her, my child.

*Svava.* And then you told me that the year you entered the university she stood once by your side, and then she took several of your locks in her hands at once. "You should never wear them shorter than this," she said.

She went away, and you went away. After a time you wrote and asked her if you two might always be together. "Yes," she answered. And a month after she was dead.

*Nordan.* She was dead.

*Svava.* And since then, strange Uncle Nordan, you have considered yourself married to her. [*He nods.*] And the evening you told me that, I lay awake till late and thought over it, and from that time I too yearned to choose one in my early youth of whom I could be sure — and then I chose wrongly.

*Nordan.* Did you, Svava?

*Svava.* Don't ask me about it. But then I chose once more; and then I was sure, for never have clearer eyes looked into others. And what joy we had together! Day after day passed, always too short to tell of our love that was always new. Now I dare not think of it.

Oh, it is sin to deceive thus! Not by words, that is true, but by letting us give ourselves up to such fancies of pure love. Not by words, and yet by words; for don't they accept ours in silence, and thereby make them theirs? They revel in our trustfulness as a manifestation of an undefiled nature; and it is just thereby that they deceive us. For an intimacy springs up from it, with merry-making back and forth, which can have only one understood provision.

I do not understand how any one can act so with those they love. For he loved me!

*Nordan.* He loves you.

*Svava.* But not the way I loved him. I have not in these years given myself away in little affairs. My thoughts about loving and being loved have been too high for that; but my yearning was strong in proportion. To you I can tell it. When at last allowed to take its course, it almost overpowered me. But I felt so infinitely safe with him, and therefore I let him see it, and was so happy to let him see it.

This it is that now mortifies me; for he was not worthy of it.

He tells me, "I cannot bear that any one else should touch you." He tells me, "When I see a glimpse of your arm, then I think, that arm has lain about my neck, and no one, no one else's." And I feel proud and happy over it; for it is true. I have felt a hundred times that some one would once tell me that.

But I have not felt that he who would say it should himself —

oh, abomination! Then it takes another significance, which makes me hate him. I tremble at the thought that he has embraced me, has touched me.

I give no rules for any one else; but my own are self-given. My whole being, the first and the last, gives them. Leave me in peace.

*Nordan.* That is more serious, and goes deeper than I had surmised. Nobody understands it that way, Alf least of all. He is only grieved and humiliated because you had so little confidence in him.

*Svava.* I know that.

*Nordan.* Well, don't take it so much amiss; for most people would certainly think as he does.

*Svava.* H'm? That makes a difference!

*Nordan.* Most people will think, Other girls overlook such things just because they love.

*Svava.* There are those who would answer, Had she not loved, then she would likely also have forgiven.

*Nordan.* And yet, Svava? And yet?

*Svava.* But you don't understand, uncle. And I don't believe I can explain it either; for then I should be able to explain what it is we see in the man's countenance, bearing, and walk whom we love,—in his voice, in his smile. It is this that has vanished. The significance is lost.

*Nordan.* For a time, yes; till your grief is over—

*Svava.* No, no, no! Do you remember a song I sing about the image of the loved one,—that it always arises before our vision in gladness, surrounded by gladness? Do you remember that?

*Nordan.* Yes.

*Svava.* Well, then, it does so no longer. It comes, of course; but always in pain,—always.

And we should forgive that? Because the other girls forgive it? But then, have they loved, those other girls? Can you tell me that? For that which I have loved is gone, and I shall not give myself up to dreaming it back again. I shall find something else to do.

*Nordan.* Well, I see that you are embittered. You have got

your ideal thoroughly crushed ; and as long as the grief is upon you, it is no use.

Therefore only one thing, only one little thing. But you must promise that.

*Svava.* If I can.

*Nordan.* You can. There are things to be considered. Ask for time.

*Svava.* Oh, mother has written that to you.

*Nordan.* Supposing she has? Your mother knows how much is at stake.

*Svava.* How much is at stake! You speak so mystically, as if we stood on unsafe ground. Do we really? Father talks of leaving the country. Why?

*Nordan.* Then he probably regards it as a necessity.

*Svava.* Father? Economic considerations?

*Nordan.* No; far from it. No; but people will gossip terribly about this; for it is certainly a very defiant course on your part.

*Svava.* Oh, I think we can stand their criticism. Father has some strange principles, you know; but his life, — you don't think anybody doubts that?

*Nordan.* Now let me tell you, my girl. Nobody can forbid people to talk. Be careful!

*Svava.* What do you mean?

*Nordan.* I mean that you shall go out in the park and collect yourself a little before the Christensens come. Try to be calm; then come in calmly, and ask for time to consider. That is all. They will grant you that; for they will have to. Nothing has happened, and all roads are open. Now do that.

*Svava.* I have considered; and none of you will ever persuade me to change.

*Nordan.* W—well, it is only a form, then.

*Svava.* H'm? You mean something more by that?

*Nordan.* Oh, how headstrong you are! Now, can't you do that, — say for your mother's sake? Your mother is such a good woman.



*Svava.* What will they think when I come in and say, "Will you give me time to consider?" No, I cannot do it.

*Nordan.* What will you say, then?

*Svava.* I would rather say nothing; but if I absolutely must—

*Nordan.* Of course you must.

*Svava.* I will go out and think about it. [*Leaves.*] But it will not be what you want.

*Nordan.* [*Who remains standing where she left him.*] It must be that.

*Svava.* [*Stopping at the rear door.*] You said, "Your mother is a good woman." It was almost as if you emphasized "mother."

*Nordan.* Well, what then?

*Svava.* Is not father, then?

*Nordan.* Your father a good woman?

*Svava.* Why do you turn it off that way?

*Nordan.* The deuce! Because it is too serious.

*Svava.* Is father not faithful?

*Nordan.* Hush!

*Svava.* Father? Should father too—do people say so? [*As NORDAN does not answer or move.*] Shameful! Impossible! I say it is impossible!

[*Goes out quickly.*]

(To be continued.)

*Translated by Thyge Sógård.*

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## SHAKESPEARE AND RHYTHM.

THE universe might be set to music; for music is rhythm, and rhythm is orderly motion, and orderly motion seems to be the universal principle of Nature. We are indebted to modern science for the complete way in which it has reduced all phenomena which we call physical nature to a series of motions. According to Herbert Spencer, it would seem that everything moves to measure. "The spiral distribution of the remote nebulae hints at rhythmic motion; the variable stars brighten and pale at rhythmic inter-

vals; planet, satellite, comet, revolve and return in proportionate periods; the seasons, the sun-spots, come and go orderly; the great tides in the sea, the great trade-winds in the air, flow by rhythmic rule; the lungs of man, the heart of the beast, play to and fro with rhythmic systole and diastole, and so, 'the father of metre is rhythm, and the father of rhythm is God.'"

Shakespeare thought in rhythm, seldom in rhyme. His practice of his technique was in the supreme confidence that all minds had the common rhythmic conceptions; and reliance upon this is the secret of that infinitely varied rhythm which we find flowing through all his later plays.

If we could imagine perfect poetry, it would probably be faultless in rhythm; but this is not to say that the words would roll off in flawless jingle, as sailors pay out cable from a well-oiled capstan; for we remember that there is a poetry of thought as of sound, and that the rhythm might sometimes be broken and jagged, and for that very reason strike the ear all the more agreeably. We know that this law of harmony and discord is as wide as the universe and as high as thought. Inanimate Nature is under the spell of this wand, and speaks to us in discordant melody. The wind is cadent whenever it touches objects which arrest its motion, giving to it that witchery of sound which whispers in the softest melody and then swells to that majestic diapason, seeking to soothe by its low sob of sympathy. Weber has told us in his poetical way that on a stormy morning in town he heard the wind sing this melody over the roof of the house: "The melody started in A natural and flowed on to G, and back again, and then swelling to F and falling in a most inimitable decrescendo, and then in many and broken intervals rising and falling in moans and discords, and with the abating wind returned to harmony."

We are aware that no human genius's fingers touched the weird harp but old Eolus himself with —

"Such a soft floating witchery of sound  
As twilight elfins make, when they at eve  
Voyage on gentle gales from fairy-land."

Such sounds they were which tempted the poet thus to sing to us : —

“ Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere,  
Methinks, it should have been impossible  
Not to love all things in a world so filled ;  
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute, still air  
Is music slumbering on her instrument.”

The language of the lower animals is rhythmical. We are told that the cow says *Moo*, rising from fifth an octave and tenth. The horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale. Nature's choristers ! We have but a faulty scale with which to measure the beauty of their melody ; the woods are resonant with the seductive music of these birds. In the weird poem of 'Christabel' we hear the toothless mastiff baying in unison with the castle bell.

As we reluctantly turn from this most fascinating study of music or rhythm in lower Nature, one equally attractive presents itself, — and that is music in speech. Sydney Lanier, in his exhaustive book on versification, says that we speak a compass of one and one half to two octaves, varying the tone by the impulses of thought or feeling ; many persons, he goes on to say, are sceptical on being told that ordinary talk is a series of tunes, and that the greater part of expression is carried on by means of melodies rather than words. An example in 'All's Well that Ends Well' shows the happy way in which the tunes of speech are used by the clown.

The clown contends that the different meanings of the words, " O Lord Sir," will be of incalculable service at court ; for it will fit every occasion, providing the right tone is given each time :

*Clown.* But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men. . . . Here it is, and all that belongs to it. . . . Ask me if I am a courtier.

*Countess.* I pray you, sir, are you a courtier ?

*Clown.* O Lord Sir ! there 's a simple putting off. More, more ; a hundred of them.

*Countess.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

*Clown.* O Lord Sir ! Thick, thick, spare not me !

*Countess.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clown.* O Lord Sir ! Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

*Countess.* You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

*Clown.* O Lord Sir ! spare not me.

The first, says Lanier, "in a tone which means, Of course I am ; the second, Oh, another suitor; the third, I'll condescend to try ; the fourth, And soundly, too."

We know that the speech-tune is in its infancy, and no one can prophesy what the powers of the ear may be brought to ; the progress so far of the cultivation of the ear of the whole civilized race of men is marvellous. Chords which even the best musicians could but tolerate have come to be universally recognized as musically beautiful. Let us withhold, then, such learned criticisms of the great bard as suggest "slovenly carelessness" in his lines, and rather wait until our uncultivated ear shall have become enriched by the capacity to co-ordinate the speech-tunes to his verse, and thus be able to perceive that something which in its subtle beauty of tone shall seem to us as though we were "reading some language out of a finer and brighter star than our own."

All manner of tests are proposed for determining that Shakespeare did or did not write certain plays, and also for determining not only the age of each play, but the age of Shakespeare at the time they were written. If Shakespeare is at all sensitive at the present time, it is most ungrateful of us who love him to be anxious to unearth a weakness which is conceded to be universal, and thus reveal what we imagine he strove to conceal.

The verse-test, the speech-ending test, the split-line test, are theories which certainly are ingenious, and will be highly valuable as showing the clever inventive mind of the nineteenth century. Why not try the character-test ? The subtle complexities of passion, of petulance, of satire, of humor, are expressed less by words and more by this character-tone, or speech-tone. The few thousand words of our English vocabulary, rich as that is, are not adequate to express the manifold workings of the heart ; we must have that intonation which gives the subtle shades of meaning which words cannot always convey. If 'Love's Labour's Lost' is claimed as an early written play because of the alleged imperfect rhythm, while 'Lear' is asserted to have been composed later for the reverse reason, let us apply the character-test, and assert that the very genius which gave 'Lear' its matchless form was equally dis-

played in giving to 'Love's Labour's Lost' its less finished construction. Who would expect a drunken clown to express himself like one who is "every inch a king," even though bereft of reason or a gross *roué* to use the language of even the bastard son of one of England's dukedoms? Dementia may produce incoherency of thought and even inconsequence of language, but the swing of the structure will remain. It is said that Shakespeare may be always scanned. Doubtless. But it is poor praise to tell me the eagle can walk; he can do more, — he can fly.

Undoubtedly the dramas of Shakespeare can be subjected to the cast-iron rule which will bring them within metrical requirements and this is well when the strain is not too great; but certainly they do not possess equally the perfect harmony of motion which is the principal element in the poetry of form. Or suppose we select one of the most perfect stanzas in lyric poetry beside a dramatic line; no one surely with a sense for music would think of comparing the rhythmic quality in this passage which admits of being perfectly scanned, "Come, go we to the king, our power is ready with this from Tennyson, "The splendor falls on castle walls."

We may have both thought and form in a poem; it is the perfection of poetry when we do. Shakespeare often has both. It is possible to have both, and both perfect. There is no doubt as to which the great bard will sacrifice if he can have but one.

We know that poetry in its form is better-adjusted prose; but if it is more than form, it is the vehicle of expression of the loftiest thought. The thing imagined is more than the form which bodily it forth. No one imagines that the grandeur of Lear, the beauty of Juliet, the subtlety of Hamlet, the despair of Macbeth, complete as they are, are all the master-mind saw. His conception is superior to his expression (the speech-tune here is called in to help) and the "unwritten tragedies of the mind surpass the written tragedies of the pen." Tennyson puts this clearly when he says:

"Thought leapt out to wed with thought  
Ere thought could wed itself to speech."

No mould into which thought can be cast is perfect. Sometimes the vocabulary is at fault; the rhyme is not always adjusted

to the sense. To produce the rhyme, violence must sometimes be done to the ordinary usage or to the best thought. We would in reading Shakespeare give as much rhythmic movement as can be done without violence to modern speech, but do it naturally, to put the stress on the thought and pass on, remembering to beware of rhyme without reason.

For such an artist as Shakespeare there is no law. His law is his reliance upon, and appreciation of, character. The plain humanities of life are thrust forward, and the motley masquerade of tricks and enigmas in verse are made subordinate; and we say of him, as has been said of Wordsworth:—

“Nature herself seems to take the pen out of his hand and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power.”

*Emma Pratt Mott,*

*President of Dubuque Shakespeare Club.*

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#### THE COMRADESHIP OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

In this, as in many of his plays, Shakespeare persistently ignores all responsibility of moral questions. He has left us unfettered by any direct suggestions to judge of the actions of Antony and Cleopatra. We can see and condemn, with the clear vision arising from intervening ages of fine moral adjustment, or through the more obscure light of the past look for palliations of their deeds in Roman and Egyptian practices. As for myself, once started upon the theme of love and enchantment, I have found no time for critical consideration of the moral aspect of life so foreign in its environment to any experience of our own. So incessantly have the changes of this subject—the alluring wiles of woman—been dwelt upon, so inseparably connected is this feminine trait with the history of humanity, that even in this prosaic, practical age we cannot picture a pleasurable world destitute of her individuality. In all chronicles of days gone by, or dreams of possible sway, in real life or ideal, we shall find no stronger, fuller illustration of entire and per-

fect enthrallment under woman's charm than in the case of Mark Antony. We need only think of the wide gap between our knowledge of Cleopatra's power over Cæsar and then the striking portrayal of that over Antony, to realize once again, and more strongly than ever, the vivifying force of Shakespeare's characterization. We had almost forgotten that Cleopatra had been in Rome, or had dreamed, with reason, of being queen there; but there is not a single phase of her seductive thralls over Antony that we could not verify as though we had seen the fair sorceress weaving her toils about her victim. Was it through a general weakness of character that he lost honor and manhood under Egyptian skies? Could there have been a shadow of excuse for his infatuation in the bewildering spells of the charmer? Was this mad passion of a man whose life up to its prime had been full of trivial attachments now constant under the sneers and ridicule of the world? Was this emotion without one spark of the divine sentiment of love? Clearly it was not the spontaneous affection of youth and innocence, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, nor the purer, higher type of *Desdemona* and *Othello*, but nevertheless a vital, irresistible fervor of passion, which knew no lessening to the end of life. In Mark Antony we have represented a class whose influence for evil is far greater than that of the hardened villain. The good and brilliant qualities are so intermingled with weakness—balancing largely on the latter side—that we are constantly expecting him to retrieve himself. We are convinced that there are dormant qualities for the great and good only waiting to be awakened; and as continuously we find ourselves mistaken.

His fine personal appearance, his well-known eloquence, his generalship, prepossess in his favor. His unbounded liberality to his soldiers, his free and easy manners in camp, his devotion to friends, his unsuspecting nature that does not discriminate in his choice of them, attest his popularity, and make of him the large-hearted, whole-souled man. Alas, that this term should so often be synonymous with the weak, unbalanced one! Beyond these, his frank, dignified avowals to Cæsar that he had neglected rather than refused to perform his duties, because poisoned hours had

bound him up from his own knowledge : his qualms of conscience over the influence of his actions, — “ O, my fortunes have corrupted honest men ;” his candid statement to Octavia that he had not kept his square, but that “ shall all be done by rule,” — all these testify to the outspoken, fearless nature, to the man of good intentions, who bravely meets the consequences of rash acts ; while, on the other side, the readiness with which he responds to every call for pleasure, succumbs to each form of Cleopatra’s fascination, shows the fatal lack of any sense of responsibility, the overpowering weakness in which these higher promptings are all engulfed. A noble chord was struck now and then in his life under the touch of loftier natures, but it was too weak a tone to sound above Cleopatra’s low, melodious voice. Antony’s few elements of greatness came to the surface only under the spur of inevitable necessity.

Cæsar speaks in the strongest language of his patience, valor, and fortitude in the midst of the greatest physical suffering, while on the Modena campaign. Pompey claims for him in his early career a higher place as general than that of Lepidus or even Cæsar. Enobarbus, after his display of pusillanimous cowardice, so loved him that he was touched unto death by his remorse for deserting him.

Now, shall we find in the witching wiles of the enchantress this shadow of an excuse that we are looking for? Has Shakespeare disclosed the secret charm this one woman so pre-eminently possessed to win and hold the hearts of men, — that power which he has used to make her the embodiment of all that is witching and seductive in woman?

Was it her superior ability as ruler of Egypt ; or the fluency with which she conversed alike with Hebrews, Troglodites, Arabs, Syrians, Medes, and Parthians? Was it her subtile wit, her fascinating manner? Was she more beautiful than all other women? No; not one nor all of these could so have enslaved a Cæsar or an Antony as did this “ serpent of old Nile.” It was a trait, a faculty (call it what we may), most infrequently practised by woman, and then only by those of distinct individuality, — of being a real companion to man. It is Henri Browne who says, “ Companionship is



the severest test of homogeneousness, of mental complement, of sympathy." It denotes alliance, association, comradeship, a permanent condition, into which mere sexuality does not necessarily enter. The women who are real companions to men are not shocked by conventionalities or dread of echoes. The high-minded Octavia could not have lowered herself to midnight brawls, to hunting sports, or gaming revels. Such a life would have outraged her every instinct. For Cleopatra it was but the indulgence of a natural taste inherited from a race of voluptuaries. She gave herself up to the delights of this companionship, which was as entrancing to her as to Antony, from their second meeting on the river Cydnus. With a woman's quick tact she knew when to change the intoxications of pleasure for higher thought. It was not the power of her stronger nature and keener judgment to let revelries so pre-occupy his senses that he should be satiated.

Her intellect controlled equally with personal charm. She was a comrade in high places as well as low. Is it strange, then, that with an accorded right to one third of the Roman world, with the vast treasure at their command, the prestige of past prowess in the field still around Antony, they should give unlimited license to every fancy, call upon gods and goddesses with familiar voice, and forget that they themselves were mortal? Surely there is a path in the history of those who are the greatest wrecks of all that leave behind them, who, while conquering worlds, fail to master self. It is not found in that of the keen, cold, calculating nature that controls ignoble motives till success is won; nor is it in the weak and commonplace, who receive retributive justice, but in lives like Antony's which impress us, amid all their daring excesses, with the possibilities of a finer, nobler manhood. His dismay and consternation when he realizes that he has thrown all away, are lost in a vortex of despair. Harsh is the judgment that would not feel sadness over his words:—

"Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;  
It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither:  
I am so lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way forever."

Again are we touched by his eloquence in the scene with Cleopatra ; while the faint suspicion that her flight was treasonable to Antony dies away when we remember that she was a woman, with a woman's fear, whose weak sympathy was lost in the ruler's selfishness.

Mad Antony that he was, when one tear from her eyes rates all that he had won or lost, when a few soft words in the charmer's voice smothered the only real indignation Antony displays, and that aroused through jealousy alone. Her love for him was exhibited with the capriciousness of an undisciplined mind, of one unrestricted in the gratification of every whim ; but that it was intense and true we cannot doubt. The anguish and jealousies she suffers in Antony's first absence, the subtle arts she employs to keep him at her side, her sharp analysis of Octavia's personal attractions, — all show a heart tortured by jealous love. There is no false note in her touching lamentation over his body. Cæsar's hungering ambition to carry her in his triumphal march tested thoroughly her fidelity toward the lover to whom she was true in his ruin. Her coquetries, pleasantries, even her prevarications with Cæsar, under the subtle potency of her personality, were but the contradictions and inconsistencies of an unprincipled, womanly nature. They made the variations of character, captivating and limitless in number, which gave birth to the words of Enobarbus, —

“ Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety,” —

as well as to Cæsar's echo of the same sentiment when gazing upon her in death :—

“ She looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.”

*S. E. Peart,*  
*President of Woodland Shakespeare Club.*

## NEW SHAKESPEARIAN BOOKS.

MR. FLEAY'S 'History of the Drama' \* ranges the plays that sprang into being during the fertile period from 1576, when the theatres were opened, until 1642, when Puritanism and the Civil War closed them, in the order of their production, — not merely by their dates of publication. For the first time, therefore, we are provided with a fundamental ground for the study of the English drama; and in so far as this basis can be laid firm, a thousand shifty meshes of contending antiquarian guess-work that hid the plays themselves from sight may be swept aside to leave the material itself open to intelligent literary criticism.

The almost innumerable playwrights who spent themselves to rear a little higher that mass of human coral called the English Drama, are known and numbered in these volumes. From "Adamson, Patrick," who wrote in Latin, to one Zouch of Oxford, who closes the alphabetical roll-call, and so on, even unto the uttermost end of the anonymities and translators, here are they all set down, and their works do follow them, together with such biographical minutiae, "and such only," says their chronicler, "as bear upon the history of the drama itself." The theatres at which these works were first produced; the companies which played them; above all, the relations they bore to other plays and to general dramatic history, — are added matters involving many curious circumstances and throwing many a light upon questions that have long vexed the inquiries of students.

Among the questions on which Mr. Fleay's labors have thrown new light, none is more interesting than the Shakespeare Sonnet mystery. And if I may be forgiven for acting Jack Horner's immortal rôle and putting in my thumb to pull out one of the most enticing of Mr. Fleay's plums, I will do even thus, crying, however, in all homage, What a great and admirable boy is Mr. Fleay!

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\* A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama, by Frederick Gard Fleay, M. A. Vols. I. and II., pp. 387, 405. London: Reeves & Turner. 1891.

I borrow, condensing somewhat, from the 'Excursus on Shakespeare's Sonnets' which the author takes under Shakespeare's place in the alphabetical list, as follows:—

No impartial reader can doubt that these Sonnets consist of two series, separated by the 'Envoy' of twelve heroic lines, called Sonnet 126: 1-125, addressed to a youth; 127-154, to a woman. That the youth was Lord Southampton is beyond doubt. The "lord of my love" (26) to whom Shakespeare sends his "written embassy" as a vassal "to witness duty," whom (78) he has invoked as a muse, the only "one" (76, 105) to whom his songs have been addressed, is the lord to whom "love without end" was dedicated with 'The Rape of Lucrece.' Every sentiment and almost every word in that dedication is repeated in Sonnets 26, 84, 108, 75, 117, 16. Two translations—Saint Augustine's 'City of God' (1610) and Hall's 'Mundus Alter,' or, as it was entitled, 'The Discovery of a New World' (1609), both of which were dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke with all his titles displayed, and both of which were signed by T. Thorpe, the "well-wisher" of the Sonnets—suffice to show that "Mr. W. H." could not stand for Lord William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Knight of the Honorable Order, &c.

The "begetter," about whom such a pothe has been raised, Mr. Fleay takes to mean, not the addressee, but the dedicatee at whose expense the Sonnets were produced to the public.

"Mr. W. H." must be sought for, not among Shakespeare's relations, for he had certainly nothing to do with the publication, nor among Thorpe's literary connections, but among Southampton's friends. He must be one likely to get at the MS. to publish it, of course with Southampton's consent; to accept the dedication; and yet to demand that his *incognito* be preserved. Such a person was Mr. William Hervey, afterwards, 1619, an Irish baronet, but in 1609 the widower of Southampton's mother. Southampton, it may be supposed, unwilling that the Sonnets be lost to posterity, unwilling to publish them himself on account of the black lady episode, induced his stepfather to issue them without mention of him, whence came the insertion, perhaps, of the word "only" in the "only begetter." "W. H.," so long a riddle to us, was in all appearance equally so to his contemporaries, otherwise allusions to him would have been discovered.

After 1594, May 9, the date of publication of the 'Lucrece' dedication so often paralleled in them, must the Sonnets have been

written; but the earliest internal reference of definite date is in Sonnet 14, where the conjunction "of plagues, of dearths, of season's quality" seems to point to the plagues of 1592 and 1593, succeeded by the dearths of 1594, '95, '96, and the irregularity of the seasons in '95 and '96, alluded to more fully in 'A Midsumme Night's Dream,' ii. 1, 87 *seq.* Sonnet 14, then, may date 1595, but '96 seems more likely. In 21, Spenser's 'Amoretti' of 1594 are certainly intended (*cf.* especially Amoretti 9, 15, 84), and this also would imply a date of 1595 at earliest. The latest definite internal date being 107, — in which the moon's eclipse (fears for the Spanish invasion and the safety of the queen and kingdom) has passed and "peace proclaims olives of endless age," and which fits the peace of Vervins, April, 1598, — it follows that most of the Sonnets were written before Meres's notice of them in 'Palladis Tamia,' September, 1598.

All Mr. Fleay's elucidation is most interesting; and since this valuable scholar's treasury is not permitted to enter this country without a tax of \$1.25 duty in addition to price and transportation costs, and is not, therefore, likely to be known very far and wide among our "infant industries" in scholarship, which are thus wisely protected against its baneful help, I am tempted to cite further the ingenious hypotheses adduced to account for the "alien pen" of him whose verse had the "proud sail," and who was "taught by spirits."

"Gervase Markham's 'Thyrsis and Daphne,' not extant, published five days after 'Venus and Adonis,' was no doubt written in rivalry thereof; and his 'Sir R. Grenville,' 1595, contains explanations of most of the allusions to Southampton's 'eyes, virtue,' etc. Markham was 'learned,' had 'proud sail' with a vengeance, and his poem was dictated by the 'spirit' of Grenville; and in his 'Fair Maid of the Exchange' and 'The Dumb Knight' he ridicules 'Venus and Adonis' in almost identical words, and his satire of Shakespeare indicates that he was, if not the second poet, at any rate one of the alien pens."

Drayton is the hero of another hypothesis of Mr. Fleay's, and his paralleling of the Sonnets with the 'Idea' Sonnets is the climax of interest in his consideration of the alluring Sonnet mystery. The commentary Drayton's twentieth sonnet provides upon Shakespeare's one hundred and forty-fourth, "Two loves I have," etc.

takes some of the strong "autobiographical" flavor out of this beloved haunt of the Tyler-Furnivall theorists. But Mr. Fleay only points out, here and elsewhere in his book, Drayton's connections with Shakespeare's work, and would find him suit the description of "a better pen," etc., more closely than either Markham or Harvey, supposing his suppressed sonnet to L. S. to have been addressed to Lord Southampton, and making it clear that Shakespeare had good reason for taking the 'Idea' Sonnets as a model for his.

It is to be hoped, since this country has a grudge against private students, and does not like them to get a valuable book like this without considerable inconvenience, that at least the libraries of this country may see to it that they use their importing prerogatives in favor of Mr. Fleay's unique researches.

CUSTOM does not wither the infinite variety of the 'Furness Variorum Shakespeare.'\* Each new volume brings afresh the immortal charm of the old play, and companioning it come throngs of suggestions, sometimes happy, sometimes unintentionally funny, but always fitly redolent of those "humours of men" the great magician loved to mark daily.

It is perhaps an essentially un-Shakespearian and intolerant mind that cannot bear comment upon the plays or other great works of genius. That they call up oceans of comment is a sign of their power; they live among men by that function. He who is distressed by the views of others is simply inordinately in love with his own eyesight. With that Shakespearian temper which it is Dr. Furness's glory to have nurtured to ripeness by dwelling all his scholarly life with the "gentle Will," one shall not enjoy his own peak of observation less if he know of other peaks whence the whole world is sky-gazing.

For a genial and judicious guide among these mounts of vantage-ground, commend me to the 'Variorum' editor; and not less for the sole enjoyment of my own peculiar outlook upon the en-

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\* A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. IX., 'The Tempest,' pp. i-xi, and 465. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1892.

chanted cloud-lands, let me read 'The Tempest' from the fair pages where the excellence of modern typography renders scrupulously the quaint manner of the text of 1623.

In his preface the editor makes a notable plea for Caliban. He finds a print of goodness in him, because his speech is rhythmical and poetic. But so is Iago's, and where shall we find lines more wondrously wrought than his —

" Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owedst yesterday."

So is Macbeth's, up to the last evil phase of him; and so are Regan's and Goneril's. It is Cordelia's "heart" that is "more ponderous than her tongue." Possibly Shakespeare meant as much as that there is "no art to find the mind's construction" in the speech; but possibly also, one may catch a glimpse here, behind the characters, of the poet's mind subdued to that quality of beauty in which it worked.

"Kindly Nature never wholly deserts her offspring, nor does Shakespeare," says Dr. Furness. Realistic in method beyond all other poets of his age and long since, it is still open to question if it was not his habit of art that put a verbal charm everywhere, rather than a working outward of the same conviction which inspires Whitman's gospel to the Gentiles, or the conviction of the modern artist-realist that —

" in the mud and scum of things  
There alway, alway, something sings."

However we may poise the evidence as to Shakespeare's share in the evolution of this new doctrine in art, at the least, the effects of his dramatic realism constitute a prophecy of that modern spirit of democracy in art which looks on all things and is not abashed.

After preface, text, and readings comes still a goodly half of this fruitful volume, — the appendix, covering criticisms, costume, music, and summaries of discussions on the state of the text, the date of composition, and the source of the plot. It has long been tantalizing to readers of 'The Tempest' that Ayler's 'Schöne

Sidea,' as a source or analogue of the play, was to be heard of everywhere and seen almost nowhere. Here now it is displayed in English. At most it has but a trait or two in common with 'The Tempest;' compared with that it is a satyr to Hyperion, and yet it is good to see it. There are those who feel sure, in the study of such sources, that they enter the workshop of Shakespeare himself, and handle after him his very tools. Others are impatient, as is Dr. Furness, of the assumption that this master was indebted to such clumsy appliances and such mechanical traditions. But what suggestion born of any human mind is too slight and poor to be of consequence to the artist? Yet though it behoove the student and critic of art to push the investigation for sources so far as he can, let him acknowledge that the heart of the mystery is in the original craftsmanship of the artist, and is not to be plucked out of his tools. P.

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### WHY ARE WE NOT A RACE OF POETS?

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF — — — AND \* \* \*.

DEAR — — — : With the coming in of the Shakespeare month there arose in my mind the perennial question as to the great American poet. "Why did poetry appear so brightly after the battles of Thermopylæ and Salamis and quite turn away her wings from those of Lexington and Bunker Hill?" Carlyle asks, being reminded of us, it seems, during his journey through the dreary waste in German literature under the reign of the Meistersingers. "Because the Greeks were a poetical people, and the Americans are not," is the unanswerably illogical answer.

But can we boast that our poetry has ever gleamed with more than a fitful glow through the century or so of its existence? A few bright and steady flames shed their lustre over a background of peaceful mediocrity. Such are those kindled by Emerson and Whitman, though even these, original as they are, appear rather as prophecies of the immense possibilities which may be fulfilled in the coming poetry of America than as representatives of it in its



full-orbed glory. With all the wide sympathies and deep sensibilities of a Shakespeare, they never soared to purely dramatic heights.

A terrible fear will sometimes cross my mind that we in our present phase of civilization are not destined to add any crowning work to the universal world of poetry.

We are too much like the noble Romans, who, though literary heirs of the golden-tongued Greeks, after praiseworthy imitative attempts, forgot finally the cunning of their fathers, until they sank their literature into the slough where entertainment of the multitude was alone aimed at. Like the Romans, too, we are in danger of confining our attention too entirely to the practical affairs of humanity; and, like them, we may be as a nation wiped off the face of the globe by an invasion of barbarians, — Chinese, mayhap, against whom we have shut our civilized doors, and the abiding literature of this country will then be born and written in pigeon-English. Picture to yourself some stern, pig-tailed Dante of the future toiling to create the literary language!

How should we have poets? Do we encourage them? Not at all; we would rather buy a magazine with an article in it by an ex-convict than buy a book of poems. The science of ethics is teaching us great sympathy and charity for all forms of scoundrelism, because, poor fellows, it is all the result of inheritance, and it is more by good luck than good management that we are not scoundrels ourselves. But for the poet we have no sympathy; we could not by any chance have been poets ourselves, and we regard them as impertinent criminals against the law of inheritance. His father and grandfather were not poets; how can he be one?

Under such discouraging circumstances a man literally cannot afford to be a poet. He must toil and moil all day for bread and butter, and is obliged to court his muse with jaded mind and weary body; no wonder his brain-born children fall short of the highest perfection.

At the same time our literary critics, who ought to insist on high standards, are mostly taking the old-fashioned school-girl stand that we must have "pretty books to read." "In this weary nineteenth century we must be amused," they say; our jaded appe-

tites must be pampered with sugar-plums. How have our appetites become jaded if not because in the wild search for the gratification of the pleasure of the moment we have considered all literature in relation to its sugar-plum quality? As literature sinks to the level where small intellects are to be amused, the rabid scientists in all their dismal variations of economists and ethicists flaunt their superiority. "They pass by and clap their hands, and hiss and wag their heads at the daughter of Zion." Poetry they regard as a namby-pamby occupation unbefitting the dignity of great minds. The question is even discussed as to whether the age of poetry is not forever past.

The poets, on the other hand, are not altogether blameless, for they sigh for the good old time when the public could be coerced into regarding the dawn as a rosy-fingered maiden. Is the dawn less beautiful because we now know something of its cause? Cannot the poets invent new raptures in honor of a beauty whose subtlest meaning knowledge alone has revealed?

Thickening clouds of economics and ethics are gathering over the land. Blow, blow, freshening wind of the imagination! seize these lowering clouds; pile them up in new and strange shapes of beauty, lest the flood burst over our heads, and we be drowned in a deluge of *moral* literature! Can it be that the Americans are too "honest" to be "poetical"? What say you, O solver of all problems? \* \* \*

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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— "God bless them, and may they be prospered wherever they go!" This our last greeting from Walt Whitman was sent to us from his lips by Mr. Traubel just before we left Philadelphia for Boston. Although we knew the end of the poet's physical life was near, we scarcely suspected how very close at hand it was, nor how deep a significance the solemnity of death would lend his words. His death comes to us as a reminder of his message and of all that his life will stand for to the world. Biographical de-

tails, even if they were very important, have been given in a thousand newspapers and need not be repeated here. The essential trait to be noted in POET-LORE is that original quality of his message which distinguishes him from all other of our poets and writers, and makes his work and style mark an epoch.

Democracy as a principle in sociology, as an application of the belief that all men have good in them, or that only through such a working hypothesis shall their progress be evolved, has received its first intentional expression in literature — the first conscious homage of poetry — through Walt Whitman. As the doctrine is opposed to selection, so, of necessity, were his poetic symbolism and diction opposed to exclusiveness. Inclusiveness was his point, for illimitable hope and love he stood, and for that his style stood also; although it was strange, it was fit, and had a music all its own. It is absurd to respect the burden of the message and to find fault with the style. Burden and style stand together. Here the style was not only the man, it was also the message.

Whitman's importance, then, in the evolution of poetry and spiritual thought is very great. Quite aside from any question as to whether his is the final or the best possible word on the subjects he first opened up, apart from further careful inquiry as to all the qualities of his work, it would be hard to over-estimate its significance, because it is great pioneer work wrought out with earnestness and potency.

— BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON'S prose play, 'A Glove,' has just been given at the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg. The performance, which, according to a Copenhagen daily paper, had been anticipated since the beginning of the season, was chiefly due to Tolstoi's well-known admiration for the play. According to the same correspondent the performance was repeated every night for two weeks, and caused the greatest commotion in St. Petersburg society.

*T. Sölgård.*

## SHAKESPEARE IN BOHEMIA.

THE latter half of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth is regarded as the golden age of Bohemian prose. This period also saw the first Bohemian dramas. But in 1620 Bohemia lost its freedom and political independence in the battle of the White Mountain, and the House of Austria began a systematical persecution of the people, and carried it on so successfully that almost for two hundred years there seemed to be no such thing as a Bohemian nationality. The French Revolution, however, which shook all European thrones, reminded other nations also of their rights, and its echo was heard in Bohemia. Accordingly, the long-oppressed nation slowly rose from its sleep of two centuries, and the dawn of the nineteenth century was the morning of modern Bohemian literature, which was naturally founded, in the main, upon foreign models. It was the genius of Shakespeare that inspired the best of the new Bohemian dramatists. Wellnigh impossible was it to dramatize the glorious deeds of their domestic forefathers, because that would mean to celebrate heroes who were enemies either to the dynasty or to the Established Church; and so the dramatists first undertook to translate foreign works, and among them those of Shakespeare. 'Romeo and Juliet' was the first to be translated. The tragedy was rendered into Bohemian by Mr. F. Doucha, and the translation published in 1847 by the *Matice Ceska*, an institution for encouraging Bohemian literature. The success of this first attempt was greater than was expected; and in 1854 the directors of the *Matice* determined to publish translations of all the thirty-seven Shakespearian dramas. Five authors were engaged in the work, — namely, J. Cejka, F. Doucha, J. J. Kolar, L. Celakovsky, and J. Maly, — and within three years thirty-two dramas were published. The translations of the remaining five, however, were delayed for political reasons and not finished until 1872. Besides this collective publication, many of the plays were reprinted separately in cheaper editions, to secure the greatest possible circulation for them; thus a copy of 'Macbeth,' for example, may be had for

eight cents, and the prices of other plays vary from eight to twenty cents. The translations of Shakespeare have been given the same rights in the libraries and the schools as the products of native classics; and 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' or 'Macbeth' are read in the "gymnasiums" as models of dramatic poetry. The general knowledge of Shakespeare's works has made many of the witty sayings of Hamlet and other heroes of the British poet proverbial. Shakespeare is recognized as the greatest of modern poets, as Homer was of the ancient singers, and some of his works may always be found in the repertoires of theatrical companies. Even the National Theatre of Prague, which is expected to foster the interests of domestic art almost exclusively, devotes on an average four evenings in a year to Shakespeare. The favorite plays are 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' and 'Coriolanus,' and it may be said that theatrical enthusiasts treat the "Shakespearean days" as holidays. The best interpreters of Shakespeare on the Bohemian stage have been thus far Messrs. Kolar and Slukov. And even on the stage of Bohemian amateurs in this country, a person may occasionally see 'Hamlet;' and a few months ago, one of the Bohemian clubs of Chicago came out with a spirited representation of 'The Merchant of Venice,' Dr. Jan Habenicht playing an excellent Shylock. The same club announces 'King Lear' for this season.

It is but natural, then, that the influence of Shakespeare should be felt in Bohemian dramatic literature. Of the authors who have imitated Shakespeare, V. Halek and J. J. Kolar are the most conspicuous examples. We do not think it a disgrace for an author if it be said of him that he imitates Shakespeare, for such a master is a good model; but the two authors mentioned seem to have gone a little too far, — one endeavoring even to imitate Shakespeare's puns, and the other undoubtedly following in this the custom of his master himself, borrowing, sometimes, whole sentences from him. But these are the extreme cases; on the whole, it may be said that the influence of Shakespeare has been a beneficial one, raising the standard of dramatic productions without destroying the individuality of the authors.

F. K.



## EXCERPTS FROM A SHEAF OF BROWNING LETTERS.

**T**WO years and more have gone by since, in the fulness of days, Robert Browning passed from among us. Some time ere this, however, the long years of contumely and of neglect may be said to have given place to at least tacit acquiescence of his power, if not of tardy fame; and there were manifest signs abroad that even the people were at length awakening to the fact that a great poet and teacher was living and working among them. From the beginning of Mr. Browning's career there were those who divined the splendor of his genius, and who foresaw what the result was like to prove. The years went by; the few became absorbed in the many; and at the time of his passing it was evident that a vast crowd was slowly yet surely gathering at the shrine of his genius. During the last two or three years his fame has been steadily increasing, as has also the sale of his books. At Toynbee and other centres in London, University Extension lecturers give long courses of lectures on his work, each course being followed by the official examination. At one of the provincial centres—the subject of

the course being modern English poets — the examiner in his report remarks that “evidently more attention had been paid to Browning than the other poets.” So time has brought its revenge; and he who some forty years ago was relegated to the obscurity which was flippantly said to be his due, is now acknowledged as chief among the singers of the Victorian era, and as one of the rightful kings of English literature.

In this connection it is curious to note now the eagerness with which letters of the Poet's that happen to come into the market are pounced upon. In the course of his long literary career Mr. Browning must have written many hundreds of letters; for, as a rule, he duly answered all correspondents. During the later years of his life, this must have become a terrible burden; for the increasing number of his more personal friends and acquaintances would alone entail an increasing amount of epistolary work. But we have ample evidence that he was the recipient of innumerable letters from strangers, who requested the enlightenment of their darkness in the matter of poem or stanza; and whose requests were, in the main, duly answered. Indeed, when one considers the bulk of his work during the last twenty-five years of his life, together with the numerous demands on his time which residence in London seemed to necessitate, this matter of general correspondence is simply appalling. Doubtless the greater portion of it would prove but of scant interest, though the numerous letters to his own friends are of more permanent value. I have now before me a large number of hitherto unpublished letters of the Poet's, gathered from various sources, some of which are of distinct bibliographical value. Here, for instance, is an extract from a letter to his then publisher, dated “Pisa, Feb. 24, '47”:

“As to what you recommend in the matter of a new edition, nothing can be more sensible: only, observe, — I use the words that people put into my mouth when they begin to advise me — they will have it that the form, the cheap way of publication, the double columns, etc., — that these do me harm; keep reviews from noticing what I write, retard the sale, and so on. For myself, I always liked the packed-up completeness and succinctness, and am not much disposed to care for the criticism that is refused because

my books are not thick as well as heavy. But the point which decided me to wish to get printed over again was — the real good I thought I could do to 'Paracelsus,' 'Pippa,' and some others : good not obtained by cutting them up and reconstructing them, but by affording just the proper revision they ought to have had before they were printed at all. This and no more, I fancy, is done for them ; but you know infinitely best what our policy is — 'our,' for if we keep together, there is no such a thing as your losing while I gain. When you speak of postponing this till my return to England, you may be thinking of a speedier return than is probable. I shall certainly stay another year, if not longer, in Italy. And by Christmas, Providence helping, my wife and I want to print a book as well as our betters, after what we think a new and good plan, — all which it would be premature to allude to at present. . . . After all, the account is not unfavourable — if all these 'Lurias' can sell, without a single notice except from the *Examiner*, things will mend some day, we may hope. I say nothing of my wife's poems and their sale, — she is, there, as in all else, as high above me as I would have her."

Here, again, is an excerpt which will be of interest to lovers of Shelley. In 1886 Mr. Thomas J. Wise published a facsimile of the first edition of Shelley's 'Adonais,' the original of which cost him no less a sum than £45 ! He forwarded a copy of the work to Mr. Browning, who in acknowledging its receipt said : —

"I am obliged to you for the 'Adonais,' — a wonderfully successful reproduction of a work I remember only too well : having myself possessed it long ago, and most foolishly given it to a thoroughly unworthy person, as he subsequently proved to be. It was a purchase, I think, of full three-and-sixpence, at Hunt's (Covent Garden), the original consignee of the Pisan edition."

Glancing at another letter in our sheaf, it would seem that a correspondent had adverted to a rumor which found its way into print some three or four years ago ; and the following extract will show how emphatic the poet was in his denial of any complicity in a phase of literary book-making which has of late years been somewhat overdone : —

"There is not a word of truth in the passage you have the kindness to send me : I never at any time had the least notion of writing my 'Reminiscences,' nor ever shall do so."



Mr. Browning would at times unburden himself to his friend on the injustice done him by the manner in which his works were generally reviewed; especially when, as was too often the case, the six-volume edition of 1868 was made the basis of such review, — his later work being either forgotten, or somewhat curtly dismissed. He would often, prior to the issue of the last collected edition, complain that when any good folks ordered his 'Works, the six-volume edition was all that could be supplied, the later poems being in separate volumes, and some of them out of print; and he always insisted not only that his later work was as important as his earlier, but that he had a distinct message to his generation therein. Here is the poet's opinion of a review of his works that appeared in *Scribner*, the letter bearing date, Jan. 11, 1875: —

"*Scribner* I have just glanced at, and may more carefully examine one day. The notice had (to my apprehension) the usual fault of beginning at the very beginning of my somewhat lengthy series of works, and criticising these on a scale which, presently, the writer finds it impossible to sustain — and so he finds it convenient to dismiss the product of half my life with a summary sentence or two; which, in the nature of things, must needs be a condemnatory one, for there is no calling a thing simply 'good' without advancing some proof of the goodness: whereas, if you call it indifferent or bad, readers will gladly dispense with a further sample. I myself have always liked to read a man's *collected works*, of any kind, *backwards*; and what I once thought a fancy I now incline to consider a rational procedure."

On turning about our sheaf, I note a letter which is evidently a reply to one who has sent his manuscript poems to Mr. Browning, requesting him to pass judgment thereon. No doubt many such requests reached the Poet; and we can easily believe that a kindly reply would generally be forwarded. In this case the writer was evidently a friend of the Poet's, — who possibly noted in the rhyme sent for perusal an earnestness of purpose that betokened the reverent spirit. Here is the advice received: —

"Your poems are full of the best spirit, and will be a pleasure to all who know you to read and remember. . . . Still I cannot

promise success will await you. On one or two similar occasions I have been pleased to express myself much as I felt in the matter — with the result that the author had to pay all the same! . . . Don't waste valuable time, but, taking things easily, try, like the man you are, what your success may be in the matter."

As I have said, many of these letters are of a purely personal interest; but even these are of real value as showing the affectionate nature of the man, and the kindly heart that throbbed in unison with the massive intellect. Here, for instance, is a brief reply to one who had offered congratulations on the advent of another natal day to the Poet; but how full it is, and how alive with feeling! —

MY DEAR FRIEND,— You must know, and well know, how much cause I have to value your long-continued sympathy: I thank you for your good wishes from the bottom of my heart, and in return — all I can do — wish you and your family every happiness possible. . . . Affectionately yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

One more extract from the letters composing our sheaf, and it may fitly be the last here given:—

"I looked through [the magazine] last evening; of course I came to your letter last of all. Never fear that I shall expect any notice of my works or myself that comes from you will be other than full of your customary good-nature and indulgence. . . . I have not forgotten one of the promises I made you. Your considerate goodness will understand the incessant calls on my time which lead me to put off what I would preferably do at once: if I live, you shall have what you flatter me by requiring. . . ."

*If I live!* This letter was dated August, 1889, — almost on the eve of his last sojourn in England. Had he, I wonder, any admonition that the end was nigh, as he made preparations for that last visit to Asolo and Venice. *If I live!* These words are charged with a pathos all their own, in the light of after events; and as we turn over this sheaf of letters, — the writing in some cases faint and faded, and in others seeming as though written but yesterday, — the living personality of the old Poet comes full into view: —

"We see him as he moved,  
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise."

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The poet was not lost in the man nor the man in the poet ; but he lived and moved, a human brother and friend, great in friendship as in genius ; a poet not for an age, but for all time.

*William G. Kingsland.*

LONDON, ENGLAND, April, 1892.

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## THE RELATION OF NATURE TO MAN IN BROWNING.

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**T**O speak adequately of the relation of Nature to Man in Browning would require a duodecimo volume at the very least. All that I mean to do is to make fragmentary references to certain salient features in Browning's philosophy of life, having regard especially to that ruling motive in the heart of man which serves as a *nexus* between himself and the external Nature whose power as an inspiration is ever secondary.

With the pantheist, we may think of Nature as a sum of things, of which man is a mere phase ; or, turning inward, we may easily persuade ourselves that this vast ritual of divinity is, after all, only worthy in so far as it is worthily apprehended.

Moreover, it depends much upon the point of view whether Nature is to be regarded as a beneficent mother or as an ever-opposing force. To Wordsworth she seems to open her maternal bosom that he may pillow his head thereon ; to many another (ay, to many a poet) she is rather the implacable power that inspires him with an awe born of fear,—the power that sears him with her lightnings and beats down his dwellings and engulfs his ships.

But there is a third point of view—and I believe it to be Browning's—which places Nature in the category of things beautiful, but not of the first inspirational importance. Browning's field is the living human heart, the perceiving human mind, to which external Nature is the handmaiden of desire, the starting-

point of intellectual aspiration. So far from being the goal toward which his spirit tends, she is secondary to man, and her lessons are only admirable in so far as they furnish analogies for the study of human character and the metaphysical development of human life and passion.

Nature is the working out of elemental laws, the unconscious medium of evolutionary movement. Man is the embodiment of the higher will which is measurably the master of destiny, and which may transcend physical laws in virtue of a purely spiritual ascendancy.

Mrs. Browning has said that while the landscape saddens beneath a frowning sky, man can be bright without the sun ; and herein Browning's philosophy is similar to that of his wife, who, though less rational, was sometimes of deeper insight than he.

In Nature, Browning finds beauty ; but not the spontaneous power of appreciation, through which alone beauty becomes a joy forever. As an abstract, isolated fact, the bloom upon a rose may be an avatar of beauty ; but an Eden filled with roses becomes cognizable as an abode of beauty only when the perceiving mind and the receptive human heart are permitted to enter it.

Without attempting to trench upon the idealistic speculations of Bishop Berkeley's philosophy, we may well question whether beauty exists at all until it is perceived ; for beauty is but truth made manifest : it cannot be made manifest save through a percipient medium ; hence, in the absence of such medium, beauty is but a principle *in posse*.

This is not a mere metaphysical digression, because it involves a theory lying at the base of Browning's philosophy, and is at once the cause of and the apology for his treatment of human passion as the profoundest study and the most vivid inspiration of the poet as an artist.

I am unable to sympathize with those commentators who profess to find in the onward rush and swirl of Browning's impassioned passages the symbolic utterances of one who seeks merely to teach a great moral lesson by analogy ; who claim that his portrayals of human emotion are typical of the spiritual forces

underlying the order of the universe. I believe no such thing. I believe that when Browning writes of love, he means love as we understand it in the every-day lives of men and women, and that he treats it as an end, not as a means to some other and better sentiment. I think, too, that he has clearly shown that he regards human passion as being in itself and of itself a spiritual force, — a thing whose origins are in the region of the soul's highest inspirations. It is indeed too much the fashion to regard passion as basic rather than basic. A very superficial analysis reveals the truth that love is the attraction of opposites; and whether we consider the opposition as being that of sex or that of condition, the principle remains the same. The most marked opposition, that of Creator and creature, evolves what we know as the love of God, in which, we are told, passeth all understanding. The opposition of condition of protector and protected — the state of parent and child — results in that maternal affection which, since the world began, has rendered the mother willing to die for her offspring. The opposition of sex engenders the love of man for woman; and as this last sentiment is the main factor in so large a part of Browning's poetry, I can see no reason why it should be evaded, or why Browning students should seek to show that there are always hidden meanings beneath his love-poems, or why, when he treats of this particular phase of a universal problem, a claim should be made that he refers analogically to another phase of the same problem.

The relation of Nature to Man in Browning is the relation which an inferior product bears to a superior product. A tree is the present embodiment of forces acting through countless evolutionary stages. So also is a man; but Browning believes that the man has been through many more stages, — that he is much farther advanced. Hence he finds in human life and feeling a higher inspiration than he finds in external Nature. This has not always been the point of view of the poets. I firmly believe that Wordsworth — and I say it with humble reverence for his supreme greatness — regarded a tree as several degrees better than a man. Wordsworth's ear caught sweeter messages from the wind lisping

through the leaves than Browning ever heard from the lips of woman: yet it does not follow that the cadences of the forest are a finer music than the whispered words of love. Had Browning possessed Wordsworth's divine gift, who shall say that his wholly different inspiration might not have shown itself to be also a *higher* inspiration?

In the work and thought of all poets the relation of inanimate Nature to Man as a living soul has been a factor of the first importance; but the result, as shown in the color imparted to the verse, has varied in accordance with the temperamental conditions of the poet himself. To such a writer as Walter Savage Landor, for instance, Nature makes an appeal which needs no reinforcement to render her supreme.

Such as he can say truly, —

"The violet's head  
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,  
And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup  
Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold."

Here Nature is celebrated as a goal to the seeker of beauty. Not so with poets who, like Browning, write from a subjective impulse and value Nature mainly as a symbolism, as artistic material awaiting the informing touch and transfusing fire of genius to make it vital. They, too, cherish the rose-bloom and the sea and all the glory of the "night of the large few stars." But they cherish them as symbols,—the rose-bloom is but the red upon the tremulous lips of love; the sea, but the imperious lover whose quick kisses woo the strand; the scintillant stars, only the archetype of a mistress's eyes.

These poets occupy a middle ground between the outdoor singers and the pre-Raphaelites who are fain to carry their human passion into paradise. Yet if we admit that man is the highest terrestrial development, how can we claim for external Nature so lofty a position as an inspiring force? If, again, we believe that the proper study of mankind is man,—as well for the poet as for the moralist,—how shall we escape the necessity of viewing man in the light of his foremost characteristics?

The master-motives in the poetry of humanity are love and death, — one, the goal of life; the other, the gateway to immortality. Accepting Browning's premises, we can hardly escape his deductions. As a literary artist he has made no mistake in using external Nature as the handmaiden of *human* nature.

Does he seem to rebuke the friend who, in the prologue to 'Asolando,' is made to say: —

"The Poet's age is sad: for why?  
In youth the natural world could show  
No common object but his eye  
At once involved with alien glow —  
His own soul's iris-bow.

"And now a flower is just a flower:  
Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man —  
Simply themselves, uncinct by dower  
Of dyes which, when life's day began,  
Round each in glory ran."

No; for though natural objects which once "seemed to stand Palpably fire-clothed" have now lost the lambent flame, yet 'tis the "purged ear" which "apprehends Earth's import, not the eye late dazed."

The Poet becomes wiser with the added years: perhaps he speaks less from impulse, but he still feels from impulse; he realizes more than ever that the reality of Nature becomes truth only after it has been fused in the fire of the imagination, and that imagination is the quality whereof metaphor is born.

If Browning sometimes breaks with conventions established by a strict ethical code, his ready defence is in that external Nature which scorns convention and which in its every movement follows the line of least resistance. If he, a lover of liberty, is frequently found in opposition to the trend of political thought and feeling in this vaunted age of liberty, he can point to the fact that Nature, to whom freedom is as the breath of life, is always unequal; that equality, with her, is not equity; that her law is a law of differences, not of likenesses; that her movement, like all evolutionary development, is toward the heterogeneous and complex, not toward the homogeneous and simple.

I make these observations — which are perhaps philosophical rather than literary — in illustration of what I said a few moments ago in regard to Browning's attitude toward Nature as the poet's point of departure rather than his goal, a storehouse of lessons which he will apply in his study of that higher and nobler existence, — human life. How forcefully he has applied them, those who read him in the receptive spirit well know.

More than once has he carved for us an —

“Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed.”

*Francis Howard Williams.*

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## A STUDY OF BROWNING'S 'IXION.'\*

**T**HE indomitable courage that will not bend its spirit, although its neck is under the yoke of the inevitable, has found frequent expression in literature. It is not at all strange that such a subject should have attracted the poet whose gospel is Progress through Conflict and whose canvas is crowded with heroic figures.

Prometheus and Ixion are the classic examples of this wonderful power of the spirit over untoward circumstances. The former finds a fitting expression in the 'Prometheus Bound' of Æschylus, and in modern days in the 'Prometheus Unbound' of Shelley and the famous poem of Goethe. The latter has its one adequate representation, I believe, in this poem of Browning. In the 'Furies' of Æschylus, Ixion is portrayed in one brief line as the type of a guilt-stricken mortal purified by divine grace; and we know that as a hero, as a demi-god, he was the subject of lost tragedies by Æschylus and Euripides.

There is a brilliant little sketch full of wit and playful satire upon English society called 'Ixion in Heaven,' written by the late

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\* Read before the Boston Browning Society, March 22, 1892.



Lord Beaconsfield. It may be that some of you who have vainly striven to admire the strident, tumultuous, Wagnerian measures of Browning may find pleasure in listening to the dulcet, Mendelssohnian melodies of Disraeli; and you who have suffered with Ixion in Erebos may be glad to wanton with him on Olumpos.

It would not be fair, I think, "to go behind the returns,"—to borrow a political phrase, — and ask after the moral worth of the man whose superb defiance of Olympian power resounds in Browning's tumultuous measures. A disagreeable surprise often awaits the too-curious inquirer into the family history of the portraits that adorn the hall. Let us admire the masterpieces of famous artists without verifying impressions by the study of memoirs and secret correspondence. Courage, fortitude, self-reliance, even pride, such qualities in themselves win our admiration; they show the strength of man's spirit. In a sense, therefore, it is immaterial what the moral character may be, provided the hero display the heroic qualities. Our interest is concentrated in the triumph of spirit over adverse fate. It is enough that the hero be valiant; let him say with the God-fearing Job, —

"I will say unto God, Do not condemn me;  
Shew me wherefore thou contendest with me.  
Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest oppress,  
That thou shouldest despise the work of thy hands?"

Or let him repeat with the fallen archangel, —

"What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost: the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield.  
And what is else not to be overcome;  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me."

We can abstract for the time our thought from the action and quite irrespective of its moral value rejoice in the splendid showing of will-power. "To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering." The artistic worth of the poem is quite apart from any moral considerations of Ixion's abuse of "Spanish hospitality," or of his Thessalian career as a stealer of horses and murderer of men. It

is not the Ixion of Greek mythology, it is the hero of Browning's poem, we would know.

In studying 'Ixion,' I have had in mind a great companion-picture by Goethe. There are many points of comparison in the 'Ixion' of Browning and the 'Prometheus' of Goethe. Each is a classic subject, each breathes the spirit of deathless defiance, and each suggests the philosophy and religion of the modern world. But a fixed gulf separates the art of the two poets. The German is Greek in his stern repression of the scenic element; there is no pictured horror, there is no appeal to the senses, but instead, a lofty, sustained tone of spiritual power, the noble scorn of a slave who has learned his moral superiority over the master who has punished him. The Englishman has given to his poem all the scenic display that characterizes the modern stage; we hear the whir of the wheel in the broken metre of verse, —

"High in the dome, suspended, of Hell, sad triumph, behold us!  
Here the revenge of a God, there the amends of a Man;"

and we see the steaming flesh in the "Tears, sweat, blood,"— each spasm, ghastly once, glorified now. Goethe's poem is simple, clear, and musical. There is not the slightest doubt of the poet's meaning in verse, stanza or poem.

"I know nought more pitiful  
Under the sun than you, Gods!  
Ye nourish scantily  
With altar taxes  
And with cold lip-service,  
This your majesty;  
Would perish, were not  
Children and beggars  
Credulous fools.

"I honor thee! For what?  
Hast thou the miseries lightened  
Of the down-trodden?  
Hast thou the tears ever banished  
From the afflicted?  
Have I not to manhood been moulded  
By omnipotent Time,  
And by Fate everlasting, —  
My lords and thine?"

“ Here sit I, fashion men  
 In mine own image, —  
 A race to be like me,  
 To weep and to suffer,  
 To be happy and enjoy themselves,  
 All careless of thee too  
 As I !” \*

Compare this with the fierce declamation of Ixion, —

“ Man henceforth and forever, who lent from the glow of his nature  
 Warmth to the cold, with light coloured the black and the blank.  
 So did a man conceive of your passion, you passion-protesters !  
 So did he trust, so love — being the truth of your lie !  
 You to aspire to be Man ! Man made you, who vainly would ape him :  
 You are the hollowness, he — filling you, falsifies void.”

Here we have the defiance of a bold spirit, but what different treatment ! Goethe depends for his effect upon the thought alone, expressed as it is in the plainest of speech.

Prometheus makes his own humanity the test of divinity, and finding Zeus wanting, rejects him in scorn as a mere creature like himself of the real lords of the universe, — omnipotent Time and everlasting Fate. We are thrilled by the bare thought, — the grandeur of this moral demand upon divinity, —

“ Hast thou the miseries lightened  
 Of the down-trodden ?  
 Hast thou the tears ever banished  
 From the afflicted ?”

It is the final test we make of our gods, be they of power or wisdom or beauty.

“ For the loving worm within its clod  
 Were diviner than a loveless god  
 Amid his worlds.”

Browning has taken the same thought, has expanded it, piled words upon words, abandoned melody in his attempt to get strength of utterance and — rants. It is the same thought ; but is the unmusical, forced, and exaggerated defiance of Ixion really greater, more impressive, does it thrill one with its lofty thought more than the restrained, severe, and eloquent demand of Prometheus ? I fear the poet is playing to the galleries. He purchases

\* I have made use of Mr. John Dwight's translation.

force at the expense of strength. It is not eloquence, it is exaggeration. We do not feel the reserve-power of a great spirit in such wild utterances verging toward incoherent plaints and inarticulate cries. Rather do we feel the rage, the blind fury, the madness of one who has lost self-control, who foams at the mouth and falls speechless from sheer exhaustion. This impression is confirmed when we begin those lines, "Baffled forever, yet never so baffled, but e'en in the baffling," etc., and try to carry the *'ait-motiv* in mind amid the rub-adub-dub of drums and clang of brasses in this wild rush of the Valkyries. One is reminded of the English scholar who wrote to his German friend in acknowledgment of his new book: "I have enjoyed the work very much, and suppose I shall find the verb in the second volume." I doubt the possibility of giving an intelligible reading of that sentence, with its involved thought, its numberless parentheses, its philosophical vocabulary, to one who had not read it again and again and again for himself. The verb is in the second volume. Ixion would say: I have sinned and suffered, but am not cast down; for above your tyranny, far, far, beyond, is a Purity all unobstructed; past Zeus I go to the Potency o'er him. This is the thought of Prometheus, —

"Have I not to manhood been moulded  
By omnipotent Time,  
And by Fate everlasting, —  
My lords and thine?"

The German poet gives us a great thought; the English poet gives us an exercise in grammar. It is such performances as this that lead to a deep-seated distrust of our poet. I do not refer to the masses who love the simple songs of Burns and Longfellow and the pretty tales of Tennyson, but to scholarly men, classical students, men of science, men of philosophical mind, who companion with Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante, and Tennyson, but hold aloof from Browning. It is a little hard not to feel that our poet is said in angry mood: "You call me obscure; I will show you what real obscurity is. 'The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.'" "

Certainly Browning can be clear and musical. He has given us passages, and poems too, of wonderful lyric beauty; but then he has given us 'Ixion,' lacking in poetic form, and possessing the perennial interest of the enigmatic Sphinx. As far as form is concerned, 'Ixion' is to 'Prometheus' as the swollen, bombastic declamation of Marlowe and the Elizabethan dramatists is to the carefully restrained, measured verse of the Greek tragedians. Ixion is an angry Englishman who vents himself in guttural and unmelodious prose; he has spent a term at Oxford, and throws at his opponent the expletives of a philosophical jargon he has not yet assimilated. Prometheus is a Greek who must express himself in melodious speech, and whose scorn has the sting of intellectual superiority. As a poem, — on the artistic side certainly, — 'Ixion' is a failure. It lacks the qualities that have always been associated with verse, — the clearness of thought, the melody of expression, the appeal to sentiment. 'Ixion' is not emotional; it is didactic. That we feel is the real fault. The poet has been so intent on instruction that he has disregarded literary expression. Ixion is a great hulking creature, — some Titan of strength and will that is trying to conceal himself in the diaphanous drapery of the Muses, but at whose approach the Graces flee away with startled cries.

In seeking the esoteric doctrine of this poem, I am reminded of the Hindoo saying of the great God Brahm, — "If we think we understand him, we do not understand him; if we do not think we understand him, we understand him." The poem lends itself easily to allegory; in fact, it is difficult not to believe that the story of Ixion is merely the plastic material that is to body forth the poet's idea, for otherwise the story lands us in a hopeless contradiction. Ixion declares he is suffering eternal torment inflicted by Zeus upon him for mere acts of folly (delusions of the senses), and therefore he proclaims Zeus only a make-believe god, — the creature of a higher power. To admit the pain and at the same time deny the power that inflicts it, — that is an embarrassing situation. In such a dilemma we need the assistance of the mind-cure. It may be that in 'Ixion' we should read simply the lesson of struggle, suffering, and triumph. An analogy should not

be pressed too far. The story requires many incidental touches that cannot easily be explained by the hidden doctrine ; and so it may be that we should be satisfied with the very general truth that obstacles are necessary for progress ; that the part of friction in mechanics is the work of evil in morality ; that as the flight of the bird is possible only because the air offers some resistance to its wings, so the soul can reach God only through the medium of strife and suffering, — “by pangs burst to the infinite Pure.” If this be the theme elaborated in these martial strains, certainly it is a very noble teaching, — one the poet has put into the mouth of many a character, and, indeed, made his own epilogue. “Strive, and thrive! cry, speed! fight on, fare ever, — There as here!”

Our reception of a truth, however, depends upon its presentation. Coming to us in pure poetic form, we receive it as an inspiration not to be subjected to the analysis of the reason, but to be taken as the insight of a superior mind. Offered to us as prose doctrine, however, it is naturally summoned before the bar of reason and asked for credentials. We do not scrutinize too closely the language of prayer ; the soul is stirred to its depths and pours out its praise or penitence oblivious of all other emotion ; but the sermon is addressed to the intellect, and therein do we require logic and sobriety of utterance. Now, this is a prime difficulty with ‘Ixion,’ — it is prose rather than poetry ; it does not flash out a great thought that illumines the dark problems of guilt and woe, but it is an involved and sustained argument to prove that sin and suffering are justified by the spiritual results. I read the argument, and I find that it suggests more problems than it solves ; for while it is gloriously true —

“That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things,”

that the discipline of darkness has wrought out many a rare character from seemingly intractable material, still any but the most superficial optimist, seeing the physical and moral evil in life must feel, —

“I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world’s altar-stairs,  
That slope through darkness up to God.

" I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
 And gather dust and chaff, and call  
 To what I feel is Lord of all,  
 And faintly trust the larger hope."

If we look at this life merely (and we have no data of any other), we see that many are hopelessly lost, — as General Booth put it in 'Darkest England,' "damned into the world by drink-besotted parents." Physical evil is not serious: it can be endured, — the wasting disease, the deprivations of life, the hour of death; but moral evil, a thoroughly, irreclaimably vicious nature, the soul that wallows in sensuality or rages in brutality, "the real and awful force of human propensity unbridled," — this is another and more serious matter. Nothing is gained by closing our eyes to obvious facts. The ostrich that averts his eyes from the evil fate only presents a broader target to his enemy. Growth has a complementary process of degeneration. The progress of a whole does not prevent the deterioration of a part. The heroic method, whether in the home or in life, implies the failure of some. Not all can work out their own salvation. Ixion may rise; but what of Zeus who sinks?

In this doctrine of progress, therefore, I do not find provision for those who do not progress; and certainly in this life there are very many: it is so evident that we demand a heaven to complete this world, — "other lives in other worlds" are needed to make this life morally intelligible. The heroic theory, therefore, has a significance and value only when it implies another life. "If in this life only we have hope of Christ, we are of all men most miserable." And so we must abandon heroism, and fall back upon the sense of dependence, of trust and hope

" That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
 That no one life shall be destroyed,  
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
 When God hath made the pile complete."

I find myself turning from the triumphant and illogical pæan of Browning to the profounder, more reverent plaint of Tennyson. I find a truer recognition of the evil of life, the

" Pangs of Nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood,"

in the great Threnody ; and I find, as a result, a different tone, a chastened faith that trusts

“ The truths that never can be proved.”

This failure to answer our questions comes from the conflict of the two opposing principles in the poem, — the omnipotence of deity, the freedom of man.

The omnipotence of deity and impotence of man could not be more strongly stated than in the first part of the poem :—

“ Say I have erred — how else ? Was I Ixion or Zeus ?  
Shall I with sight thus gained, by torture be taught I was blind once ?

Sisuphos, teaches thy stone — Tantalos, teaches thy thirst  
Aught which unaided sense, purged pure, less plainly demonstrates ?

What were the need but of pitying power to touch and disperse it,  
Film-work — eye's and ear's — all the distraction of sense ?  
How should the soul not see, not hear, — perceive, and as plainly  
Render in thought, word, deed, back again truth — not a lie ?”

But Zeus, the creator, is unable to answer this question ; he evades :—

“ Ay, but the pain is to punish thee !”

And Ixion presses the argument, —

“ What of the weakling, the ignorant criminal ? Not who, excuseless,  
Breaking my law, braved death, knowing his deed and its due —  
Nay, but the feeble and foolish, the poor transgressor, of purpose  
No whit more than a tree born to erectness of bole.

Could I have probed thro' the face to the heart, read plain a repentance,  
Crime confessed fools' play, virtue ascribed to the wise,  
Had I not stayed the consignment to doom, not dealt the renewed ones  
Life to re-traverse the past, light to retrieve the misdeed ?  
Thus had I done, and thus to have done much more it behooves thee,  
Zeus who madest man, — flawless or faulty, thy work !”

Here the problem of evil is clearly, boldly, even defiantly stated.

In the other half of the poem we have an equally strong assertion of man's freedom to rise over obstacles :—

“ Never so baffled — but when man pays the price of endeavor,  
Thunderstruck, downthrust, Tartaros-doomed to the wheel, —  
Then, ay, then, from the tears and sweat and blood of his torment,  
E'en from the triumph of Hell, up let him look and rejoice !”



These two principles of God's omnipotence and man's responsibility are clearly stated, but there is no reconciliation. Let us not be carried away by the fierce crescendo of the closing bars, and forget that strife still prevails, peace is not secured.

Browning has conjured up the spectre of evil and cannot lay it. Optimism or ethics, mechanism or morals, reason or sentiment, — in many ways this problem of evil comes to us. In the drama of humanity nothing is grander than the persistency with which man has given God the glory and himself the shame.

It has been wittily said that the clergyman has to ride two horses : now it is the omnipotence of God, now it is the responsibility of man, to be impressed upon the waiting congregation. This is the perennial problem of serious thought, pondered by Greek and Hebrew, by Paul and Aquinas and Newman and Martineau. The little child feels it and hearing some piteous tale of woe asks in shocked tones, "Mamma, where was God?"

Now, Browning's poems reflect this great conflict of modern thought, — optimism or ethics. His was a valorous soul, conscious of power and eager for its exercise ; and his was a reverent heart, that claimed the world for God.

It is perhaps possible out of the multitude of poems and characters to construct a theory that for him reconciled these opposing principles ; but this requires the dialectic of an Hegelian. I am not here concerned with Browning's reconciliation of these opposing principles ; nor have I to state my own theory of evil. My work is entirely critical. We love the simple, childlike Pippa, and as she passes along sing with her, "God's in his heaven ; All's well with the world ;" but Ixion has said, "Come, let us reason together ;" our critical faculties are awakened, and we ask that the argument be sober and logical. In 'Ixion' the problem is strongly stated, but it is not solved. It is magnificent, but it is not logic.

I for one object to being intellectually bullied. I can be swayed by reason, I can be moved by appeal ; but 'Ixion' fails because it satisfies neither sentiment nor reason. Its didactic purpose injures its poetic form, and its poetic form injures its didactic purpose.

I cannot help feeling that the optimism of the poem, like much of the popular optimism, is a *tour de force*, a shutting of the eyes to some very obvious facts. One would not wish a world without the need of effort,—a high-tea affair with good gowns and company manners; but incessant struggle and numberless defeats make one think, make him question if this be the best of all possible worlds.

A member of the Society for Psychical Research once interviewed a young girl with mediumistic powers. After some little difficulty, it was learned that Schopenhauer wished to speak to the investigator, and then the spirit of the great cynic remarked, "I did n't think much of this world when I was here, but I've seen worse since."

It may be that some day we shall confirm the opinion of the famous pessimist, but meanwhile our optimism must be qualified by certain very obvious moral considerations. Whether evil has a reality, or whether we deny its existence, is not the important question. The *consciousness* of evil exists for us, and it brings with it pain and despair. Our attitude is, therefore, not so much one of triumph as of trust, of patient expectation, of prayer:—

"I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last, — far off, — at last, to all."

If I have criticised in a hostile spirit a poem which has doubtless roused many by its stormy strains, and have left unpraised its great titanesque splendors,—the whirling wheel, the agonized form, the mystic rainbow refracted through the dew of agony, and above the whirl of the wheel, the voice of deathless defiance and immortal hope; if I have seemed not to do justice to one of the remarkable productions of a great poet,—it is because the warmth of others' praise will atone for the coldness of my criticism. Browning is the poet of faith and hope and progress, and from his springs flow streams of healing and strength; and if now and then a stream is choked by the richness of the soil through which it flows, only gain can result from the clearance of obstruction. I too recognize the master's power; and if freedom permits the

frank criticism of form and matter, none the less do I recognize and honor the greatness of spirit that has given us new lessons of faith and hope and progress.

*George Dimmick Latimer.*

## A GLOVE.

BY BJÓRNSTJERNE BJÓRNSON.

### ACT II. (*Continued.*)

*Riis.* [*Enters from the right.*] What about Svava?

*Nordan.* [*Comes forward.*] There was no other way.

*Riis.* [*Following.*] No other way? What do you mean?

*Nordan.* No, I'll be blamed if there was.

*Riis.* Is that so? But what was it, then?

*Nordan.* What do you say?

*Riis.* No, *you* are saying —?

*Nordan.* What am I saying?

*Riis.* You said there was no other way. That is what you were saying —! You frighten me.

*Nordan.* Do I? You did n't hear aright. [*Goes away from him.*]

*Riis.* Did n't hear aright? You even swore!

*Nordan.* I did n't do anything of the kind!

*Riis.* Well, then, you did n't do it. But what about Svava? Don't you want to answer me?

*Nordan.* What about Svava?

*Riis.* Why are you so absent-minded? Did it go wrong?

*Nordan.* I absent-minded? Why should I be absent-minded?

*Riis.* You ought to know! But I am asking about Svava! How did you get on with Svava? It seems to me I have a right to hear.

*Nordan.* You, Riis?

*Riis.* Yes. [*NORDAN takes his arm.*] What is it?

*Nordan.* Did you see Svava?

*Riis.* As she hurried on through the park? Yes. Oh dear!  
What was it?

*Nordan.* It was the Greek tragedy.

*Riis.* The Gr-r—?

*Nordan.* Only the name! Only the name! Well, you know  
what that signifies?

*Riis.* The Gree—?

*Nordan.* No, not "Greek;" but "tragedy"?

*Riis.* Something sad?

*Nordan.* Far from it! Something merry! It came to Greece  
with the Dionysos worship. Along with him was a buck—

*Riis.* [*Releases his arm.*] Ah—? But what—

*Nordan.* Yes, well may you wonder! For he sang!

*Riis.* He—sang?

*Nordan.* He sings now as well, of course—and paints—oh!  
There are pictures of him at every exhibition! And he works in  
bronze and marble. Excellent! Charming! And such a courtier  
as he is! It is he who draws patterns for ball costumes, and gov-  
erns society—

*Riis.* Have you gone raving mad?

*Nordan.* No! Why so?

*Riis.* I am waiting for this damnable nonsense to come to an  
end. Of course, we are used to a little of everything when you  
are in the mood; but to-day I don't understand a single word you  
say.

*Nordan.* Oh, indeed! Don't you?

*Riis.* Can you tell me what my daughter said? It's absurd  
that I can't find out. Now, briefly and plainly: what did she  
say?

*Nordan.* Do you want to know?

*Riis.* What a question!

*Nordan.* She said: It is a pity for all the innocent little girls  
who are tripping on, generation after generation—

*Riis.* Whither?

*Nordan.* Well, that's the question! Whither? She said: They

are brought up piously ignorant ; and at last, poor, unsuspecting little creatures, they are wrapped in long white veils, so that they shall not see clearly whither they are going.

*Riis.* But this is more mythology? Can't I—

*Nordan.* Be still! It is your daughter that speaks!

"*But I will not!*" she said. "I will go safely and trustfully into holy matrimony, and take my place at the hearth of my fatherland, and rear my children before my husband. But he must be chaste as I, so that he shall not pollute his child's head with his kiss, and dishonor me." That was what she said. And she looked so beautiful when she said it! [*The door-bell rings.*]

*Riis.* There they are! There they are! Now, what in the world shall we do? Here we are entangled in the most absurd theories; whirling around in a vast mythology! [*Hurries to the door.*]

*Enter HERR and FRU CHRISTENSEN.*

*Riis.* [*Speaking to the callers while they are still outside.*] Welcome! Heartily welcome! But your son?

*Christensen.* [*Still outside.*] He would not come with us.

*Riis.* I am very sorry. But I understand it.

*Christensen.* [*At the door.*] How handsomely you are domiciled, sir! Every time I come here I admire.

*Fru Christensen.* Oh, this old park! I wanted once— Good-day, doctor! How are you?

*Nordan.* Oh, quite well, thank you.

*Riis.* [*To MARGIT, who has followed.*] Please call Fru Riis— yes? And— oh, there she is! [*FRU RIIS coming in from the left -*] And Fróken Svava!

*Nordan.* She is out in the park; to the right! [*MARGIT leaves -*]

*Riis.* No, this way! That is right! Straight ahead till you meet her!

*Fru Christensen.* [*To FRU RIIS, as they come forward.*] I have thought a great deal about you during these days, my dear! That was a very disagreeable affair.

*Fru Riis.* Did you know anything about— this— before, if I may ask?

*Fru Christensen.* My dear, what does a mother — and wife — not know nowadays? She lived at my house, you know. You see — [*She tells something in a whisper, which ends in "discovery," and "sending her away."*]

*Riis.* [*Leading the two ladies to seats.*] Please be seated! Oh, I beg your pardon! I did not see. [*Hurries to CHRISTENSEN.*] Pray excuse me! But are you really comfortable on that chair?

*Christensen.* Thank you! Quite as uncomfortable here as anywhere! It is, on the whole, the operation of sitting down and getting up that troubles me! [*Looks about.*] I have been to see him.

*Riis.* Hoff?

*Christensen.* A harmless fellow. Pretty stupid.

*Riis.* If he will only keep quiet, then —

*Christensen.* He will do that.

*Riis.* Thank God! Then it is only between ourselves. You had to pay handsomely, no doubt?

*Christensen.* Not a penny!

*Riis.* You got out of that easily.

*Christensen.* Yes; did n't I? However, it had cost me enough already, although he knew nothing about that.

*Riis.* Is that so? When he failed in business?

*Christensen.* No; when he got married.

*Riis.* Ah, I understand!

*Christensen.* And I thought that was the end of it. What is it the ladies are whispering about?

*Fru Christensen.* [*Comes forward. RIIS provides seats for her and her wife.*] I was speaking of Fróken Tang. She causes as much commotion as if she had risen from the dead!

*Christensen.* May I ask if your daughter is at home?

*Riis.* We have sent for her.

*Fru Christensen.* I hope that she, too, is learning a lesson these days, poor girl! She had a fault with which clever people are often afflicted, — I mean self-sufficiency.

*Riis.* Exactly! Quite correct! Say haughtiness!

*Fru Christensen.* No, not exactly that. But superciliousness.

*Fru Riis.* From what facts do you draw this conclusion?

*Fru Christensen.* From conversations I have had with her. ~~She~~ spoke once of the husband being the head of the wife. It is a ~~good~~ good thing in these modern times to impress that upon the minds of young girls.

*Christensen.* Yes, God knows!

*Fru Christensen.* And when I reminded her of some words of Saint Paul, she replied, "Yes, it is behind those bars that we women are still living."

I felt then that something was coming. Such superciliousness is very likely to fall.

*Christensen.* Now, see here! such reasoning won't stand!

*Fru Christensen.* Won't it?

*Christensen.* No! For to begin with, it was not Fróken Riis who fell, but your own precious son. Secondly, he did not fall in consequence of Fróken Riis's superciliousness, for he fell, undoubtedly, many years before she manifested her superciliousness. So that if you knew that his fall would come as a consequence of Fróken Riis's superciliousness, then you knew something of which you knew nothing.

*Fru Christensen.* Now you are ridiculing.

*Christensen.* I have an appointment with a committee promptly at one o'clock. What is happening to detain your daughter?

*Riis.* I, too, wonder why —

*Nordan.* [*Who has kept himself in the background, alternately in and out of the room, says to MARGIT, who passes him in going from the right to the left.*] Did you find her?

*Margit.* Yes. I went out a second time to bring her her ~~hair~~ gloves, and parasol.

*Nordan.* Is she going out?

*Margit.* I don't know, sir. [*Leaves.*]

*Christensen.* Oh!

*Riis.* What does that mean? [*Starts to go out.*]

*Nordan.* No, no! Not you!

*Fru Riis.* [*Who has left her seat, comes.*] I think I would better —

*Riis.* Yes, you go!

*Nordan.* No, let me go! For I fear it is I that [*going*]— I promise you I shall bring her in.

*Christensen.* Oh!

*Fru Christensen.* [*Rising.*] But, my dear, I fear that we are importuning your daughter?

*Riis.* You must bear with her! I tell you it all comes from these extravagant ideas, this reading, which her mother has not kept away from her quite as strictly as she ought.

*Fru Riis.* I? Why, what do you mean?

*Riis.* I mean that this is a momentous moment! And in such moments something like a clearer light falls upon — like — yes, it does!

*Christensen.* Your husband, madam, has suddenly had a revelation similar to one our pastor had recently, — that is to say, my wife's pastor. It was just after dinner, — and quite a good dinner, by the way; one often has good ideas then. We were talking about all that ladies have to learn now, compared with the requirements of former days. It made but little difference, some of us thought, for after marriage it would all be forgotten. "Yes," said the preacher, delighted, "my wife has quite forgotten her orthography; I hope she will also soon forget how to write!"

*Fru Christensen.* You imitate people's speech so that one can't help laughing, — although it is really sinful. [*CHRISTENSEN looks at his watch.*]

*Riis.* Still they do not come! Will you go after them, or shall I?

*Fru Riis.* [*Rises.*] I will go. But you could not expect them to be back yet —

*Riis.* [*Close to her.*] This is all your work! I understand it perfectly!

*Fru Riis.* I don't believe you know what you are talking about.

[*Leaves.*]

*Riis.* [*Forward.*] I hope you will pardon this! I would least have expected this of Svava. For so much I can say for myself, that the laws of politeness have never been sinned against in my house.



*Fru Christensen.* Oh, they may have been detained unexpected **ly**

*Riis.* That might be so indeed. Heavens!

*Fru Christensen.* Don't misunderstand me! I only meant that a young girl easily becomes excited, and then she dislikes to present herself.

*Riis.* And nevertheless, madam, nevertheless! At such a moment? You must pardon me. I cannot remain quiet. I must investigate for myself, and see what is the trouble. [*Hastens out.*]

*Christensen.* Alf, too, if he were here, would probably be running about in the park after that girl!

*Fru Christensen.* Why, Christensen!

*Christensen.* Are n't we alone?

*Fru Christensen.* Why, yes; but nevertheless—

*Christensen.* Well, then, I say, as a certain famous man said once before me, "What the devil did he want on that galley?"\*

*Fru Christensen.* Now have patience just a few minutes! You know it is necessary.

*Christensen.* Necessary? Pooh! Riis dreads a breach worse than any of us. Did n't you notice him?

*Fru Christensen.* Why, yes, but—

*Christensen.* She has already gone much farther than she has any right to.

*Fru Christensen.* Alf thinks so too.

*Christensen.* Then he ought to have been here to say so. I told him to come.

*Fru Christensen.* Alf is in love; and that makes one timid.

*Christensen.* Ah!

*Fru Christensen.* Yes. It wears off—when one falls in love as often as you do. [*She rises.*] Now they are coming! No, no; not Svava.

*Christensen.* Is n't she coming?

*Fru Christensen.* [*Simultaneously.*] I don't see her.

*Riis.* [*Visible outside.*] Now here they are!

\* A rather cynical Danish and Norwegian phrase, which would sound very natural from a man of Christensen's type, *when not in company*,—when *alone*, as Christensen has said above,—and which here means: Why did he not keep away from the lightning, from danger, from a girl like Svava; he, Alf, with his past life and present tendencies, ought to have known beforehand that he would get hurt.

*Fru Christensen.* Your daughter too?

*Riis.* Svava too! She asked the rest of us to go in first. She wanted to collect herself a little.

*Fru Christensen.* [*Sitting down again.*] There, you see? I thought so! Poor girl!

*Fru Riis.* She will be here in a moment! [*Near FRU CHRISTENSEN.*] Do pardon her; she has had such a hard time of it.

*Fru Christensen.* Oh, I understand only too well. The first experience of that kind goes hard.

*Christensen.* It begins to be amusing here.

*Nordan.* Now, at last! She asked me to go in a little ahead.

*Riis.* I hope we shall not have to wait?

*Nordan.* No; she is coming right after me.

*Riis.* There she is! [*Goes from the right to the rear. FRU RIIS and NORDAN go to meet her from the left.*]

*Christensen.* One would think she were the Queen of Sheba.

(To be continued.)

*Translated by Thyge Sógård.*

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## BROWNING'S 'MESMERISM' FROM A SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW.

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**T**HAS been said that in the hands of a skilful constructionist the Bible may be made to lend its authority to almost any system of theology or morals. Be this as it may, the statement aptly describes the dilemma with which the would-be interpreter of Browning's 'Mesmerism' is confronted. The situation may be compared to that of a certain Irishman, who being met at a late hour of the night describing a devious zigzag in the general direction of his domicile, was accosted with the remark, "This is a long road you are travelling!" "It is not the length of it that I complain of," he replied, "but the width of it!" So the mode of treatment of the subject of this

poem, not unlike the Irishman's zigzag, is most bewildering, and the *rationale* not easy of determination.

The mesmeric method employed, and curiously described as "strange and new," when in fact it is as old as the historic period, provides, as a preliminary, for a certain environment calculated to excite the imagination of the mesmerist, and thus induce a psychical state favorable to the first act in the drama; namely, that of projecting from the trembling convolutions of his own warm brain a visible semblance of the woman of his dream. To this end, he bespeaks certain ominous sights and sounds, which are known to fill an ignorant and superstitious mind with the anticipation of some extraordinary event.

"The wood-worm picks,  
And the death-watch ticks,  
And the bar has a flag of smut,  
And a cat 's in the water-butt!"

The atmosphere being thus mesmerically charged, as it were, the operator sits in darkness, — only dimly relieved by the fitful flare of a candle expiring in its socket, thus affording the dubious light so favorable to phantasms of whatever genus, — and brings his intensest thought to bear on a certain woman far away, with the determined purpose of projecting into the space before him a simulacrum of her form and features. The purpose foreshadows the event; and the shape which he knows so well, —

"From the hair-plait's chestnut-gold  
To the foot in its muslin fold," —

presently appears glimmering in the vacancy 'twixt the wall and himself, — at first shadowy, but by dint of being held "in the grasp of his steady stare," it is imprinted "fast on the void at last," as a calotype is imprinted on prepared paper by the sun; and thus ends the first act in the drama, with a self-induced illusion of the visual sense.

Now, all this is quite foreign to anything known as mesmerism, which is universally understood to mean some abnormal state of the mind or the nervous system induced by the mesmerist, *not* in himself, but in his *subject*. It is recorded of Sir Isaac Newton

that by merely closing his eyes and concentrating his attention, he was able, at will, to reproduce the solar spectrum with all the vividness of actual vision. He did not find it necessary to resort to unusual means for the production of unusual mental excitement; and it is doubtful whether a cat in the water-butt, or even a spider with "arms and legs outspread on the table's midst," would have appreciably affected his imagination. A moderate degree of knowledge of some of the normal modes of activity of the brain served him admirably in this experiment, which is of a quite similar kind to the one just described. The *motiv* of this part of the poem is, therefore, sufficiently simple. Not so, however, in the act which follows: —

". . . If my heart's strength serve,  
And through all and each  
Of the veils I reach  
To her soul and never swerve,  
Knitting an iron nerve, —  
"Command her soul to advance,  
And inform the shape  
Which has made escape  
And before my countenance  
Answers me glance for glance, —  
"Then, I reach, I must believe,  
Not her soul in vain,  
For to me again  
It reaches, and past retrieve  
Is wound in the toils I weave;  
"And must follow as I require."

And now comes the *finale*. Under the compelling influence of the will of the experimenter reaching out through space, and knocking at the distant door of her consciousness, the woman of his vision escapes from "the house called hers," which I take to mean her tenement of clay, "Out of doors into the night, . . . Making thro' rain and wind, . . . With a still, composed, strong mind," with "Wide, blind eyes uplift, Thro' the darkness and the drift;" and the experimenter soon sees his "belief come true," — for "at call the third," a most witching number, "she enters without a word."

“On doth she march and on  
 To the fancied shape ;  
 It is, past escape,  
 Herself now : the dream is done,  
 And the shadow and she are one.”

Now, in what category does this new creation belong? — made up of the “fancied shape,” an illusion of his own visual sense, informed with, taken possession of, by the soul of the distant woman, which he has somehow reached and wound in his toils. This *soul-woman*, or *woman-soul*, has come “*flesh and all*” hair “unfilleted” (she had set out in haste) —

“Made alive, and spread  
 Through the void with a rich outburst,  
 Chestnut, gold-interspersed !”

in short, “all her body and soul” appears before him, blended with the original phantom of his imagination. What, then, is this last shape masquerading under the chaperonage of Mesmerism?

Is it the astral body of Theosophy ; the veridical phantasm of the Psychical Society ; or, mayhap, a case of materialization applied to the living, — of a soul temporarily disembodied and yet *not* disembodied? All these we know, but not this more than hybrid conception of the poet's brain, which begins as an illusion, pure and simple, is later taken possession of by the soul of the woman, and ends as the woman herself, body and soul! The poem has a strain of each of the systems of thought above referred to without, however, clearly representing either of them, true mesmerism, meantime, which requires actual communication between operator and subject, being conspicuous by its absence. Or may it be that the poet uses the word “mesmerism” in its modern sense of hypnotism, and that this incongruous story is intended as an instance in which hypnotizer and hypnotized are *one* — and that one in a state of true hypnotic conviction of the reality of his vision? But the story, as a whole, is scarcely open to this construction, and if so intended by the writer, is at most a mere travesty of the subject.

But it would be as vain to look for continuity of thought as for coherence of language in Browning. As he never hesitates at the

slaughter of syntax, prosody, the rhetorical sense, or any like trifle which may stand in the way of his out-of-the-way metres, — if there be such an anomaly as metre without rhythm, — so he lightly vaults over any obstructive gap or even chasm which may yawn in the face of his argument, the point where his winded muse finally calls a halt often having no conceivable relation to the point of departure.

It would, of course, be quite unfair to hold any poet either intellectually or morally responsible for what he says in a poem ; for in that case, what would be the use of his *license*? but the prayer with which the poem closes, and by which, as a work of art, it is fatally weakened, gives a semblance of seriousness to the story, as if the writer really believed that there was more in it than mere seeming and dreaming ! This may, however, be a part of the *ars poetica*. But it is probable that all dabblers in this cloudy region of psychology, from Mesmer on, have held some such belief ; and if it be admissible, I will venture the opinion that in this, as in other phases of philosophy, Browning was without originality, — although I would fain give him credit for more clearness of thought in some departments than in this one. He often makes the impression, however, when treating of serious subjects, of lacking the courage of his convictions. He is ever shivering on the brink of a rational system of thought, but afraid to launch away on its too bracing waters, clinging to one last garment of supernaturalism with which to comfort the naked body of demonstrable fact.

Browning was no spiritualist in the common acceptance of this term ; but that he could have given a logical reason for the want of faith which was in him does not appear in the records. He belonged to the large class of unbelievers who impute all so-called spiritual "manifestations" to trickery and fraud, — a class from which many of the strongest partisans of the doctrine have been recruited, since, when these explanations fail, as they doubtless do fail in some instances, it is left without philosophic resource. After due allowance has been made for fraud and credulity, there is still an unexplained remainder of very considerable proportions, for

which is required some explanation implying neither fraud on the part of the actors, nor "goose-thoughts" on the part of observers; some fact or argument with which to parry the *grand coup* of the spiritualist, "All I know is, I saw it!" so charmingly made use of by Browning in 'Natural Magic.'

Frances Emily White.

## BROWNING ON UNCONVENTIONAL RELATIONS.

**I**N a certain passage of his 'Confessions,' Saint Augustine contends that all men, by nature, love the truth rather than untruth; because, he argues, however much they like to deceive others, they always dislike to be deceived themselves.

This argument of the great theologian appears to me more specious than sound. It holds good only in limited districts of the intellectual life and up to a certain level of thought. With a deeper knowledge of human nature than the Latin Father, spoke the Latin Fabulist when he pointed the moral of his story with the warning, *Multa veritas odiosa est*,—"Much truth is hateful."

This is the nearly universal rule. I could number on the fingers of one hand all the people I have ever known who could listen to the truth without experiencing either anger or repugnance; nor has my acquaintance been confined to the worst of the world, or been exceptional in its character. Not long since, I listened to perhaps the most popular orator in the United States; and I heard him applauded by an audience of a thousand cultured people of this city when he told them that it would be a "public calamity" if the truth were told about the characters of the founders of this republic.

What chance have I, therefore, to be agreeable to you, if I venture to set truthfully to work to show a lawless side of a poet's mind? Little chance, I fear. Yet, abstractly, all must

agree with me that the highest and only worthy aim of study is to reach the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth. None will advocate the righteousness of lying; none will openly claim that it is a good thing to bear false witness. Yet deliberately to conceal or to ignore any aspect of an author whom one professes honestly to study, is to bear false witness and to sanction a lie.

There *is* a lawless vein in Browning's poetry, and I am not the first to speak of it. America's most masterful critic of poetry — Edmund Clarence Stedman — says in his published essay on Robert Browning, —

“Browning as an artist is tolerant of what is called an intrigue; and that many complacent English and American readers do not recognize this speaks volumes either for their stupidity or for their hypocrisy and inward sympathy in a creed which they profess to abhor. . . . This poet, from first to last, has appeared to defend the Elective Affinities against impediments of law, theology, or social rank. . . . In all his poems we see a taste for the joys and sorrows of a free, irresponsible life, like that of the Italian lovers, of students in their vagrant youth, or of Consuelo and her husband upon the windy heath. Their moral is that of rationalistic freedom opposed to Calvinism; of a belief that the greatest sin does not consist in giving rein to our desires, but in stinting or too prudently repressing them. A man not only may forsake father and mother and cleave to his wife, but forsake his wife and cleave to the predestined one. . . . No sin like repression; no sting like regret; no requital for the opportunity slighted and gone by. . . . The words of many lyrics, attesting the boundless liberty and sovereignty of love, are plainly written; and to say the lesson is not there, is to ape those commentators who discover an allegorical meaning in each scriptural text that interferes with their special creed.”

These are Stedman's words; and I presume that his authority is such that the opinion he here expresses will not require verification at my hands in order to be accepted as correct. He does not leave it unsupported, but by an analysis of motive in the three poems entitled 'In a Balcony,' 'A Light Woman,' and 'The Statue and the Bust,' marshals specific evidence for his statements.

He could easily have summoned many more, — as the one headed 'Respectability,' in which that god of the Philistines is



treated with great contempt ; as 'Too Late,' in which the speaker grieves that he left it too late to elope with another man's wife ; as 'Bifurcation,' which closes with the intimation that self-denial may be a greater sin than self-indulgence ; as 'Fifine at the Fair,' which is a man's self-excuse for violated vows ; as 'The Ring and the Book,' which is an elaborate apology for a woman who ran away from her aged husband with a youthful lover.

These, and many other poems of Browning in a similar strain, can leave no doubt on any sane mind as to the justness of Stedman's criticism, which I have quoted. It seems needless, and it might not be altogether pleasant to you, for me to enter into detailed analyses and quotations. I shall therefore assume that the evidence submitted is ample to show that Browning repeatedly treats with disrespect and contempt the conventionally established relations between the sexes, and elevates above all such conventionalities the autocracy of romantic love and poetic passion.

I turn, therefore, to what is my main purpose in presenting this paper, — an attempt at an explanation of this frequent characteristic of Browning's poetry.

But first I shall dispose of an explanation which has been at times offered : this is, that in all such poems Browning is speaking not in his own person, but in character, dramatically ; that they are, as it were, "studies in *genre*."

This will apply to some instances ; but certainly not to all, nor to the majority. The same spirit pervades his lyrics and his dramas, and is deeply infused into his most personal compositions. It breathes through the whole of his writings, and is essentially in the fibre of his mind. This is fully recognized by Stedman, and must be apparent to any candid and competent reader. I believe him to be speaking for himself, and not for another, in those lines of 'Fifine' where, referring to the flag at mast-head, streaming and straining in the wind, he exclaims, —

"Do you know, there beats  
Something within my breast, as sensitive? — Repeats  
The fever of the flag? My heart makes just the same  
Passionate stretch, fires up for lawlessness, lays claim  
To share the life they lead : losels, who have and use  
The hour what way they will."

We must accept the reiterated assertions of the lordship of love over conventionalities as the intimate conviction of the poet, his own governing principle in art and life, and make the best of it.

Why should it surprise us ?

We know that the two most passionate poets of the century — Byron and Shelley — were, in the formative period of his genius, Browning's exemplars and delights. The one he calls the "sun-treader;" the other he refers to as "prime in poet's power." Moreover, Browning was early and deeply steeped in the liberal and warm life of Italy and in the passionate literature of the Renaissance. These influences combined to break the shackles of the middle-class environment into which he had been born, and to emancipate his spirit from its early prejudices and conventions, permitting it to soar into that free air whence the greatest poets have drawn their finest inspirations.

I say this deliberately : between the passion of love and conventional duty there are, there always were, there ever will be, conflicts. In these conflicts the great poets have ever declared for the side of love ; they have ever proclaimed that the conventional relations established between men and women (whether they be social, legal, or religious) do not belong to the universal and eternal laws of life which alone inspire the highest poetry.

Do you ask proof of this ?

Certainly not where Byron or Shelley, Swinburne or Whitman, is concerned ; certainly not when I name Musset or Hugo, Goethe or Leopardi. Do you ask it for Shakespeare ? It was he who wrote, " Love is too young to know what conscience is," and illustrated the truth of his words in many a wondrous drama. Do you ask it for Tennyson ? If I wished to quote bitter words about the conventionalities, I should borrow from ' Locksley Hall ' and ' Maud ; ' and if I should wish to depict real ferocity of passion in a woman, I should quote ' Fatima. '

Ah ! but you will say, there is Milton, — severe, austere, grand old Milton ! Yes, there is Milton ; and permit me to quote what that incomparable poet says about the rights of love to break conventional bonds, and seek what Stedman calls " the predestined

one." The passage is not in his poems, but in that remarkable treatise of his called 'The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce restored from the Bondage of Common Law.' It runs as follows :

"Where love cannot be, there can be left of wedlock nothing but the empty husk of an outside matrimony, as undelightful and displeasing to God as any other kind of hypocrisy. . . . When love no longer holds fellowship with such a personated mate straight his arrows lose their golden heads and shed their purple feathers, his silken braids untwine and loose their knots, and the original and fiery virtue given him by fate goes out and leaves him undefied and despoiled of all his force, till, finding Anteros at last he kindles and repairs the almost faded ammunition of his deity by the reflection of a co-equal and homogeneal fire."

Thus wrote John Milton. Now, why did he and all the great poets — and Browning among them — thus declare war against the conventional relations between men and women ?

The answer is simple, — because they *are* conventional, and nothing more; they are artificial shackles and fetters laid on the emotions, of no general validity either in time or place. So true is this that there are no two civilized countries, no two States of this Union, no two Christian sects, which agree in their laws and doctrines about marriage and divorce.

The discrepancies are actually ludicrous. Take our own country: By the laws of Maryland marriage is a religious ceremony and must be performed by an ordained clergyman; in California it is a civil contract only, while in Arkansas no ceremony whatever is required; South Carolina does not permit divorce for any cause; in Kentucky a bad temper is a sufficient ground; and in Tennessee it is enough if a man's wife refuses to move into that excellent State when he does, for him to secure an absolute divorce on reaching its hospitable soil.

It is no better with religious sects: the stanch Romanist considers marriage an indissoluble sacrament; the respectable Society of Progressive Friends comply satisfactorily with their consciences when they marry for ten years at a time; and between these two the gradations are infinite.

That it is not the poets alone who feel that these conventional

bonds are sometimes irksome is shown by the fact that sixty thousand persons in the United States lay them aside every year through the legal processes of the divorce courts, in many cases presumably still searching for the Anteros,—the “predestined one.”

With such general dissatisfaction at existing arrangements, with such confusion and contradictions between them, who is presumptuous enough to pretend that any one of them is perfect? Who dare deny that in a century or two some quite different relation may prevail, — yes, and be regarded by the worthy Philistines of that day as the only proper and conventional relation? Perhaps they may even go so far as to say with John Milton and Robert Browning, that a marriage where love is not is no marriage in the sight of God, and that the sooner it is done away with from the sight of men the better for all concerned.

How, then, can we blame the poet, to whom life is supremely emotion and passion, whose soul responds to every touch of the magician Love, playing on the chords of the human heart, if, rising above all these clashings of statutes and dogmas, he proclaims with William Morris,—

“Love is enough. O ye who seek saving,  
Go no further; come hither; there are those who have found it;  
These know the House of Fulfilment of Craving;  
These know the Cup with the roses around it;  
These know the World’s Wound, and the Balm that has bound it;  
And they cry, ‘T is enough. O Love, lead us home.’”

So proclaims Browning, along with the mighty bards of all places and ages; and that his voice rings forth the note with no uncertain sound proves him a fitting member of the august and immortal choir.

*Daniel G. Brinton.*

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## LOVE AND DUTY IN TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

THE main elements of character in Tennyson's ideal of manhood are found in obedience to the law of conscience, adhesion to duty, self-control, self-reverence, “wearing the white flower of a

blameless life." Life must be in conformity to law, and love must move within the bounds of law, and true to its vows. That the soul of man has power to resist and to triumph over sense, by unswerving loyalty to the higher nature, is the rock on which Tennyson builds.

Browning's philosophy precludes this ideal. Man's glory does not lie in submission to law, but in aspirations to something above, and beyond ourselves. Not in self-repression, but in passions which are not subject to the limitations of time and space. Our life is an experiment, a development, not accomplishment. The end must be the soul's advancement, and the soul is best developed through its most powerful and vital emotions.

In Tennyson's poems, treating of love, the temptation which is commonly represented as the most formidable is the temptation to indulge passion at the expense of duty, or violation of conscience. In his poem, 'Love and Duty,' we find that love "takes part against himself," to be at one with duty, "Loved of Love." It is through strenuous self-mastery and the strong holding of passion that Enoch Arden attains the sad happiness only to be attained by a most heroic soul.

The temptation is almost universally in Browning's poems to sacrifice the passion which ennobles and glorifies life either to prudential motives, or through fear of public opinion or a lethargy of purpose. Hence, the *dramatis personæ* of his poems may be divided into two groups, — those whose souls are saved by love, and those whose souls are lost by cowardice or faintheartedness. In 'The Statue and the Bust' it would seem that Browning's idea makes it a *duty* to break through circumstances in order to reach a fuller life.

This poem, founded on a tradition, which the poet regarded as an invention, was made a vehicle for the truth of human hearts he saw in it; but he built upon it, as he did on the old MS. for 'The Ring and the Book,' and added the Bust and the *reality* which the love had for a time, although it remained only as a dream. It pleased the Duke and the lady to think the images would speak of their futile passions and shadowy lives. Browning

has no sympathy with a Statue-and-Bust sort of life. Indecision and delay, indifference and futility, are not virtue. To be neither right nor wrong is to be nothing; and so we perceive the moral of this poem is to live with a purpose, and not to dream or vacillate life away. If we allow circumstances to shut us out from life, it is to be entombed before we are dead, and we can only look back upon the dead past as lost opportunity, a tale of what might have been. These are characteristic moral ideas apparent in many of Browning's poems. It may be that he has grasped more deeply than any other poet the whole question of the relation of circumstances to men's life, which the end of another century may prove.

Over and against this group, who have abjured love, is the group whom love has saved and glorified. Spotless and pure it may be, or stained with grief and shame, yet redeemed by love.

In 'Too Late' and 'The Worst of it,' we have two problems of passion, intense in thought and feeling, tracking the heart's way to its innermost depths. In the first, the death of one who was loved, but gave herself to another, vividly pictures what is irreparable in life, and binds the heart to the dead.

In 'The Worst of it,' the most perfect sacrifice of love and the highest pity are depicted. In such a case, the law would condemn and punish harshly, but the *man* takes the blame and would take the pain, if he could. Even those who prefer other types cannot fail to see the value of this subtle "criticism of life."

Tennyson may fail in that combination of action and passion so intense and dramatic, — and it is not unlikely that his life, passed in rural haunts and comparative solitude, has unfitted him to distinguish sharply between men and men, — but the world will never tire of that strength and repose, based upon everlasting rules, which characterizes the Laureate's genius. Throughout his works there is a pure, a high and lofty purpose, and the progress of the race occupies the most central place.

Mr. Browning's field is the soul and its forces, not the world and its actions. He is an artist, endeavoring to express modern thought and interest; and while we may choose a simpler representation, yet amid the science, philosophy, and spiritual de-

bate of the present time, he is an unique exponent of the modern spirit in its human interests and insights. Through his own humanity and resources of Nature and knowledge, through vital sympathy and a peculiarly identifying imagination, he takes his stand within his *dramatis personæ*, and feels with, and thinks for them. He takes a critical moment or situation, and from that point the character is set in action, and the *man* is given with a *vraisemblance* not reached by other means. The question is often asked if "this is the proper form of art, and if it is possible to represent the souls of men?" William Sharp gives the following psychic portraiture of Browning's method:—

"The profoundest insight cannot reach deeper than its own possibilities of depth. The physiognomy of the soul is never visible in its entirety, barely even its profile. The utmost we can expect to reproduce, perhaps to perceive, is a partially faithful, partially deceptive *silhouette*. As no human being has ever seen his or her own soul, in all its rounded completeness of good and evil, of strength and weakness, of what is temporal and perishable, and what is germinal and essential, how can we expect even the subtlest analyst to adequately depict other souls than his own? It is Browning's high distinction that he has this soul-*depictive* faculty, restricted as perforce it is, to an extent unsurpassed by any other poet, ancient or modern."

It is not true that faith and art have parted company, — that "faith is dead, and art must live for itself alone," — although men attempt to prove it in melancholy essays and trivial verses. Our two greatest artists, Tennyson and Browning, are singing songs that will never die, because they contain the germ of immortal life; and one has "crossed the bar," and the other waits the call in a joyous faith, because it is written, "I *believe*, and therefore sing."

E. F. R. Stitt.

### THE LEIT-MOTIV IN SOCIETY: A SUGGESTION.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF — — — AND \* \* \*.

DEAR \* \* \*: Have you noticed how many people have a pet pose, — how they come pirouetting on the stage to the significant strum of a *leit-motiv*? In a gently harping tone the phrase is in-

troduced, reiterated with satisfaction, and twiddled on lovingly by the speaker, in a way you recognize at once as one that makes it his, — or rather, makes him its, so much does it include him.

Hush! here comes one of these unconscious Wagnerians. He sees me, remembers he has met me before, — by *my leit-motiv* I suppose; how else? — and thus begins his song: —

“Ah, Mr. — —, a delightful morning! The heart of summer already!”

“Deception, Dr. Dagger; the date forbids. We must have our March winds first.”

“Ah, there you lack faith, — lack faith; faith is the substance of things not seen. And your sister is to be married to-morrow, I hear. A gifted young woman too, I suppose.”

“I think so, with fraternal modesty, of course.”

“Ah, yes! Yes, we lack faith, — the substance of things not seen.”

At this critical moment for my sister I spy Mr. Parallel approaching.

“You know him, Doctor?”

“Parallel of the *Announcer!* Ah, certainly. An uncommonly cultured critic. Now, Parallel, we have you! Tell us what your judgment is of this new artist we are all agog about.”

“You mean Section? Really, my opinion is so unimportant. You flatter me by asking. Perhaps one should say of him that he paints subtly, almost in the sweet early Italian manner. Yet, do you know, I question if it is worth while, — if our weary modern world can ever hope to grasp again such naïvety of suggestiveness as Botticelli gives us with his easy, childlike charm.”

“But do we want exactly such ‘naïvety of suggestiveness’ nowadays?” I interpose.

“I think we need it sorely. Our bruised and weary nineteenth century longs for the childlike spirit it has lost forever.”

“Yes, yes! we need faith, — the substance of things not seen,” chimes in the doctor; and closes this passage by walking off the boards of my vision, to slow mediæval music, arm in arm with the congenial critic of a weary world.



If we Americans are too "honest" to be "poetical," O thou my satire-insinuating correspondent, certainly it appears to me that we are not subtle enough to refrain from posing, else would we catch ourselves in the act, and straightway laugh ourselves into unaffectedness.

Could we see our picturesqueness of attitude when, unconscious of our consciousness, we summon our favorite pose to the fore, we might in time learn how to develop more than our pretty lyric vein, and become as dramatic as that conjectured wonder of the New World, — an American Shakespeare, or a not-too-*psychotic* Browning.

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#### RECENT BROWNING BOOKS.\*

THE merit of Dr. Berdoe's 'Browning Cyclopædia' consists in the laborious thoroughness with which the difficult words and allusions, incident to much of Browning's work, are hunted out and conveniently — that is alphabetically — recorded. This is the only merit a reference-book of this sort should have, one may say; and so perhaps it is. If Dr. Berdoe had been content with this and with simple expositions, keeping well within the limits of the data the poet provides, approbation only would be his meed; but unfortunately he has not been content with this. Lacking the gift of poetic insight, he has attempted to give interpretations of the poems, and he has in many cases obtruded upon the student, as authoritative, his own prosaic judgment of the poem and the poet.

For example, 'Adam, Lilith, and Eve' is summed up in this "exceeding good, senseless way": "It is a powerful and suggestive story of falsehood, fear, and a forgiveness too readily accorded by

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\* 'The Browning Cyclopædia. A Guide to the Study of the Works of Robert Browning,' by Edward Berdoe. London: Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. pp. i-xx, 572. 1892.

'Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher,' by Henry Jones, M. A. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. pp. ix and 367. 1891.

'A Primer on Browning,' by F. Mary Wilson. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891. pp. 248.

'Of "Fifine at the Fair," "Christmas Eve," and "Easter Day," and other of Mr. Browning's Poems,' by Jeanie Morison. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1892. pp. 99.

a man *who makes a joke of guilt when he has lost nothing by it.*" The words I italicise are simply pointless; it is the women who make what joke there is, not the man, and it passes understanding what pertinence there is in speaking of "guilt" he "has lost nothing by." The story is of two women who, when the lightning frightens them, disclose their feeling for the man frankly, but, when the storm passes, and their fear goes with it, cleverly deceive him into thinking they were only joking by making him fear their words were a feminine ruse he did not see through. He pretends then that he knew all the time it was only a joke, and they, relieved, sit down again each side of the stupid fellow. Mrs. Orr, in her 'Hand-book,' and Mr. Cooke, in his 'Guide-book,' each give a more discriminating exposition than does Dr. Berdoe, and one in general accord with that just given.

Another example of pointless and superfluous comment is offered under 'Pietro of Abano,' of which Dr. Berdoe assumes to give "the moral," thus: "In the loving service of, and the self-sacrificing endeavor to benefit, our fellow-men lies the secret of winning happiness." Such an exemplary piece of prose sounds well alone, but append it to Browning's quizzical story, and where's the appropriateness? In that ironical, whimsical, Vanity Fair of a poem, the philanthropy that rules men "solely for their good," is suspected and slyly derided, and as for the love of the "fond herd," *that* is shown to go out to "cleverness uncurbed by conscience," while the real benefactor—the magician whose magic is science—pouches for his pains "a curse," and gives the wily young Greek, moreover, the strongest of object-lessons in self-dependence and self-development.

Under 'Bifurcation,' judgment upon the subject of the poem is gratuitously entered. Dr. Berdoe does not approve of Browning's exaltation of Love over Conventionality, neither may the reader of Browning,—or else he may, as it happens,—but what concerns him is not Dr. Berdoe's orthodoxy, but the view the poem offers.

I note similar warpings of the poems, or obtrusions of the compiler's superior judgment, under the Lyrics to 'Plot Culture,' and 'The Sun' in 'Ferishtah's Fancies,' in 'Another Way of Love' in

'Colombe's Birthday,' 'The Return of the Druses,' and 'The Blk in the 'Scutcheon.' In the latter drama, as elsewhere to the sam purport, he settles Browning's dramatic quality beyond appeal wit the threadbare declaration that he is an "analytic poet," alway for "the study," and never for "the boards." And yet one ma read in the preface to this most inclusive of cyclopædias, "M own opinions and criticisms I have endeavoured as much as possibl to suppress."

That preface is particularly unhappy for another statement nc quite warranted by the facts, — the statement that "up to [th appearance of this cyclopædia], there was no single book to whic the reader could turn, which gave an exposition of the leading idea of every poem," etc., sources, glossary of allusions, etc. There wer at least two such books, — Mrs. Orr's judicious and authoritativ 'Hand-book' and Mr. George Willis Cooke's 'Guide-book,' — besides others, such as Symons's and Corson's excellent 'Introduc tions,' which give much of the same kind of information and help over-hard-places. The prior existence of these volumes does not at all gainsay the usefulness of Dr. Berdoe's volume, or the value of that glossarial part of the work for which he has more capacity than he has shown for literary interpretation, and in which he has had the advantage of coming last, and of collecting with fulness a great deal of illustrative material for which all students of Brown- ing may sincerely thank him. But neither his assumption of authority, nor his claim of unique worth, are becoming; and his book would be more valuable if less expanded in bulk and pre- sumptuous in tone.

There is a public prejudice to the effect that some such guide or cyclopædia is the sole key to Browning. Therefore it needs to be affirmed, *à propos* of Dr. Berdoe's elaborate pilotage, that details and learned references — no matter how many more of them there are in Browning than in other poets — are as subsidiary to the main issue in him as in all poets. The prejudice has been induced by the wealth of his side reflections and the increase of book: which explain him only as to the exterior of his real poesy, — tha is, either from the point of view of his allusions to be ferreted out

or of his philosophy to be arranged and arraigned, and also because so many of these hopelessly moral commentators seem to miss or even disclaim the poetic rest and best of him.

To read him by means of guide or cyclopædia, is to drink "nettle-broth" at the banqueting-board. Browning is "'34 port" to those who can taste his poetic and dramatic quality, — "body and bouquet both;" he is only "nettle-broth" to those whose palate perceives nought in him but analytic philosophy and puzzling allusions.

The most intimate appreciation of 'Andrea del Sarto,' for instance, is absolutely independent of Dr. Berdoe's "unsolved difficulties" in the shape of "cue-owls." For what reader possessed of the literary sense will not the context float this burden as birds native to the locality of the poem, and whose cry has christened them? If he turn to those treasuries of knowledge without wisdom, — the cyclopædias, — he will find his guess verified as follows: "It is evidently from its cry that the name 'owl' is derived, as well as many of its synonymes in other languages, and of the names appropriated in different countries to particular species, in most of which the sound 'oo,' or 'ow,' is predominant, with great variety of accompanying consonants" (Chambers' 'Encyclopædia,' Lippincott reprint). Yet whether the poet be justified or not in making his Italian owl of the "oo" species with the accompanying consonant "c," however important as a query, is relatively a very subordinate matter.

So, even in 'Sordello,' another great "crux" — "Saponian strength" — is guessed accurately enough for all reading purposes by one who takes it in calmly, in the course of the context, as the natural antithesis to "Lombard grace." Ecelo is pictured as following the Ghibelline Conrad from Germany southward to Italy, through "the warm air that binds the Trevisan," till face to face with the Guelf Este, when his (Ecelo's) "Saponian strength" despairs not of compassing "Lombard grace."

Here, as in many another easily or half surmised difficulty, one may be indeed grateful for such a note as that of Professor Sonnenschein's — "Saponian : Samponian Pass, probably = Simplon "

— to corroborate the guess as to the contrast meant between Northern strength and Latin grace; still this useful information is utterly subordinate to the flow and interest of the poem. P.

THE philosophy and religion of Robert Browning have been the subjects of almost innumerable articles on the poet, and almost no student or critic has touched upon him without giving his particular view of Browning's relation to these momentous questions. Mr. Jones, however, is the first to subject Browning's philosophy to the obfuscating fogs of metaphysical analysis.

He has added nothing new so far as a statement of Browning's attitude in regard to the things of life is concerned. Briefly, he is an optimist. He believes that evil exists in order that good may be evolved. He believes also that to the finite mind, *absolute* knowledge is impossible, and, finally, he builds his optimism on the rock of love, made manifest in the human heart. In the discussion of these fundamental principles of Browning's philosophy, Mr. Jones builds up a nice little system, presumably his own, which is as convincing as these structures usually are to the soul undowered with the divine metaphysical spark. To such it seems more devout to admit the impenetrable mystery underlying all phenomena when viewed by a conditioned mind, than to declare that all, or, at least, nearly all, — for even the metaphysician is constrained to qualify his "all," — knowledge is possible to man.

So thought Browning, at any rate, and it is this with which Mr. Jones quarrels, branding him with that terrible title, "Agnostic." Far from being awed by the terrors of agnosticism, as Mr. Jones seems to be, to many it comes almost as an inspiration. If to our consciousness of the wonder and beauty and delight of things as we know them is added the consciousness of an underlying wonder and beauty and delight, such as hath not entered into the heart of man, can we not joyfully join with the poet and exclaim, —

" So let us say — not ' Since we know we love,'  
But rather ' Since we love we know enough.' "

With regard to the latter part of this quotation, Mr. Jones observes, " We cannot love unless we have knowledge." This is

certainly true as far as the shows of things are concerned, but such knowledge, from all that experience has yet demonstrated, is only relative knowledge, and in his use of the word "know" in this passage, Browning means infinite knowledge, and in saying, "Since we love we know enough," it hardly seems to us that he means to "scorn," as Mr. Jones would have it, that knowledge built up of world-experience which goes to the development of the highest phases of love. It is as if the whole process of the development of love, referred to in 'Paracelsus,' were completed, and that here we could take our stand in faith nor seek to "know" that reality which seems always to elude our grasp. Such an attitude is always unpleasant to the metaphysician, for it would put an end to his occupation of trying to bridge the unbridgeable.

In the very poem from which the above lines are quoted, 'A Pillar at Sebzevar,' there are lines which show that Browning had not altogether turned his back on knowledge. "Knowledge . . . as gain, mistrust it, not as means to gain," etc. Farther along he says that it is not worth while to try brain-power on the fact, its how or why in the future or elsewhere, apart from as it strikes thee here and now. And in 'Fust and his Friends,' his last work before 'Asolando,' we find a passage combining his belief in the worth of knowledge with his conviction of its relativity.

" . . . Man's the prerogative — knowledge once gained —  
To ignore, — find new knowledge to press for, to swerve  
In pursuit of, no, not for a moment: attained —  
Why, onward through ignorance! Dare and deserve!  
As still to its asymptote speedeth the curve,

" So approximates Man — Thee, who, reachable not,  
Hast formed him to yearningly follow Thy whole  
Sole and single omniscience!"

It is this misunderstanding, as it seems to us, of the particular phase upon which Browning dwells in some of his later poems, and his ignoring of others, which causes Mr. Jones to find a discrepancy between his later and earlier philosophy, together, we may add, with his tendency to regard all Browning's utterances on religion, whether they be that of Jew, Greek, Christian, or Persian, as

personal expressions of the poet, instead of dramatic utterance presenting many phases of religious belief "all leading up higher." He quotes with approbation such passages as that in which the poet declares that the failure of knowledge is a "triumph's" evidence for the fulness of the days, evidently not aware that in expressing himself thus, the poet is making the "unknowable" the very condition of triumph, — a form of agnosticism which, however illogical the metaphysician may find it, has appealed to many minds.

Mr. Jones's own philosophy, as well as it can be disentangled from the halo of metaphysical jargon surrounding it, is a sort of idealistic monism, and by this standard he tries Browning and finds him, on the whole, wanting. What others will find in Browning must always depend on their own individual convictions, but in any case the reader cannot fail to discover much in Mr. Jones's book to stimulate thought. C.

In a 'Primer on Browning,' by F. Mary Wilson, the unsophisticated reader will find Browning, his characteristics, his philosophy, his art, packed down and salted in the tightest of little pickle-jars but if he takes the trouble to sample the fresh fruit, as we should advise him, he may find the flavor in many cases different from that given by the pickle. He will also find Browning's poems, long and short, all ticketed with appropriate little adjectives, and hung along the line or skied, as the omniscient author sees best; but again we should advise him not to have too much confidence in the hanging committee of one. C.

JEANIE MORISON's studious little volume belongs to the allegorical school of interpretation. She writes of 'Fifine,' because "no poet has been more hopelessly misunderstood." On the strength of its Don Juan symbolism it is taken to suggest a life of license; but according to this author, the Poet has "used it as an earthly and tangible similitude to bring out a metaphysical and eternal verity." So, also, in discussing the Epilogue to 'Ferishtah's Fancies,' finding the 'Fancies' a "book of parables," "object-lessons in the"

vine mysteries," she concludes, correspondingly, that the Epilogue is parabolic, the "manner and metre those of an earthly love-song," the sense "only applicable to a love which is divine."

In POET-LORE for February, a view was given which belongs to the sensuous school as opposed to the allegorical, and still another was suggested which would rank with neither. It may be of interest, therefore, to give here this author's reading of the last few lines. They will serve also to illustrate the ground of view taken by her for all the poems examined.

"But a sudden doubt seizes him in the midst of the triumph, . . . 'a chill wind disencharms all the late enchantment,' till he remembers whose Hand is on the helm of the universe, and turns back from the sudden terror to the comfort of those circling Arms . . . with the happy question, . . . 'What *if* all be error, If the halo irised round my head were, Love, thine arms?'" P.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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In issuing to the public our initial number of POET-LORE, in January, 1889, it did occur to us that possibly the allusional quality of our decorative cover and headpiece would be better appreciated, even by Shakespearians and students well acquainted with old texts, if we called special attention to the sources of our design. Yet we were loath to follow the fashion and cry, "Look ye at our sash-ribbons and our dainty necklace! Behold, this of ours is no common toilet!" We hoped to be seen without obtruding ourselves, and not to have to talk of our self-evident gowns. But now, since the literary editor of the *Springfield Republican* betrays a desire to know why we spell "Shakespeare" on our cover with a hyphen, we are certainly justified, thus late in the day, in explaining what we had fain concluded needed no explanation.

It is not by any means uncommon, but the contrary, to find "Shakespeare" spelled with a hyphen in the early quartos. If any one is curious on this small point, he may find the ante-folio Shakespeare titlepages conveniently recapitulated in the 'Cambridge Shakespeare.' We spell "Shakespeare" with a hyphen, however,



because it is so spelled in the signature — “William Shake-spear — of that interesting poem, ‘The Phoenix and Turtle,’ as it appeared in the edition of 1601 of Chester’s ‘Love’s Martyr,’ and which the name on our cover is a *facsimile*. We used the same style for the other Italic words on the scroll for sheer oddity and ornament’s sake, wishing to go our own gait, outside and in ; and so far as we knew, our cover was like none other in the magazine world. The color we chose has become popular since January 1889.

The bays and American mountain-laurel that intertwine upon our cover, and wreath the “crownèd thoughts” and the grateful praise of the Past with the Present, may be left to tell their own symbolic story. They cluster again about the little decorative piece that ushers in each number of POET-LORE. The motto bears, it may be well to explain, is taken from Shakespeare’s Sonnet 101, lines 5–12, and it is given in *facsimile* as it appeared in the 1609 edition of the Sonnets.

The curious notion some of the Baconians entertained that “Shakspere” stood for the poor player, and “Shakespeare” Lord Verulam, is almost forgotten now ; but we thought of it when we spread the name with all its dignity of meaning on our banner, and we were not altogether unconscious of a little malicious pleasure in this loyal flout at that exercise of absolutism over the wayward informalities of Elizabethan spelling.

POMPILIA. I. THE CHILD-WIFE.

THIS is my story true. What husband meant  
 I knew not, I was such a child when wed  
 By parents’, priest’s command ; and months I led  
 My child-life still, when one day Guido sent  
 And claimed me wife. When told of his intent  
 In terror then for help to him I fled  
 Who stands with me for God. “Go back,” he said.  
 “Submit yourself ; ’t was in your covenant.”  
 And then for weary years I lived subject  
 To my most cruel husband. Every way  
 He tortured me, and sent the poisonous breath  
 Of those who served him all my life to infect,  
 Until each night I said, “Another day  
 Is done ; how good I ’m one day nearer death !”

## II. MOTHERHOOD.

When, lo ! one morn a summons pierced my sleep,  
 And up I sprang alive. Light everywhere,  
 Within, without, and songs of birds i' the air.  
 My heart sang too, "I've something hidden deep  
 I must protect. No more endure nor weep,  
 But fly to Rome my more than life to bear."  
 I called for help ; God heard, — none else would dare, —  
 And sent His saint to rescue, safely keep.  
 How good is God to let my babe be born  
 Before these wounds of which I die were given !  
 O lover-saint ! whose soul through holy eyes  
 Saw in me only mother, child forlorn ;  
 Through such God shows His light, that we to heaven  
 May see in the dark to rise by, — as I rise.

## III. THE POPE.

The pope then weighed the case, and thus he spoke :  
 " My rose, perfect in whiteness, with no blot,  
 This most I praise, obedience ; that no jot  
 Of law according to your light was broke.  
 To parents true, submissive to the yoke  
 Of your bad husband ; when man pitied not,  
 Nor church, then did you bear your lot  
 In dumb subjection. But at last when woke  
 Your mother-heart, all fear, submission ceased.  
 At its first prompting unto God you cried  
 To save your unborn child. He heard your cries,  
 Helped you defend your trust ; my warrior-priest  
 He sent to save. Your flight is justified.  
 But Guido I count guilty, and he dies."

*Harriet H. Robinson.*

— ERLING BJÓRNSON'S son Bjórnstjerne, the poet's only grandson, died on the 7th of March, and was buried at his grandfather's country-seat, Aulestad.

A contemporary monthly (*Current Literature* for March) says that Bjórnstjerne Bjórnson has retired from politics. This is a mistake. The Norwegian newspapers bring speeches or articles from the great poet nearly every week. He is the mainspring in the present movement, the aim of which is to liberate Norway from her Swedish hegemonic guardianship. *Thyge Sógård.*

— HENRIK IBSEN'S drama, 'Ghosts,' was given at the Manzoni Theatre in Milan, Italy, on the 23d of February, and made great impression, although several of the performers are said have "simply declaimed their parts, with wrong emphasis and false pathos." The play was saved by "the masterly acting of Signor Zacconi," who had the part of Oswald. *Thyge Sógård.*

— BOOK INKLINGS.—Three beautiful books lie before us, each enticing in exterior, bound in characteristically fitting ways to suit their each very different but all eminent and distinguished subject-matter: Lowell's 'Choice Odes, Lyrics, and Sonnets,' in a setting of white and gold and green laurel-leaf pencilling (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. \$1.00); the dainty American reissue of George Meredith's subtle sonnet sequence, 'Modern Love' (with preface by E. Cavazza. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher. \$1.50); and at the last, gray felt-bound 'Leaves of Grass' (Philadelphia: D. McKay. \$2.00), — that issue which Whitman, almost in his last breath, called his "special and entire self-chosen poetic utterance wishing it "to absolutely supersede all previous editions." The works of two American and one English poet represent a great deal that is most salient in modern poetic expression, and, constituting once a small and a large library, — a wide poetic range in but three volumes, — especially deserve purchase by one of liberal taste and culture. The conflicting difference between man and Nature, finding expression in poetry and making way toward a new outlook is given characteristically by Lowell, for example, in his little poem 'The Nightingale in the Study.' Cat-bird and thrush scoff at his "many-volumed gains," the "withered leaves" he turns in his study in order to win at best, for all his pains, "A nature mummy-wrap in learning;" but the singers of all weathers, the nightingales in his study, the poet maintains, give their "best sweetness to all song, To Nature's self her better glory." The rich involutions of Meredith's story of a present-day Othello contains another word of man's command of Nature. Nature plays "for Seasons, not Eternities," as must "All those whose stake is nothing more than dust;" and in his closing sonnet he finds the secret of the world of the "ever-diverse pair" he depicts, in that "they fed not on the advancing hours," but sought the "dusty answer" the soul gets "When hot for certainties in this our life." The poet of humankind, ordinarily supposed to be less weighted with the lore of libraries than Lowell, less subtly introspective than Meredith, supposed to be, indeed, only an untutored child of Nature herself

seems yet to have written in his 'Leaves of Grass' — for example, in his praise of mind-images he calls 'Eidólons' — of all the songs of thought's supremacy the most unequivocal: —

"Lo, I or you  
Or woman, man, or State, known or unknown,  
We seeming solid wealth, strength, beauty, build,  
But really build eidólons.

Strata of mountains, soils, rocks, giant trees,  
Far-born, far dying, living long, to leave  
Eidólons everlasting.  
Not this the world,

Nor these the universes, they the universes,  
Purport and end, ever the permanent life of life."

— SNIDER'S 'Shakespearian Drama,' unlike the many juiceless Shakespearian treatises that occupy themselves with everything but the dramas themselves, concerns itself with questions of subject-matter; and students who like to be stimulated to think while they read should welcome the last two volumes on the histories and comedies which Professor Snider has added to his first favorably known volume on the tragedies (Vol. I. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887. Vols. II. and III. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co. 1891). — THE story of the early Philadelphia magazine, often born to often die, is made the most of by Prof. Albert H. Smyth in his 'Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors,' 1741-1850 (Philadelphia: Robert M. Lindsay. 1892. pp. 264. \$1.00). To the special student of literary attempts the dry bones of any chapter of local history are not sapless. Professor Smyth's pleasant style, and the points of contact in the annals of some of these magazines with the lives of Franklin, Tom Paine, Poe, Cooper, Hood, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Lowell, may bring it to the willing ken of the general reader. Franklin seems to have founded the dynasty of periodicals in Philadelphia, as he did the Philadelphia Library and the oldest American learned society, — the American Philosophical Society, Jan. 2, 1869. In *Graham's*, one of the longest-lived, and certainly the most favorably known of the Philadelphia line of magazines, first appeared Poe's 'Murders of the Rue Morgue,' some of Hawthorne's 'Twice-told Tales,' and Longfellow's 'Spanish Student;' and in one of Mr. Sartain's magazines Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs' and 'Song of the Shirt' began their popularity. Another matter of note in the record is that Joseph Dennie, Editor of the *Portfolio*, edited the first volume of the 1807 American edition of Shakespeare, and that to him therefore, and not to Verplanck, of the New York edition, belongs the fame of having been the first American editor of Shakespeare.

## SOCIETIES.

The **Browning Society** of the new Century Club of Philadelphia devoted its mid-winter session to the discussion of outdoor Nature in poetry. On the evening of January 28, the readings were 'Tintern Abbey,' and 'I stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill.' A paper was read by Miss Agnes Repplier on 'Wordsworth as Poet of Nature,' and by Mr. Francis H. Williams, on 'The Relation of Nature to Man in Browning' (printed in the present number of *POET-LOVE*). A discussion followed, in which Mr. S. W. Cooper and Mr. Harrison S. Morris took part. At the close of the discussion Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, who was the guest of the Society, read some letters which had been addressed by Mr. and Mrs. Browning to his mother, Mrs. Kinney. They related to that celebrated episode in the life of the Brownings, — namely, their difference of opinion in regard to Spiritualistic manifestations, — which was intensified by their meeting in Florence with the famous Spiritualist, Home. They both wrote out their own view of the facts, and sent the letters to Mrs. Kinney for her decision.

The Nature division of the programme was rounded out at the general meeting, February 25, when the readings were, 'A Seaside Walk,' 'Man and Nature,' 'Oh, to be in England,' 'Prologue to Asolando.' The papers were by Miss Anne H. Wharton, on 'Poems of Exile,' and Miss Louise Stockton, on 'The Song in Nature.'

The spring session has been devoted to the consideration of human nature in poetry. At the fifth general meeting, March 24, the readings were, 'The Statue and the Bust,' and 'Adam, Lilith, and Eve.' Dr. Brinton read a short paper, 'Browning on Unconventional Relations,' and was followed by Mrs. Seth B. Stitt, whose paper was a comparison of Tennyson's and Browning's treatment of Love and Duty (both are given in this number).

The **Boston Browning Society** held its fifty-third regular meeting at the Brunswick, on Tuesday afternoon, April 26. Two papers were read, one by the Rev. Francis Tiffany, on 'Browning's Argument for Immortality,' in which he took the ground that as we enjoy music and painting because it is music and painting, never knowing the reason, so Browning believed in immortality because he believed in it. The second paper was by the Rev. Minot J. Savage, on 'The Life that now is and that which is to come, in Browning's Poetry.' He said that Browning had added nothing toward the solution of the great problem of immortality, and that he deemed a settling of the question on permanent grounds of knowledge of the utmost importance to present civilization.



## SHELLEY'S FAITH:

### I. ITS DEVELOPMENT AND RELATIVITY.

**T**HE consideration of Shelley's Faith naturally involves a review of the whole of Shelley's poetical and prose writing, as well as the chief events of his life. Such a review is no light matter, delightful as it may be, and necessarily one cannot do more than refer in the briefest way to passages which point to the conclusions which will be deduced in the course of the paper. It would have been useful to have quoted largely from many of the poems, but the earlier portion of this paper — the development — must be referred to in outline alone, for it admits of but little speculation, and consequently I have endeavored merely to give a straightforward account of what we actually find in Shelley's work, reserving the latter portion of the paper, that dealing with the relativity of Shelley's Faith to other Faiths, for the few thoughts I wish to contribute to the subject.

Religion is a wide subject, and to some minds covers a multitude of things, from manners, through morals, to immortality. We most of us differ considerably as to the construction to be put upon

the word, as well as the thing, Religion itself. Mrs. Browning writes to Leigh Hunt of "A Religion of the Heart" which is al-  
pity and charity and all other womanly virtues, and is extremely  
beautiful. The Calvinist preaches of a religion of hell and acute  
physical suffering, which is neither virtuous nor beautiful. What  
Shelley thought and taught about religion, it is now our business  
to discover.

In order that we may successfully conduct this investigation, it  
is necessary that we should divide his writings into three periods.  
The first I find it convenient to call the *negative* period, which in-  
cludes 'The Necessity of Atheism,' 'Queen Mab,' with the notes  
and 'A Refutation of Deism.' In each of these early works there  
is a constant denial and an all-pervading feeling of destruction  
which is of an entirely negative character. Following this is the  
second period, including 'The Dæmon of the World,' 'Alastor,' and  
'Laon and Cythna.' This is an intermediate period, in which  
denial has given place to investigation and seeking. Following  
this is the third period, in which we have 'Rosalind and Helen,'  
'Prometheus Unbound,' 'The Boat on the Serchio,' and 'Hellas.'  
This is the *positive* period, the work included in it being of an  
essentially constructive character, in which we have definite state-  
ments, and bold, firm propositions regarding the poet's Faith. Of  
these three periods of Shelley's activity, for our present purpose  
the last is the most important. To know what Shelley did *not*  
believe is interesting and profitable; but the essential thing which  
will help us is to know what he, a great reformer, really did believe,  
— what Shelley's Faith was, and why he had such a Faith. It is  
a small matter that a man shall destroy institutions and beliefs; a  
work of destruction and even of annihilation is comparatively a  
simple thing. Many men have engaged themselves in such work,  
many men are engaged in it now, more or less successfully, more  
or less deplorably; and many there will be, in all probability, who  
will continue these iconoclastic labors as long as there is an insti-  
tution upon which they can exercise their dangerous proclivity.  
The man, however, who can build as well as pull down, who can  
construct as well as destroy, is the man who will command our

respect, our enthusiasm, our loyalty, and our worship. Such men are our prophets, as we generally discover some half-century or so after they have been laid in their graves. Of what use is that system of philosophy which, destroying something pre-existent, has nothing to offer in its place? It cannot but lead to misery and woe. On the other hand, how splendid is that system which can destroy evil and create anew a glorious Faith, that shall claim us among its believers by its beauty of truth and its grandeur of conception? How unfinished Shelley's work would have been if it had but extended to those earlier poems only which display the negative side of his Religion! This was but the destruction of the vile and putrid; what came after was the great work of construction, the building up of his Faith, the elaboration of those principles which were meant as guides for those who should enter into the spirit of the founder, and live the life of purity and innocence which the holder of such views needs must live, or become the blackest and vilest miscreant the world ever contained. Unless men are prepared to relinquish much that they have hitherto held to be the highest in their code of morals, it is useless for them to think of accepting any considerable portion of Shelley's teaching. Important, then, as I conceive the positive stage of the development of Shelley's Faith to have been, it is necessary, in order thoroughly to grasp the entire meaning and significance of it, to consider the periods which preceded it, and during which the process of elaboration was going on.

The first matter for consideration is 'The Necessity of Atheism,' circulated in Oxford early in 1811. This was inspired by the reading of Hume's 'Essays,' and probably other works of a like tendency. The effect on the ardent mind of Shelley, in all the newly-found freedom of university life, was only natural. No other books were at hand to counteract the effect of Hume; and as well as the absence of books, there was an absence of minds to whose superior knowledge he might have applied for guidance at that critical moment. That Shelley was thirsting for knowledge of an opposite character may easily be seen from the advertisement to the tract, which reads as follows: —



As a love of truth is the only motive which actuates the author of this little tract, he earnestly entreats that those who may discover any deficiency in his reasoning, or may be in possession of proofs which his mind could never obtain, would offer them together with their objections, to the public, as briefly, as methodically, as plainly, as he has taken the liberty of doing through a deficiency of proof.

AN ATHEIST.

This was printed in each of the pamphlets, and the pamphlets sent to men who were supposed to know something of the subject with which it dealt. The supposition was erroneous. They did not regard such things as Atheism as being matters too slight to attract their attention. Instead of giving the information the writer of the pamphlet craved, they offered him the alternative of a bare denial of his work or expulsion from his University. The Atheist chose unjust expulsion, scorning the offer of the lie held out to him by the heads of the colleges. What, then, was an inquirer to do? Not only willing to be convinced, but asking for conviction, he was rudely expelled for his most natural request. He was refused what he craved, and the heart of his father was turned hard as stone against him; and not only his father, — which, perhaps, was hardly as deplorable a thing as it sounds, — but the majority also of the few friends he had. Homeless, with his mind in a perfect turmoil, he directed his attention to the completion of 'Queen Mab.' In 1813 he privately printed two hundred and fifty copies, which he distributed among his friends. 'Queen Mab' comes, with the notes, in quite natural sequence after 'The Necessity of Atheism.' In it Shelley considers Religion to be the guilty cause of all the evils which exist in the world.

“ How bold the flight of passion's wandering wing,  
 How swift the step of reason's firmer tread,  
 How calm and sweet the victories of life,  
 How terrorless the triumph of the grave !  
 How powerless were the mightiest monarch's arm,  
 Vain his loud threat and impotent his frown !  
 How ludicrous the priest's dogmatic roar !  
 The weight of his exterminating curse,  
 How light ! and his affected charity,  
 To suit the pressure of the changing times,  
 What palpable deceit ! — but for thy aid,

Religion! but for thee, prolific fiend,  
Who peopled earth with demons, hell with men,  
And heaven with slaves!"

'Queen Mab,' Part vi.

In the notes, the ideas of a personal God and of future punishment are dealt with, and their incompatibility with "Necessity," which is the ruling motive in the poem, demonstrated. 'Queen Mab' is a phase, and probably the most important, of the first of the three periods into which I divided this subject. It leads on from 'The Necessity of Atheism' to the 'Refutation of Deism.' This pamphlet, published in 1814, and written in dialogue form, is intended to prove that unless one adopts Christianity as a creed, he must of a necessity be an atheist. As Shelley considered at this period Christianity to be altogether inadequate to supply the religious wants of men, it follows that 'A Refutation of Deism' is only in another form 'The Necessity of Atheism.' In 'A Refutation of Deism,' also, we find a qualifying clause, as in the advertisement to 'The Necessity of Atheism.' The 'Refutation' contains the following passage: "I am willing to promise that if, after mature deliberation, the argument which you have advanced in favor of Atheism should appear incontrovertible, I will endeavor to adopt so much of the Christian scheme as is consistent with my persuasion of the goodness, unity, and majesty of God." Here, again, we see the desire Shelley had to be convinced that there were other opinions besides those he held which might be as logical and have as truthful a basis as his own. No one, however, took the least trouble to argue with him concerning his opinions, but, shrinking from him, heaped abuse upon him from afar. This closes the consideration of the negative side of the subject, and we now pass to those works which indicate the mental struggle of Shelley to find out for himself, as no one would help him, what was the truth.

The second period commences with the alteration of 'Queen Mab' into 'The Dæmon of the World.' In this alteration there are certain modifications which are of great importance in this study. Passages which made 'Queen Mab' so famous are omitted, and others changed. In writing 'Queen Mab,' Shelley had an

object in view which is sufficiently apparent in the poem. In the changing of it into 'The Dæmon of the World' this object changed too; and we can see that Shelley had a certain mistrust of 'Queen Mab,' which does not now appear to him to serve his end, as it did at the time at which it was written. If we observe carefully, I think it becomes apparent, even in 'The Dæmon,' that Shelley leaned toward Pantheism.

" Below lay stretched the boundless universe !  
 There, far as the remotest line  
 That limits swift imagination's flight,  
 Unending orbs mingled in mazy motion,  
 Immutably fulfilling  
 Eternal Nature's law.  
 Above, below, around,  
 The circling systems formed  
 A wilderness of harmony,  
 Each with undeviating aim  
 In eloquent silence through the depths of space  
 Pursued its wondrous way."

This is a great step; but although his Pantheism, as we have it thus expressed, was of an extremely lofty character, in 'Alastor' we find that this same Pantheism, this "spirit of nature," does not satisfy, — is not God.

" Obedient to the light  
 That shone within his soul,"

he found that this was not sufficient; he continues his investigations, and we see the results in 'Laon and Cythna.' In this vehement protest against bigotry, oppression, and superstition, there is an oscillation which finally ceases, and then we pass from the undecided to the positive stage of this development.

This third period includes, for our purpose, 'Prometheus Unbound,' 'Adonais,' 'The Boat on the Serchio,' and 'Hellas;' being essentially constructive, it is the one which is the most interesting to the student of Shelley's ideas concerning the unknowable. 'Prometheus Unbound' and 'Hellas' are glorious songs of liberty, and, together with 'Adonais,' contain passages which indicate what Shelley's opinions on Religion were at the time he was writing. It is to a passage in 'The Boat on the Serchio' that special atten-

on must be given, as in it is summed up, in words so clear that there can be no mistaking them, what Shelley's opinions were the year before his death.

" All rose to do the task He set to each,  
Who shaped us to His end and not our own."

It is needless to dwell upon the passage. It requires no accentuation; nothing could be clearer.

I have endeavored to trace out briefly and as systematically as possible the line along which the development of Shelley's religious ideas worked, and to indicate those poems in which the development can best be studied. Necessarily the only order in which they can be considered is the chronological one, and when the poems I have mentioned are studied in this way, the only conclusion we can arrive at is that Shelley gradually developed from Atheism through Pantheism to a lofty and noble Deism in spite of the early 'Refutation.'

This conclusion is but proximate; and from the material to hand it is, I think, the only logical one possible on the subject. What Shelley's Faith would ultimately have evolved itself into is beyond our knowledge. The Atheist Shelley is to us an impossibility,—a being of whom we have no knowledge. Throughout the whole of his mature work there is unassailable evidence that he believed in the existence of a God. Even as early as 'Laon and Cythna' there can be no doubt whatever on the subject. In the preface he states that in the poem, "The erroneous and degrading idea which men have conceived of a Supreme Being is spoken against, but not the Supreme Being itself."

In the earliest things he published there are undoubtedly passages in which the idea of a God is entirely negatived; but then we must not judge a man by what he did or said when a boy. It is to the responsible actions of his manhood that we must look in order that we may form an estimate of what his character really was. Having thus traced the development of Shelley's Faith, we may consider its relation to other systems in existence which have an affinity to it.

Speculations concerning the suggestion as to whether Shelley

would have become a Christian are of small consequence it is that he would never have become so if the word is to be used in the way in which it is so largely employed, — including, besides, the holding of all manner of strange and fantastic beliefs, remnants of mediæval superstitions, which are alike a curse to Christian teaching and a source of endless ridicule. There is, however, a sense in which the word is used which is perfectly free from all these absurdities ; and if only used with this sense, which simply embraces the moral teachings of Jesus, and which incorporates with it the example of his blameless life, we may suppose that Shelley might have accepted these things with pleasure. What else should Christianity be but the teaching of Jesus? Of course it is easy enough to see what it has become — painfully easy ; but there are but few who can understand what it should and might be. Shelley's Religion was undoubtedly a natural one, and if Christianity is to be based upon such natural causes, it is quite certain Shelley could never have become a Christian ; but, on the contrary, if Christianity is allowed to retain its essence the moral teachings of Christ, then, it may be supposed that there is no great difficulty connected with Mr. Browning's supposition that Shelley might eventually have ranged himself with the Christians. Under no other conditions than these, however, could it have been possible. Shelley had no quarrel with Jesus or with his teachings, neither had he with Christianity. It was the form of Christianity which Christianity assumed, and that part of historical Christianity which is so disreputable, that roused Shelley's scorn and indignation. Nor had Shelley any quarrel with Religion, when it was separated from superstition. It was the fearful thing which he found harbored beneath the wing of so-called religion which so disgusted him. It was the monstrous idea of a God by so many, which called forth such verses as : —

“ ‘ O God ! ’ they cried, ‘ we know our secret pride  
Has scorned thee, and thy worship, and thy name ;  
Secure in human power we have defied  
Thy fearful might ; we bend in fear and shame  
Before thy presence ; with the dust we claim  
Kindred ; be merciful, O King of Heaven !

Most justly have we suffered for thy fame  
Made dim, but be at length our sins forgiven,  
Ere to despair and death thy worshippers be driven.

“ ‘ O King of Glory ! thou alone hast power !  
Who can resist thy will ? who can restrain  
Thy wrath, when on the guilty thou dost shower  
The shafts of thy revenge, a blistering rain ?  
Greatest and best, be merciful again !  
Have we not stabbed thine enemies, and made  
The Earth an altar, and the Heavens a fane,  
Where thou wert worshipped with their blood, and laid  
Those hearts in dust which would thy searchless works have weighed ?

“ ‘ Well didst thou loosen on this impious City  
Thine angels of revenge : recall them now ;  
Thy worshippers abashed, here kneel for pity,  
And bind their souls by an immortal vow :  
We swear by thee ! and to our oath do thou  
Give sanction, from thine hell of fiends and flame,  
That we will kill with fire and torments slow,  
The last of those who mocked thy holy name,  
And scorned the sacred laws thy prophets did proclaim.’

“ Thus they with trembling limbs and pallid lips  
Worshipped their own hearts' image, dim and vast,  
Scared by the shade wherewith they would eclipse  
The light of other minds ; — troubled they past  
From the great Temple ; — fiercely still and fast  
The arrows of the plague among them fell,  
And they on one another gazed aghast,  
And through the hosts contention wild befell,  
As each of his own God the wondrous works did tell.

“ And Oromaze, Joshua, and Mahomet,  
Moses and Buddh, Zerdusht, and Brahm, and Foh,  
A tumult of strange names, which never met  
Before, as watchwords of a single woe,  
Arose : each raging votary 'gan to throw  
Aloft his armed hands, and each did howl  
' Our God alone is God ! ' ”

‘ The Revolt of Islam,’ 10, xxvii. to xxxi.

These fearful ideas of a bloodthirsty, savage, revengeful monster do not constitute Shelley's conception of the Supreme Being. He believed that God was all-powerful, all-mighty, all-wise ; and

he could not be content calmly to listen to the monstrous words those who made the Great Unknowable an avenger with sword and firebrand, like to the gods of the heathen and uncivilized. what use is civilization if, at its height, as far as we know it, greatest product should be a creature like this? — an unbending un pitying, wrathful giant, like Jupiter in 'Prometheus Unbound'. In this noble poem we see the struggle of the truth-seekers and the Good Ones of the world exemplified in the person of Prometheus, who calmly ignores for centuries and centuries the existence of such a Godhead, until at last truth conquers, although the fight has been a long and terrible one. Prometheus, assailed for so long by such spirits of evil, employed by this god of evil, at last rises proudly from among the ruins of that sham Religion he has succeeded in overthrowing, and which he replaces with the true Religion of universal tolerance and love. The true God is seen and worshipped, and the earth is filled with happiness. It is pleasant to contrast 'Queen Mab' and 'Prometheus Unbound'. In the one we have the attempt at a revolt against existing beliefs, in the other we have a like attempt; but while the former was the effort of enthusiastic boyhood, the latter is the grave, preconcerted endeavor of thoughtful, philosophic manhood.

Shelley worked very much on the same lines as Jesus, Buddha and Mohammed; his object was the same. He tried to lead men from ways of evil to ways of righteousness and truth; and if he helped only a little that which Jesus, Buddha, and Mohammed came into the world to do, then Shelley accomplished a great work. We cannot tell whether Shelley would eventually have become a Christian; but this we know, that as Christ's brief sojourn on the earth was employed in preaching the gospel of love, why, was Shelley's! Shelley could see clearly enough that what men accepted as God was not the Eternal Truth. He could see that the conception of the Unknowable was base and ignoble, because conceived by base and ignoble minds. He could see that Religion was in many cases an evil instead of a good; and with this knowledge in his breast he commenced the construction of his new Faith. Shelley had a profound admiration for the character

Jesus, and regarded his teaching as the highest then possible ; and what he had for his aim was a system of philosophy which should co-operate with Christ's teaching, as it did with the teachings of all the world's great prophets, helping and aiding them in their object to make all men and all peoples truth-loving and good. Is not this a great aim? Is it not nobler than a passive acceptance of the teachings of the various Religions, — egoistic satisfaction, without further striving or further effort?

If there is one lesson which may be taken as being more significant than another in the teaching of Jesus, it is the lesson of charity; and to those who have learned this lesson well a great deal of the Christianity — falsely so called — which has existed for nineteen centuries is a source of constant sorrow and regret. There is no manner of doubt that much of the irreligion and much of the anti-Christian feeling which is occasionally displayed is due to the mode of life adopted by many who call themselves Christian, and who are quite content with the empty title. Christianity is synonymous in some minds with all the innumerable sects of modern times ; and this must of a necessity continue until the absurdities and anachronisms at present associated with the world of so-called Christians are removed. Sects are a development in religious life which have a most deplorable effect upon religious feeling, destroying all spontaneity and originality, spoiling the natural religious instinct, reducing the individual to a dull level of mediocrity which, considering that these individuals are living human creatures, is astonishing. If there was a need of sects, we should hardly come to regard them as a positive evil. Instead of bringing people into one great brotherhood, they destroy brotherly feeling; instead of inducing a glorious comradeship as dreamed of by Walt Whitman, they sow seeds of dissension; and instead of uniting the world in one great bond, they have disintegrated and split up into bigoted bodies what otherwise would have been a great, harmonious whole. This is the curse of sects. Beneath the dogmas, creeds, and doctrines which serve as the basis of the Faith of these various sects is the germ of Truth; but it is so clogged, and so buried in the mass of badness and fallacy, as to be some-



times undiscernible. It was the bad that Shelley saw when he looked abroad upon the desert world striving to arrive at something noble, true, and good. His heart burned within him as he witnessed this struggle; and he said, when he was young and inexperienced, and before he knew the whole truth, It is the curse of superstition; "There is no God." Nothing was more painfully apparent to Shelley than the universal appearance of evil. He says, addressing the spirit of evil, Satan, —

"Obdurate spirit,  
Thou seest but the Past in the To-come.  
Pride is thy error and thy punishment.  
Boast not thine empire, dream not that thy worlds  
Are more than furnace-sparks or rainbow-drops  
Before the Power that wields and kindles them.  
True greatness asks not space, true excellence  
Lives in the Spirit of all things that live,  
Which lends it to the worlds thou callest thine."

Prologue to 'Hellas.'

It was the spirit of evil that Shelley warred against, and it is this which prompted the sonnet on 'England in 1819,' 'Religion Christless, Godless, a book sealed.' It was the multitude of different creeds and sects, which destroy true Religion, that called forth the curse in the Prologue to 'Hellas.' —

"Be thou a curse on them whose creed  
Divides and multiplies the most high God."

To teach men differently; to lead them to a higher life; to make them feel that creeds are not Religions, and dogmas are not truths, — these were Shelley's aims. While condemning the pernicious systems he saw around, he sang of the time to come, and of the great work which should be accomplished.

"The day becomes more solemn and serene!  
When noon is past — there is a harmony  
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,  
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!  
Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
Of nature on my passive youth  
Descended; to my onward life, supply

Its calm — to one who worships thee,  
And every form containing thee,  
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind  
To fear himself, and love all human kind."

'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.'

Love of all beauty, worship of the beautiful and the intellectual, and his universal love for all mankind who were worthy, and pity for those who were not, are the things which characterize that which in this consideration is a most important poem, 'The Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.'

"Virtue tho' obscured on Earth not less  
Survives all mortal change in lasting loveliness."

'The Revolt of Islam,' 12, xxxvii.

Virtue, though like beauty too often wanting in this life is an essential part of the structure, — Shelley's Faith, — and, added to virtue, we find most of the distinguishing teachings of all the world's great religious reformers.

"In sacred Athens, near the fane  
Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood:  
Serve not the unknown God in vain,  
But pay that broken shrine again  
Love for hate and tears for blood."

'Hellas.'

"Can man be free if woman be a slave?  
Chain one who lives and breathes this boundless air  
To the corruption of a closed grave!  
Can they whose mates are beasts condemned to bear  
Scorn heavier far than toil or anguish, dare  
To trample their oppressors? In their home,  
Among their babes, thou knowest a curse would wear  
The shape of woman — hoary crime would come  
Behind, and fraud rebuild religion's tottering dome."

'The Revolt of Islam,' 2, xliii.

This "Love for hate and tears for blood," the freedom of women, all these things Jesus taught, and for these things he died. For these things Shelley labored, and for their sake he was practically banished from his country.

It still remains for me to speak of Shelley's thoughts on Life and Death: "For what are we? Whence do we come, and

whither do we go? Is birth the commencement, is death the conclusion, of our being? What is birth and death?"— Essay 'On Life.'

"Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean  
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,  
As it has ever done, with change and motion  
From the great morning of the world, when first  
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed  
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;  
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;  
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,  
The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might."

'Adonais,' xix.

So Shelley speaks of Life, —

"She is still, she is cold  
On the bridal couch,  
One step to the white death-bed  
And one to the bier,  
And one to the charnel — and one, O where?"

'Genevra.'

So he inquires concerning Death. An answer we find in 'The Sensitive Plant.'

"It is a modest creed, and yet  
Pleasant if one considers it,  
To own that death itself must be,  
Like all the rest, a mockery."

These are Shelley's questions and answers on subjects of the greatest importance, — questions which have occupied the attention of all the world's wisest and best men. Putting Materialism on one side as being altogether inadequate, Shelley asserts that "whatever may be the true and final destination of man, there is a spirit within him at enmity with nothingness and dissolution. This is the character of all life and being."— Essay 'On Life' To teach them what the universal God is like is that for which he founded his Faith. It was for this he said, —

"I vowed that I would dedicate my power  
To thee and thine: have I not kept my vow?"

'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.'

A most striking peculiarity in Shelley's history is the association of his religious and moral ideas with the most ordinary occur-

rences of his life. His was no Religion for Sundays, with service morning and evening, and a judicious reading in theology in the afternoon, but a reality for every day. Whatever he did was connected one way or another with his Faith. His whole life was guided by it, and by the aid of it he regulated the least as well as the greatest concerns of his existence. It was because of this his life was so earnest a one. In it, wherever we look, and to whatever period, we find the same seriousness, which characterized it from the beginning to the end. In it there was no flippancy, no frivolity, but an intense concentration upon the objects which he had in view. It is the same with his poetry. Here there is nothing which might by any chance be termed absolutely light, anything which is without meaning; so also is it with his prose works. His Faith, which caused its author to apply it to the most everyday acts, which made those around him feel that here was a man who had strength enough to bring his Religion to bear on the most ordinary things of life, was not a Faith which was very good for special occasions, but only to be used then. It was not a religion which provided special feasts or ordinances for special days; it was not one that had days or weeks of special prayer, not one that was special in any particular, but one that was in itself all-sufficient to supply the wants of its devotees continually and unceasingly, which should be the same Sunday, Monday, and all other days of the week, Christmas, Easter, and all other holiday times in the year. Shelley's religion in its latest development was one continuous praise of the All-wise and All-powerful, one incessant application of it to his life; and viewing this life from the standpoint of his Faith, we see how grand it really was, what a harmonious whole, what a life of living up to those things which he taught, what a life of consistency! No empty profession of principles was here, but a living, vital Faith, in the light of which Shelley felt that it was well with him. Shelley's life was a life of almost complete deviation from accepted beliefs, but it was also a life of almost absolute adherence to the principles which he professed. Even where he departed from the tenets of his Faith, he was still obeying the ruling note of it, *Love*.

Just as Religion is above all creeds, dogmas, and theologies whatsoever, so was Shelley's Faith above those articles and doctrines which many accept in place of Religion. Shelley's Faith was in the Eternal Goodness, in the Eternal Truth, and in the Eternal Love. "Ask him who lives, what is Life? Ask him who adores, what is God?"

*Kineton Parkes.*

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

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## SHELLEY'S LETTERS TO ELIZABETH HITCHENER.

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**T**HE letters addressed by Percy Bysshe Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener—extending over twelve months, and some forty-six in number—are not only of interest for their own sake, but are of rare biographical value, tending as they do to throw renewed light on the inner and outer life of the poet at an early period of his career. Readers of Professor Dowden will doubtless recollect how tantalizingly he summarizes various passages from this correspondence, and how sparingly he uses extracts therefrom. That Miss Hitchener had the prescience to preserve these letters is matter for congratulation, though possibly there are good reasons why their general publication should be withheld. A very few copies have, however, been privately printed; but as these are not for sale, and are unlikely to be at any time accessible to Shelley students, I propose to give the readers of *POET-LORE* a brief account of them, with accompanying extracts, choosing, for this purpose, such among them as have not hitherto been made public. Some half-dozen of the Hitchener letters have, however, been printed in Mr. Garnet's volume of *Shelley Letters*; while, as I have said, Mr. Dowden gives very brief extracts from others. The poet was but nineteen years of age when he began this curious correspondence with a lady whom he had casually met at his Uncle Pilfold's house at Cuckfield. From this one interview of but a few minutes' duration,

grew this unique platonic correspondence, — the tone of which, on Shelley's part at least, increased in warmth with each successive epistle; and which was only brought to a summary conclusion when the strange couple at last met, by the oft-repeated invitation of Shelley, under whose roof they were to dwell together (with Eliza Westbrook and possibly Hogg) "forever." Alas, however, for the poet's visionary dreams! His "forever" was often upon his lips, and as often vanished. In the course of this correspondence we find that "Elizabeth" speedily blossomed into "Bessy," and finally into the more euphonious "Portia," but a few days' intercourse as a community of select spirits served to dispel the illusion; the fair "Portia" or prosaic "Bessy" gave place to the "Brown Demon," and the strange platonic enterprise suddenly collapsed.

As I have said, these letters number some six and forty, — one or two of them being in part written by Harriet Shelley; and one thing they incontestably prove, — that at this period, at any rate, Harriet Shelley was the well-beloved of her husband. Scattered throughout this correspondence are many references to the girl-wife, — references possibly slight in themselves (as, for instance, "Harriet sends her love; *the dear girl* will write you"), but sufficient to prove this fact. Whatever may have been the ultimate cause of the final disruption between them, there is little doubt that at this time he was devoted to her; while she seems, from her occasional postscripts to these letters, to have been one with him in his aims and life-purpose. She likewise, with a noble simplicity and wifely faith, warmly seconded his invitation that "Portia" should take up her abode with them, and indeed figures here as a loyal and true wife.

The first of these letters is dated from Field Place, June 5, 1811, wherein the lady is addressed as "dear madam," and he infers that she is, like himself, a "devotee at the shrine of Truth." "Truth," he adds, "is *my* God, but I think yours is reducible to the same simple Divinityship." Promising to lend his new-found friend Scott's last poem, he says: "I am not very enthusiastic in the cause of Walter Scott. The aristocratical tone which his

writings assume does not prepossess me in his favour, since my opinion is that all poetical beauty ought to be a pleasing vehicle for useful and momentous instruction."

Shelley-like, he plunges at once into matters which have been seething in his own soul, and gives his fair correspondent credit for desiring to know of such. In the third of these letters he says, —

"All that natural reason enables us to discover is that we now are; that there was a time when we were not; that the moment, even, when we are now reasoning is a point before and after which is eternity. Shall we sink into the nothing from whence we have arisen? But could we have arisen from nothing? We put an acorn into the ground. In process of time it modifies the particles of earth, air and water by infinitesimal division, so as to produce an oak. That power which makes it to be this oak we may call its vegetative principle, symbolizing with the animal principle, or soul of animated existence. An hundred years pass. The oak moulders in putrefaction: it ceases to be what it is: its soul is gone. Is then soul annihilable? Yet one of the properties of animal soul is consciousness of identity. If this is destroyed, in consequence the soul (whose essence this is) must perish. But, as I conceive (and as is certainly capable of demonstration) that nothing can be annihilated, but that everything appertaining to nature, consisting of constituent parts infinitely divisible, is in a continual change, then do I suppose — and I think I have a right to draw this inference — that neither will soul perish; that, in a future existence, it will lose all consciousness of having formerly lived elsewhere, — will begin life anew, possibly under a shape of which we have no idea."

Thus early, too, had his enthusiasm been aroused and his heart kindled: —

"In theology, — enquiries into our intellect, its eternity or perishability, — I advance with caution and circumspection. I pursue it in the privacy of retired thought, or the interchange of friendship. But in politics — here I am enthusiastic. I have reasoned; and my reason has brought me, on this subject, to the end of my enquiries. I am no aristocrat, nor any 'crat' at all; but vehemently long for the time when man may dare to live in accordance with Nature and Reason, — in consequence, with Virtue."

As may be imagined, the earlier portion of the correspondence touches largely on the "necessity of Atheism," and the "immorality of Christianity," — always, be it remembered, *the Christianity as then seen in the world by Shelley*: for at the end of one of these letters he says: "A picture of Christ hangs opposite me in my room; it is well done, and has met my look at the conclusion of this." Verily Shelley believed more than he gave himself credit for, and, as Robert Browning opines, "would finally have ranged himself with the Christians."

It is needless to remark there lies embedded in several of these letters much that throws light on Shelley's subsequent career. His political opinions had already taken form and shape, and were at the boiling-point, — as were also his advanced and erratic views concerning social questions and customs. Take this, for instance, from a letter dated July 26, 1811: —

"What I contend for is this. Were I a moral legislator, I would propose to my followers that they should arrive at the perfection of morality. Equality is natural: at least, many evils totally inconsistent with a state which symbolizes with Nature prevail in every system of inequality. I will assume the point. Therefore, even although it be your opinion, or my opinion, that equality is unattainable except by a parcel of peas, or beans, still political virtue is to be estimated in proportion as it approximates to this ideal point of perfection, however unattainable. But what can be worse than the present aristocratical system? Here are, in England, 10,000,000, only 500,000 of whom live in a state of ease: the rest earn their livelihood with toil and care. If therefore these 500,000 aristocrats, who possess resources of various degrees of immensity, were to permit these resources to be resolved into their original stock (that is, entirely to destroy it), if each earned his own living (which I do not see is at all incompatible with the height of intellectual refinement), then I affirm that each would be happy and contented — that crime, and the temptation to crime, would scarcely exist. — 'But this paradise is all visionary.' — Why is it visionary? Have you tried? The first inventor of a plough doubtless was looked upon as a mad innovator: he who altered it from its original absurd form doubtless had to contend with great prejudices in its disfavour. But is it not worth while that (although may not be *certain*) the remaining 9,500,000 victims to its in-



fringement [should] make some exertions in favour of a system evidently founded on the first principles of natural justice? If two children were placed together in a desert island, and they found some scarce fruit, would not justice dictate an equal division? If this number is multiplied to any extent of which number is capable, — if these children are men, families — is not justice capable of the same extension and multiplication? Is it not the same? Are not its decrees invariable? and, for the sake of his earth-formed schemes, has the politician a right to infringe upon that which itself constitutes all right and wrong? Surely not."

After the first few notes had passed between them, we observe that Shelley's interest in Elizabeth is evidently deepening, and "my dear madam" has given place to "my dear friend;" while in the tenth letter in order of date we read: "I love *you* more than any relation; I profess you are the sister of my soul, its dearest sister; and I think the component parts of that soul must undergo complete dissolution before its sympathies can perish." Alas, poor Shelley! he had hardly yet seen with clear, visible eye the object of his platonic affection, nor had Elizabeth Hitchener yet become merged in the "Brown Demon." In the preceding letter (Oct. 8, 1811), however, we can see how "frank," to say the least of it, this correspondence had grown; and the following extract, read in the light of after-events, is significant enough: —

"You will enquire how I, an Atheist, chose to subject myself to the ceremony of marriage, — how my conscience could consent to it. This is all I am now anxious of elucidating. Why I united myself thus to a female, as it is not in itself immoral, can make no part in diminution of my rectitude: *this*, if misconceived, may. I am indifferent to reputation: all are not. Reputation, and its consequent advantages, are rights to which every individual may lay claim, unless he has justly forfeited them by an immoral action. Political rights, also, which justly appertain equally to each, ought only to be forfeited by immorality. Yet both of these must be dispensed with, if two people live together without having undergone the ceremony of marriage. How unjust this is! Certainly it is not inconsistent with morality to evade these evils. How useless to attempt, by singular examples, to renovate the face of society, until reasoning has made so comprehensive a change as to emancipate the experimentalist from the resulting evils, and the

prejudice with which his opinion (which ought to have weight, for the sake of virtue) would be heard by the immense majority!—These are my reasons. Will you write to me? Shall we proceed in our discussions of Nature and Morality? Nay more: will you be my friend, may I be yours? The shadow of worldly impropriety is effaced by *my* situation. Our strictest intercourse would excite none of those disgusting remarks with which *females* of the present day think it right to load the friendships of opposite sexes. Nothing would be transgressed by your even living with us. Could you not pay me a visit?"

In a subsequent letter he recurs to the same subject:—

"I think it [marriage] an evil: but I think a previous reformation in myself—and that a general and a great one—is requisite before it may be remedied. Man is the creature of circumstances, and these casual circumstances, custom hath made unto him a second nature. Marriage is monopolizing, exclusive, jealous. The tie which binds it bears the same relation to 'friendship in which excess is lovely' that the body doth to the soul. Everything which relates simply to this clay-formed dungeon is comparatively despicable; and in a state of respectable society, could not be made the subject of either virtue or vice. . . . Am I right? It delights me to discuss and be sceptical: thus we must arrive at truth—that introducer of virtue and usefulness. . . . I understand you when you say we are free. Liberty is the very soul of friendship, and from the very soul of liberty art thou my friend; aye, and such a sense as this can never fade.

' Earthly those passions of the earth  
Which perish where they had their birth,  
But Love is indestructible.'

I almost wish that Southey had not made the Glendover a male: these detestable distinctions will surely be abolished in a future state of being.

' The holy flame forever burneth:  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.'

Might there not have been a prior state of existence? Might we not have been friends then? The creation of soul at birth is a thing I do not like. Where we have no premises, we can therefore draw no conclusions. It *may* be all vanity: but I cannot think so."

What the fair "Portia" thought of Shelley's heresies concerning the marriage "bond" we know not, but the probability is she

was not greatly disturbed thereby. That Shelley was sincere in his opinions there can be no question ; neither can there be any question that he looked at this, as at so many other things, from the point of view of his own etherealized individuality.

In another of these letters he fervently desires Elizabeth's presence because "Hogg, that noble being, is with me, and will be always." Yet a day or two, and he is inditing the "sister of his soul" a long letter, the burden of which is the sin of Hogg! He had left Harriet to the care of his friend, trusting in his friendship; and he details to Elizabeth the whole of the sorry story, closing as follows: "I told him that I pardoned him — freely, fully, completely pardoned; that not the least anger against him possessed me. His vices, and not himself, were the objects of my horror and my hatred."

The November of 1811 found the Shelleys at Keswick, from whence various notes passed to his "dearest friend," — many of them dealing with Hogg, and all containing many interesting reminiscences of his daily avocations at this period of his history. Here is an excerpt: —

"Your letter reached me one day too late, on account of a tempest happening, and delaying the mail. It hath at length reached me; and dear, sacredly dear to me, is every line of it. . . . Oh, friendship like ours! its most soul-lulling comforts can, ought never to be called selfish; for although we give each other pleasure, our love is not selfish. Reasoning is necessary to selfishness; and the delight I feel in bracing my mind with the energies of yours is involuntary. . . . I could have borne to die, to die eternally, with my once-loved friend. I could coolly have reasoned: to the conclusions of reason I could have unhesitatingly submitted. Earth seemed to be enough for our intercourse: on earth its bounds appear to be stated, as the event hath dreadfully proved. But with *you* — your friendship seems to have generated a passion to which fifty such fleeting inadequate existences as these appear to be but the drop in the bucket, too trivial for account. With you, I cannot submit to perish like the flower of the field. I cannot consent that the same shroud which shall moulder around these perishing frames shall enwrap the vital spirit which hath produced, sanctified — may I say, eternized? — a friendship such as ours. Most high and noble feelings are referable to passion: but these — these are

referable to reason. I say, passion is referable to reason: but I mean the great aspiring passions of disinterested Friendship, Philanthropy. It is necessary that reason should disinterestedly determine: the passion of the virtuous will then energetically put its decrees in execution. Your fancy does not run away with your reason; but your too great dependence on mine does. Preserve your individuality; reason for yourself; compare and discuss with me, I will do the same with you: for are you not my second self? the stronger shadow of that soul whose dictates I have been accustomed to obey? I have taken a long *solitary* ramble to-day. These gigantic mountains piled on each other, these waterfalls, these million-shaped clouds tinted by the varying colours of innumerable rainbows hanging between yourself and a lake as smooth and dark as a plain of polished jet — oh, these are sights attunable to the contemplation! I have been much struck by the grandeur of its imagery. Nature here sports in the awful waywardness of her solitude. The summits of the loftiest of these immense piles of rock seem but to elevate Skiddaw and Helvellyn. Imagination is resistlessly compelled to look back upon the myriad ages whose silent change placed them here; to look back when perhaps this retirement of peace and mountain-simplicity was the pandemonium of druidical imposture, the scene of Roman pollution, the resting-place of the savage denizen of these solitudes with the wolf. — Still, still further. Strain thy reverted fancy when no rocks, no lakes, no cloud-soaring mountains, were here; but a vast, populous and licentious city stood in the midst of an immense plain. Myriads flocked towards it. London itself scarcely exceeds it in the variety, the extensiveness of its corruption. Perhaps ere man had lost reason, and lived an happy, happy race: no tyranny, no priestcraft, no war. — Adieu to the dazzling picture!

Writing from the same place on December 11, he says, —

“Are we — are these souls which measure in their circumscribed domain the distance of yon orbs — are we but bubbles which arise from the filth of a stagnant pool, merely to be again re-absorbed into the mass of its corruption? I think not: I feel not. Can you prove it? Yet the eternity of man has ever been believed. It is not merely one of the dogmas of an inconsistent religion, though all religions have taken it for their foundation. The wild American, who never heard of Christ, or dreamed of original sin, whose ‘Great Spirit’ was nothing but the Soul of Nature, could not reconcile his feelings to annihilation. He too had his paradise. And in truth is not the Iroquois’s ‘human life perfected’ better

than to 'circle with harps the golden throne' of one who dooms half of his creatures to eternal destruction? — Thus much for the soul."

Truly Shelley believed more than he knew. And long ere the waves that swept Spezia Bay crushed the fragile life out of him, he was beginning to realize the power and self-sacrifice of the One whose "cross leads generations on."

In these letters, too, will be found numerous interesting details of Shelley's short stay in Dublin, with all of which the readers of Dowden will be familiar. Shelley's fame as a letter-writer needs not to be extolled, yet the following, from a note dated Feb. 14, 1812, must surely have roused the prosaic soul of Elizabeth Hitchener to something akin to enthusiasm: —

"The ocean rolls between us. O thou ocean, whose multitudinous billows ever lash Erin's green isle, on whose shores this venturesome arm would plant the flag of liberty, roll on. And, with each wave whose echoings die, amid thy melancholy silentness shall die a moment too — one of those moments which part my friend and me! I could stand upon thy shores, O Erin, and could count the billows that, in their unceasing swell, dash on thy beach, and every wave might seem an instrument in Time the giant's grasp to burst the barriers of Eternity. Proceed thou giant, conquering and to conquer. March on thy lonely way! The nations fall beneath thy noiseless footstep: pyramids that for millenniums have defied the blast, and laughed at lightnings, thou dost crush to nought. Yon monarch in his solitary pomp is but the fungus of a winter day that thy light footstep presses into dust. Thou art a conqueror, Time! All things give way before thee, but 'the fixed and virtuous will,' the sacred sympathy of soul which was when thou wert not, which shall be when thou perishest."

Farther on in the same letter we get a glimpse of the "real Shelley," — the magnanimous Shelley, with a passion for humanity and a creed that ever made for righteousness: —

"My *Address* ['Address to the Irish People'] will soon come out. It will be instantly followed by another, with downright proposals for instituting associations for bettering the condition of human-kind. I — even I, weak, young, poor as I am — will attempt to organize them, the society of peace and love. Oh, that I may be a successful apostle of this true religion, the religion of Philanthropy!"

Here, again, is a further glimpse of the "real Shelley," with a vision of humanity his detractors could not see:—

"This nation shall awaken. . . . A poor boy, whom I found starving with his mother in a hiding-place of unutterable filth and misery—whom I rescued, and was about to teach to read—has been snatched, on a charge of false and villainous effrontery, to a Magistrate of Hell, who gave him the alternative of the *tender* or of military servitude. He preferred neither, yet was compelled to be a soldier. I am resolved to prosecute this business to the very jaws of Government, snatching (if possible) the poison from its fangs.—A widow woman, with three infants, was taken up by two constables. I remonstrated, I pleaded: I was everything that my powers could make me. The landlady was overcome. The constable relented: and, when I asked him if he had a heart, he said,—To be sure he had, as well as another man, but that he was called out to business of this nature sometimes twenty times in a night. The woman's crime was stealing a penny loaf."

The April of 1812 found the Shelleys at Nantgwilt, Radnorshire, whence he writes on the 29th of that month to his dearest friend, begging her "not to think of not living with us." Evidently Elizabeth had certain qualms as to the advisability of taking this step, and had given reasons therefor, for Shelley writes,—

"What! because a few paltry village gossips repeat some silliness of their own invention till they believe it, shall those resolves be shaken which ought to survive the shock of elements and crash of worlds? . . . *I* unfaithful to my Harriet! *You* a female Hogg! Common sense should laugh such an idea to scorn, if indignation would wait till it could be looked upon."

Significant enough, in all conscience, this: "*I* unfaithful to my Harriet!" No,—a thousand times no! We cannot, as I have said, fail to note how throughout this correspondence his Harriet is all in all to him; he loves her well, and his love is returned with a noble and loyal affection. They were apparently very happy together at this time; the cloud had not yet shown itself upon the horizon of their lives.

But the Hitchener episode is hastening to its final catastrophe. The last letter of this series is dated June 18, 1812, and from

it we gather that Elizabeth Hitchener is at length to throw in her lot with the Shelleys. The poet writes, —

Affairs have now arrived at a crisis. . . . Calm yourself, collect yourself, my dearest friend! How little ought your mighty soul to be shaken by the whisper of a worldling. Let us show that truth can conquer falsehood. Let us show that prejudice is impotent when the resolution of friendship and virtue is awakened. It is a glorious cause: martyrdom in such a cause were superior than victory in any other. . . . The best wishes, the sincerest love, of all, await you until we meet. — Yours unalterably,

P. B. SHELLEY.

Alas for the “unalterably”! Yet a week or two and the illusion is dispelled. Elizabeth Hitchener entered the poetic paradise, but not to worship. Incompatibilities enough and to spare soon made themselves apparent; and a retreat had to be effected at all hazards. Entering as the fair “Portia,” Elizabeth has to emerge speedily from the abode of the Shelleys, to be known henceforth as the “Brown Demon,” and to be possibly forgotten, when Jane Williams and Emily Viviani eventually crowned with their aureole the circle of the poet’s platonic friendships. She was, indeed, altogether unfitted for the office the poet desired her to occupy; in truth, he was his own spiritual adviser, and needed not Elizabeth nor any other, — albeit the others appeared in due succession. Yet we can easily understand how, in the Shelleyan home circle, the little rift would widen day by day, until the common round of life became insupportable, and the “forever” had to be once more recalled. Nevertheless, in her own sphere was her memory affectionately cherished; and we too may well take leave of her with a kindly thought. For the years that remained did Elizabeth Hitchener keep a secret place in her heart for the great poet whose friendship she had for a brief period inspired, cherishing his memory with something very like tenderness, and faithfully preserving his letters for the generation that was to come.


*William G. Kingsland.*

LONDON, ENGLAND, *May*, 1892.

## IN MEMORIAM, SHELLEY. 1792-1892.

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"I change, but I cannot die."

HEN Shelley's translations of Euripides and Goethe were first brought out in 1824, a critic in *The Quarterly* in his closing sentence upon them said, "One department of our literature has without doubt sustained a heavy loss in the early death of this unfortunate and misguided gentleman."

We might say that this criticism, which can hardly be called favorable, was the entering wedge for appreciation of Shelley's work by the critics. This is the nearest a laudatory remark to which *The Quarterly* ever came in discussing his verse. To be sure, we should not look for any great sympathy with the author's work of any character to the magazine which finds difficulty in explaining why 'Prometheus' should have any readers except by recollecting the numerous congregations which the incoherencies of an itinerant Methodist minister attract, and which calls 'The Cloud' "galimatias." But be this as it may, this semi-contemptuous remark was the beginning of a better understanding of Shelley's genius.

This year will record the hundredth anniversary of Shelley's birth; whether any extensive celebration be made remains to be seen. There is something almost pathetic in the way the great reputations of the early years of this century have faded. 1870 saw Wordsworth's centenary, and recorded the fact that the great Lakist was losing ground. 1888 passed, and Byron's fame had dwindled to a shadow. A picture in the *Illustrated London News*, and the idol of his times sank back into his former "half-life," — the fate which, in sincerity or no, he had prophesied for his poetry had arrived.

The great fact which weighed against Byron was the falseness of his own character, his personal unlovableness, and the theatrical air which, although very taking in its time, has failed to attract a more practical, almost cynical age. Yet it would seem that as



time goes by, and "the thoughts of men are widen'd in the process of the suns," respect for Shelley the *man* increases. His political and religious views, wanting the sentimental charm of Byron, put him at a discount in a dogmatic society. *The Quarterly* with a beautiful touch of humor observes that "it is a praiseworthy precaution in an author to temper irreligion and sedition with nonsense, so that he may avail himself, if need be, of the plea of lunacy before the tribunals of his country." Research into his life has shown him more worthy our esteem. The great biographical work of Professor Dowden has done much toward establishing a better understanding of his earnest, loyal character, his high devotion to an ideal which to his times was a thing of horror.

Until quite recently Shelley has been unfortunate in his critics. Ruskin treated him with contempt, as shallow and verbose; the learned and usually sympathetic H. B. Reed calls him thin. Professor Shairp, a more recent critic, even goes so far as to deny him a conscience. But Dowden and Hutton and Bagehot have done much to overthrow the older impressions. Despite his critics of the early and middle period, at present he is gaining decidedly in reputation. The cheap editions have given greater popularity to his essentially unpopular work; and the efforts of Todhunter and the tracts of the Shelley society have not been in vain. A new and very modern phase of Shelley's fame is its growth across the Channel. In looking over the '90-'91 courses in *Le Livret de l'Etudiant de Paris*, under the English literature heading I find Shakespeare and Shelley alone considered, and occupying equal amounts of time. This is a good sign, surely, for no country ought to appreciate Shelley more than the one which complains of the unfeelingness, practicalness, calmness of English, its lack of human sympathy, its unidealized natural descriptions; for in the oppositeness of his poetry to these traits Shelley is a great French poet writing English. I can think of no poet, not even Byron, who should appeal to higher French tastes as much as Shelley. I look upon this university course as something prophetic.

The publication of his prose works is also an aid to the better

understanding of the man upon a different side. It gives an entirely new view of the man to find the rabid poet a calm and fair politician; and the new conception softens the old, for oftentimes we find we had "carried out the broken phrase perhaps to a worse meaning than he had." It is the better understanding of his true political and philosophical views which has done so much for him in this direction. We are more lenient with the man who felt no respect or love — love being from the nature of the case impossible — for his father when we learn that his philosophical tenets called birth an inconsequential accident as far as paternal and filial relations are concerned, and education the labor of duty instead of love.

We are beginning to consider Shelley as the product of his times, as the poet of the Revolution, as Godwin is its philosopher, rather than as a moral anomaly. We are more inclined to forgive his errors, regarding them in the light of history, seeing his political hyperboles as superinduced by the great movement of the time, — the tendency toward levelling creeds, forms, ceremonies, and laws, the piled-up refuse of dying feudalism. We are more inclined to condone, at least in part, the scandal of his second marriage, especially when we consider that Shelley's new order, his new code of ethics, recognized no marriage bond but love and compatibility. We can judge him now more by his motives than by his deeds; we can measure him now by his own moral standard in a manner impossible to his contemporaries. We are not, I trust, too bigoted to admire loyalty to an ideal, even if it be a filmy ideal, or humanitarianism, even if it begin by the destruction of existing society.

Moreover, the argument, weak and senescent, — the want of permanent impressions, the want of quotable passages, the general dreamy, unearthly quality of his verse, — is not to confront us any longer. It has kept away readers who would derive the most benefit from his poetry, has driven them to something of which they have a surfeit. It has driven away the over-practical, the unspiritualized souls from their most needed food. It is the argument of the hardened old theatre-goer who explained his choice of

a cheap play to a concert of Chopin and of Liszt on the ground that his theatre gave a souvenir valued at a quarter at every performance, whereas the concert was only music that went in one ear and out of the other. It is as absurd to say that angel-cake is worthless because it is not beefsteak.

The latter years of our century have been hard on reputations formed in its youth. Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, have lost ground as the years advanced. Shelley alone has gained. Unfavorable conditions have changed; difficulties have disappeared. The second crucial era has come on. His hundredth anniversary falls in an age of money, of practical and inventive genius,—an age lacking spiritualization in its life. To such an age he should be doubly useful.

I have given my reasons for thinking Shelley's hold upon the world is stronger than before. I should have put "I think" before many of my statements, perhaps. This year will show more conclusively than any other the estimate which is put upon the most spiritual of our poets. Will it show that in our realism we are dead to the breath of the spirit? Will it show that in our century of speed, of invention, of commerce, we have perverted and lost our natural craving for, and love of something higher?

*G. W. Alger.*

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## UNDER A BUSH OF LILACS.

BY JAKUB ARBES.



AM going to tell a simple story, as simple as the most common, every-day occurrence of which men hardly take any notice. I am going to tell of one of those sweet little creatures every tenth, eighth, or sixth of whom withers away when scarcely entered upon life; of one of those cobwebby organisms often felled to the grave in a night — nay, in a few hours — by a mere breath of a gentle wind; or again, possessed of such wonderful life-power that for almost a century they are able

to withstand the wildest storms. In a word, I shall tell the story of a little child who had passed only the second year of its age, of a child that was noted neither for any bodily beauty nor for any mental abilities, nor distinguished in any way from millions of other children of the same age.

Is that likely to interest anybody? Will the "adventures" of such a little creature attract any one? Can we speak at all of any "adventures" that would stir the mind of the reader?

Hardly. And yet there are few mortals whose life has been as strange as that of this little baby, who, not having yet any notion of life, is sitting in the thick, high, soft grass under a low bush of lilacs by the churchyard wall whither it has just come toddling from that hut,— its home.

The hot rays of a June sun, nearly setting, play in the most varied hues on the luxuriant grass, here covering it with golden, yellow, or orange colors, there allowing the glittering green to display its various shades, from the shimmering evergreen to a greenish-brown.

For all these and other things the child has no sense; it plays in the grass wholly at random, without any purpose, without thinking; it even seems that it is not playing, that its little soul has not developed sense enough for the most primitive play. It stretches out its little hand for single stalks of grass that are higher than others, or that in some way draw its attention, as though it would pick them, but drops them forthwith. It looks around, and then looks forward or into space, and again it plays with its little hands in the grass or with one little nail awkwardly digs the ground; in a word, it attempts to play, not yet knowing how.

It is a plump, light-haired little girl in a short slip, with its border bemired, loosened at her throat so that you may see the little sunken, naked breast. The expression of her face is indefinite at first sight, but a certain inexpressibly bitter line around its full lips and the dark blue, dreamy, and gloomy eyes give the little face the almost painful expression often marking children who have been born in grief and sorrow.

Still it seems that her little soul has not yet been clouded with

the least shadow of grief. She looks around so carelessly, so naively, that we cannot believe that she yet lives a life different from that which we call animal life.

How differently she would look about if she understood more than a mere child does! How she would enjoy the view into free space, where bluish mountains, surrounding a delightful valley, rise to heaven! How pleased she would be to look where the wooded hills lower gradually like terraces, forming a wonderful amphitheatre, easily to be surveyed from the place where the child stands. How eagerly would she gaze at those far-off hills crossed by a zig-zag highway, that now disappears in the woods and again may be seen looking like a white or yellow thread or glittering like melting gold in the glowing rays of the sun! And what strange sentiments would fill her heart when she turned to that small field in her immediate neighborhood, enclosed by a low, dilapidated wall, here and there bearing a shrub or a tree, — a country churchyard, with half-sunken graves, most of them without a cross or other memorial sign; a lone country churchyard in a forsaken mountain region seldom visited even by a chance wanderer.

What does this poor child, who has scarcely seen its nearest surroundings, know of the world, of its joys and griefs, its enjoyments and sufferings, its efforts, labors, and struggles? What does this awkward worm in a soiled little dress know of men, — those noble creatures said to have been created in God's own image, and of all their excitements and passions? Why, this little girl does not even know that the nearest mountain village — a few miserable huts with inhabitants as poor, nay, poorer than those huts themselves — lies under the nearest wooded hill, an hour's journey away from the churchyard; she has not the slightest idea that the first church may not be seen until half an hour's journey beyond the village; she has never dreamed of what the difference is between a charming park, designed for pleasure, and that mysterious place where human hearts are quietly decaying; she does not even know that she is sitting by a churchyard wall, under a bush of lilacs, amid grass that has grown up out of a forgotten grave!

Suddenly a breeze springs up, swings the top of the lilac bush,

and shakes down upon the little blond head a few faded blossoms of the shrub, which in mountainous regions blooms as late as June. Unconsciously the child raises her head. For a moment she looks at the quivering leaves, and then at the trembling branches and the yellowish blossoms.

It seems as though she can not understand how any such thing is possible, — for she looks surprised, amazed, as a plain countryman would look at a clever feat of jugglery incomprehensible to him.

A moment later she slowly lifts up her little hand, as though she were trying if it were possible to reach the branches, the leaves, and the blossoms; then the hand falls slowly down to the stem of the shrub, which she embraces with her little fingers. She seems to feel a firm support. Holding the stem fast, she rises slowly, and again lifts up her hand as though she were going to pick the nearest half-faded blossom.

At least she fixes her dark blue eyes with great eagerness upon it; but a moment later her fickle gaze again wanders about the churchyard, thoughtlessly, it seems, until it remains fastened on a cottage about thirty paces distant from the shrub, — the dwelling of the man who, in this solitude, prepares and guards the last resting-place for the human beings brought hither to moulder into atoms.

It is a miserable hut, built of unburnt bricks and covered with thatch. Two gigantic ash-trees, overshadowing the only window, protect the interior from the scorching heat of the sun. From this cabin, in front of which the child used to play, she has come toddling — for the first time in her life — as far as the churchyard wall, to the bush of lilacs, the only one of its kind in the cemetery.

She looks at the cottage for some time as though she expected some one to come and caress her for behaving so well. But after a few minutes, — which to the child are long, — as no one comes from the hut, she again turns her eyes toward the nearest surroundings, lifts up her head, looks at the nearest flower, and stretches her little hand to reach it. But the blossom is a little too high; she strives to catch at it, but her grasp is too short,

— about half the thickness of her little finger too short. If she would stand on her tiptoes, she would reach the whole branch but she does not know how to stand on tiptoes.

Happily for her, a fresh gust of wind, fiercer and colder than the first, bent the top of the lilac bush so low that a blossom, growing on a different branch, however, and not the one the child was longing for, slipped by chance into her hand.

A joyous smile plays about her lips. She holds the blossom in her little hand, apparently not knowing what to do with it. Either she does not know that it may be plucked or she lacks the strength for a time she stands motionless.

Suddenly there rushes out of the door of the cottage a young woman in a plain but neat house-dress. She looks shyly around about the fields and the graveyard as though she were seeking some one. In the next moment she finds the one; her eye discerns the child under the bush of lilacs.

“Marushka, Marushka!” she cries out. “Where are you?”

At the first outcry the child staggers back, and the lilac blossom is caught in her hand.

“Mamma! mamma!” the child lisps in answer to the call, in that sweet childish tone which an adult can never faithfully imitate.

Now for the first time does the young woman realize in what place her child is standing. A strange blaze flashes from her dark eyes, betraying fright and horror.

“Jesu Maria!” she moans in pain; and as quickly as a hawk falling on its prey, she speeds along and over the graves to her child, crying anxiously, “Marushka! my dear, poor, unhappy Marushka!”

The child looks at her mother with a sweet smile, as though she knew her mother came to fondle her. She keeps the plucked lilac blossom in her little hand, as though she were showing it to her mother; and when the mother comes nearer, she puts the blossom into her mouth and stretches out her arms.

The mother is almost out of breath. She pulls the blossom at once from the child's mouth, and taking her to her arms, presses the little creature to her breast.

"Oh, my God!" she laments in a trembling voice. "Marushka, my dear Marushka, where have you been? Why, why did I leave you alone a moment unwatched?"

But the child smiles playfully. She does not understand her mother's words or their dark meaning.

As quickly as she has come, the mother hastens with her little one to the cabin. Her face is purple, her eyes glittering, and her heart throbbing.

"Oh, God, my God!" she wails. "I would not have thought that the parson's prophecy would be fulfilled this very day,— the anniversary day. Oh, why did I not watch you as I had done before,— my dear, my only Marushka?"

The playful child only smiles. At times she tries to say something; but even the mother fails to understand what she prattles.

The frightened mother has reached the hut; she rushes in, slams the door, and puts the child into the cradle.

She reaches out her hands to her mother, and smiles fixedly. The mother soothes her.

"Sleep, sleep, my darling!" she mutters, rocking her.

She rocks her long; the child cannot fall asleep, but is lulled at last.

The mother's eyes are suffused with tears. Every now and then she bends over the child, listening to its breath or feeling if its brow be not hot. Still the child smiles even in its sleep.

The sun has set, and the shadows of evening have spread over the graveyard. The mother is still sitting by the cradle watching her only child. Now and then she utters disconnected words disclosing her fear and anxiety. At last peace returns to her soul. The child is breathing quietly; there is nothing to justify the mother's fears. And finally the mother lies down on her simple bed and falls asleep.

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Midnight has come.

The yellowish moonbeams, penetrating through the dense foliage of the shady ash-trees that stand before the window, picture



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on the floor in front of the cradle a few silvery silhouettes, faint, feeble images.

In the room there is a deep silence interrupted only by the breath of two human beings, — the mother's breath, full and apparently free, but occasionally shortened as in anxiety, and the delicate breath of the child, a breath alarmingly quickened.

The mother's breath suddenly stops; then a deep sigh follows, and a half-suppressed groan, as she awakes from a troublesome dream, sits up, and fastens her eyes upon the cradle and the child.

The child lies on its back; a faint reflex of the scattered rays of the moon falls directly upon the baby face; the eyes are shut. To the mother the face looks deadly pale. She leaps to the cradle, and puts her hand on the child's forehead; it is hot. The mother bends lower; she feels a hot breath which she thinks to be the breath of death.

She would cry out in pain, but she cannot. Her breath is stopped; the word dies on the trembling lips. Unutterable anxiety brings the cold sweat upon her brow; the blood rushes violently to her heart and back to her head; the arteries are beating more and more wildly; her head is dizzy.

How gladly she would press the child to her heart, how gladly she would kiss death away from the pale lips! and yet there she stands helpless, bent over the cradle, as if benumbed.

Only a mother who, in feverish excitement, has spent a sleepless night by the cradle of a sick child, will understand the state of this woman's mind. Before her mental sight there passes, in wild chaos, one picture after another, each one more terrible, more threatening, and darker than the one before, until at last the most dreadful of all appears on the scene.

She sees a man with the stern features of a zealot, with a cold and yet expressive face, — the parson. Two years ago he had come to sprinkle the grave of a rich farmer with holy water and say a prayer at his coffin, and on that occasion he also came under the thatched roof of the grave-digger's house to baptize a newborn child, — a poor unfortunate creature.

With fear and shame the youthful mother approached the

priest. Her eyes met the austere, gloomy look of the shepherd of souls ; she shivered. And to this day it seems to her as though she distinctly heard his reproachful voice :—

“ God be merciful to you, unhappy daughter ! May He be merciful to your child also, whose sinful father will not, cannot, escape eternal damnation.”

The words overwhelmed her ; she staggered. Even to-day — after more than two years — the mere recollection pierces her heart.

She seems again to hear what the priest said after the baptism :

“ Follow my advice, erring daughter ! Guard your child as your eye, and beware lest you should, in its presence, utter any word to remind it of the condemned father. Never speak a word to your child of the life, the death, or the grave of that wicked man, and take care lest the unhappy child should approach the unhallowed grave in which the bones of its villainous father are mouldering. Its vapors shall ever be a pestilential breath for your child ; every flower, every blade of grass, every leaf that sprouts from that grave, every grain of dust the wind blows off that grave, shall be pernicious to your child.”

For two years did the unfortunate mother heed the warning of the priest, never speaking a single word to her child about its father ; for two years she had guarded it as her eye and taken care that the child should not approach the unholy grave. And to-day, on the anniversary day of the death of the wretched father, — to-day that happened which never should have happened : the child went to the grave, played in the grass, plucked a fading blossom of lilac, and held it in its mouth. And now it is feverish ; its breath is hot, the face ghostly pale in the reflection of the moonlight. Is not the prophecy of the “ pestilential breath ” being fulfilled ?

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Long stands the poor mother by the cradle, motionless, as if stupefied. The child is breathing at the same quick rate ; its breath is as hot as before ; and yet it slumbers on as though it felt no pain.

At last the mother moves. Her eyes, which have been fixed upon the face of the sleeping child, glide to the window, through which a broad stream of moonlight is flooding the poor room. Quietly and cautiously, fearing lest she might awaken the child, with a throbbing heart she steps from the cradle and goes to the open window, through which not only the moonbeams, but also the balsamic fragrance of a summer night pour in, and leaning against the wall, she looks out through the window.

In the grayish silvery moonshine she sees a row of graves, crosses and trees, bushes and flowers, and the old wall, which the moonlight seems to give a faint hue of malachite.

From the dilapidated wall her eyes suddenly fall lower to that ominous bush of lilacs upon whose top and main bough and many branches, standing in the full light, the moonshine plays in manifold shades of molten silver. Yet even this glorified bush awakens gloomy, bitter reminiscences in the soul of the poor mother, the most bitter thoughts that ever stirred a mother's soul; for it seems to her as though she saw before that bush the tall figure of a strong young man in the uniform of a foreign soldier, standing upright. His sunburnt face, full of vigor, shows traces of violent, indomitable passions, but is, nevertheless, manly and well-favored. The thick blond hair, the deep blue eyes, full lips, and an indelible expression of haughty defiance make the face appear so young. It has lived thus in the memory of the unfortunate mother for three years, and just now it rises before her mental sight with an unusual vividness, as clearly and plastically as when, from the same window that she is now looking through, she saw him for the first time, in the scorching heat of the sun, standing at the bush of lilacs under which gaped an open grave.

Her own father, old, sick unto death, had dug that grave on a ~~rainy day~~. He was hardly able to crawl to the grave and back to ~~the house~~. He fell at the threshold of the cottage; and the daughter, his only child, wept for hours at the bed of her dying father.

And just in the moment of her greatest distress the first reports ~~of some war~~ were heard in the neighborhood of the cemetery. The ~~troops had~~ broken in through the mountain passes, advanced, and

fought the first skirmish with the advance-guard. But the fight lasted only a few minutes. A few shotguns sounded. The hostile army advanced again, and its vanguard took possession of the fields adjoining the burying-ground. One man appeared in the churchyard, — the foremost sentinel.

The young mother sees him to-day as vividly as she saw him on that fatal day ; she sees how he deserts his post at the bush of lilacs, how he comes nearer, how he enters the cabin.

Oh, no, no ! She cannot think further what the dim eye of the dying father had seen.

\* \* \*

Punishment instantly followed the accursed deed.

And once more she sees that blond-haired young man standing by the lilac bush and the gaping grave. A little farther off stand several soldiers with their rifles aimed, and an officer who had witnessed his act.

She sees *him* standing boldly facing death. He tries to speak, but at the same moment the guns are discharged. She did not see what followed : the dreadful man had fallen into the open grave.

When she had recovered from her swoon, she had found only the cold body of her old father, the graveyard lonely as ever, and a fresh grave under the bush of lilacs.

And now it seems to her as though again she saw that fearful man standing at the ill-fated bush of lilacs ; yet his face no longer wears an expression of stubborn defiance, but an indescribable expression of silent yet eloquent entreaty for mercy and forgiveness.

“Forgiveness ! Forgive you !” slipped from the closed lips of the unhappy mother. “No, no ; I cannot ! Not even for the salvation of my soul — not for the —”

She did not finish. The child stirred suddenly in the cradle, and a prolonged sigh escaped from its throbbing bosom.

Quick as an arrow, the mother springs to the cradle and anxiously looks into the sweet face of her little child. — How wonderful ! Even this tiny tender face, formerly ever full of

smiles and now deadly pale, seems to express a silent but urgent entreaty.

“Forgive — forget!” laments the mother, vexed by her fears.

“No, no! — And yet!”

She stands mute awhile. Her breast heaves; hot tears steal to her eyes.

“Yet — I must — to save my child,” she whispers as in a dream; and then suddenly bending forward, she takes the child from the cradle into her arms, and pressing it to her heart, she prays, —

“O God, only save my little angel from the baneful breath! I forgive — all.”

Here the child cries out; but from its opening eyes new life gleams, and a smile plays about the lips.

The mother shouts with joy. She runs to the window. The east begins to blush with the first flush of dawn. The gleam shines in through the window; and in the rosy glow it seems to the mother that her little angel's cheeks are as bright as they were before the poisonous vapor of the father's grave touched them.

\* \* \*

From that night the ill-starred mother loved her child more devotedly than ever; she guarded her daughter as she would her eye, but she no longer kept her away from the “cursed” grave. Oftentimes the child played on the mound under the lilac bush, where were decaying the bones of a man without whose sin she would not have seen the light of day.

Later, when she shall have grown up into maidenhood, she will spend many an hour in melancholy dreams under that ill-fated bush of lilacs, and perhaps she will think of her father with bitterness, or perhaps she will willingly pluck from the shrub a little twig with a fresh blossom, and pinning it to her bosom, will kneel down at the grave without rebuke, without bitterness, and will forgive as her mother has forgiven.

*Translated from the Bohemian by Josef Firi Krdl.*

## PRIMITIVE AMERICAN POETRY.

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T was a pretty saying of Wilhelm von Humboldt's that man, as an animal, belongs to one of the singing species; that the expression of his emotions turns as naturally to song as does that of a bird. This is what lends the charm to the poetry of savage tribes, — not that their muse is tuned to a lofty pitch, but their songs are the simplest and purest examples of human feeling poured out in rhythmic utterance. We may look on their poetry as the biologist does on the rudimentary forms of organic life, — low in structure, if you please, but, after all, those which reveal to us most clearly the laws which underlie the highest forms.

There is scarcely a tribe so savage but has its poetry; perhaps none, although its absence has been alleged of a few. To the civilized listener, the poetry of such tribes sounds generally like a monotonous and meaningless chant in the minor key. There are frequent repetitions of the same syllables, interminable choruses, which seem intended as safety-valves for the emotions. The singing is usually accompanied by dancing, not the violent action which we associate with that term, but a swaying motion of the whole body, with slow advancing. There are, indeed, dances of great energy, but these are the exceptions.

It is usually very difficult to analyze the words of such songs. Most savage languages have a peculiar poetic dialect which differs widely from that of ordinary life. Again, many songs of a sacred character are composed in an archaic form of speech, and their meaning has been lost by the lapse of time, though the words are retained. It is not safe, therefore, to say that the songs are meaningless because they are refractory to interpretation. Nevertheless, one must concede that these primitive bards are rhapsodists rather than poets; that is, they concern themselves more with the music of their utterances than with artistic completeness of form.

However it may be ranked with reference to higher examples, there can be no doubt of the potency of the poetic expression in

the lowest stages of culture. All ethnographers agree in this, and by their verdict indorse the sagacious observation of Goethe, that poetry exerts its greatest influence either at the beginning of culture, or when a given culture is yielding to another and mightier one.

Of course it is not easy to convey in our tongue a correct conception of the power of these primitive poetic lisplings of the race; so much depends on the surroundings, on the spirit of the time and place. A chant of the Delaware Indians reported by an old missionary seemed to him an unending repetition of the words, "I am a Lenâpé," varied by tiresome iterations and prolongations of the syllables. But these changes doubtless had a meaning to the natives; and as the word "Lenâpé" is not only their tribal name, but also signifies true or genuine men, there was something elevating and patriotic in this repeated assertion. The choric ode of the Greeks was really the outgrowth of such repetitive stanzas.

Some tribes possess songs closer akin to our own models. The Pawnees have a refrain which a warrior sings when about to undertake a peculiarly dangerous exploit. It runs as follows:—

"Let us see, is this real?  
Let us see, is this real,  
This life I am living?  
Ye gods who dwell everywhere,  
Let us see, is this real,  
This life I am living?"

There is a strange vein of mysticism in this; but it is said to be genuine. Mysticism is indeed rather frequent in the earliest poetry. Here is an example of a chant or prophecy, dating long before the voyage of Columbus, composed by a poet-seer of Yucatan:—

"Ye men of Itza, hearken to the tidings;  
Listen to the forecast of this cycle's end:  
Four have been the ages of the world's progressing;  
Now the fourth is ending, and its end is near.  
A mighty lord is coming; see you give him honor.  
A potent lord approaches, to whom all must bow.  
I, the prophet, warn you; keep in mind my boding:  
Men of Itza, mark it, and await your lord."

A curious song was taken down by Dr. Berendt from the lips of an Indian girl in the Sierra of Tamaulipas, which embodies the odd notion that presence and absence are alike to the true lover :—

“ I knew it not that thou hadst absent been,  
So full thy presence all my soul had left ;  
By night, by day, in quiet or changing scene,  
’T is thee alone I see, sense of all else bereft ;  
And when my tinkling pendants sway and ring,  
’T is thou who in my heart dost sport and sing.”

This is only one of many pretty love-songs which have been preserved from the aboriginal stock of America. The Aztecs and the Otomis of Mexico were particularly rich in them. The following is a literal translation of an Aztec love-ditty containing a conceit found also in some English poet :—

“ On a certain mountain-side,  
Where they go for flowers,  
I met a pretty maid.  
She plucked from me my heart.  
Whither thou goest,  
There go I.”

There are many specimens preserved both of war and love songs in the languages of Mexico and Central America, and not a few from our own Indian tribes ; but the richest of all these indigenous literatures is that of the Inca nation in Peru. Their language, though harsh to the European ear, is marvellously rich and flexible ; for instance, one of its published grammars gives more than six hundred infinitive forms of the verb “ to love,” each conveying a slightly different shade of meaning ! Surely the most amorous lover should find words to express his passion with such a wealth of resources.

*D. G. Brinton.*



## A GLOVE.\*

BY BJÓRNSTJERNE BJÓRNSON.

ACT II. (*Concluded.*)

SVAVA enters with her hat and gloves on, her parasol in her hand. CHRISTENSEN and FRU CHRISTENSEN are both standing. She greets them by a slight inclination of the head, and goes forward to the right. All take their seats in silence. Farthest to the left NORDAN, then FRU RIIS, FRU CHRISTENSEN, CHRISTENSEN; and farthest to the right, but a little behind, is RIIS, who stands and sits alternately.

*Fru Christensen.* We have come, my dear Svava, — well, you know yourself for what purpose. We are much grieved over what has happened; but it cannot be undone. None of us think of excusing Alf; but it does seem to us that he might be forgiven, especially by one who knows herself to be loved, really loved, for that is something else.

*Christensen.* Of course!

*Riis.* Of course!

*Nordan.* Of course!

*Christensen.* And even if you should have a different opinion about this, I hope that you can agree with us in regard to Alf himself. We believe, namely, my dear Svava, that you have a guarantee for his fidelity in his character. Besides, I know that, if desired, he will give his word of honor that —

*Fru Riis.* [*Rising.*] No, no!

*Fru Christensen.* What is it, my dear?

*Fru Riis.* No word of honor. Why, he takes an oath when he marries.

*Nordan.* But two would probably make it safer, madam.

*Fru Riis.* No, not that! No oath! [*Resumes her seat.*]

*Christensen.* I have noticed how our friend, Dr. Nordan, has just spoken.

Tell me, doctor, do you too hold that my son's indiscretion is an absolute hindrance to his marrying an honorable woman ?

*Nordan.* Quite the contrary ! Such things never hinder a man from marrying, and marrying well. It is therefore Svava who is going wrong in every respect.

*Fru Christensen.* I would n't say that ; but there is something that Svava has overlooked. She acts as if she were free ; but she is not free. An engagement is a marriage ; at any rate, I am old-fashioned enough to think so. Consequently, he to whom I have given my hand is my master, my superior ; and I owe him, as I do any superior, my allegiance whether he does right or wrong. I cannot renounce him or leave him.

*Riis.* That is old-fashioned and substantial doctrine. Madam, I thank you heartily.

*Nordan.* And I.

*Fru Riis.* But then, when it is too late after the engagement —  
[Stops.]

*Fru Christensen.* What do you mean, my dear ?

*Fru Riis.* Oh, no ! No ; it was n't anything.

*Nordan.* When it is too late after the engagement, Fru Riis meant, then why don't people speak before the engagement ?

*Riis.* Now, I have heard that too.

*Christensen.* That would n't be out of the way. After this, then, a proposal would have about the following form : "My esteemed Miss — : Up to date I have had, approximately, so and so many love-affairs, besides the usual number of flirtations." It would be an excellent introduction, would n't it, to —

*Nordan.* To a declaration that she was the only one he loved ?

*Christensen.* Not that exactly ; but to —

*Riis.* Here comes Alf !

*Fru Riis.* Alf ?

*Fru Christensen.* Yes ; there he really is !

*Riis.* That is good. [Going to meet him.] We are glad to

*Christensen.* We-ll?

*Alf.* Yes; when it came to a decision, I could not stay away.

*Christensen.* That was quite right.

*Riis.* Yes; that was the right thing to do. [*ALF goes forward and greets SVAVA very respectfully. She bows slightly, without looking at him. He returns to his place.*]

*Nordan.* How do you do, Alf?

*Alf.* Perhaps I am intruding.

*Riis.* No; far from it. On the contrary.

*Alf.* It seems, though, that Fróken Riis does not desire my presence? [*Silence.*]

*Fru Christensen.* But in a family council like this? You surely could n't object, Svava?

*Riis.* You are welcome, I assure you. It is just an expression from you we have all been waiting for.

*Christensen.* That is so.

*Alf.* You know I have not succeeded in being heard so far. I have been refused repeatedly, both myself and my letters; and I thought that if I came now, perhaps I would be heard.

*Riis.* Why, of course. Who would think of anything else?

*Nordan.* You will be heard.

*Alf.* Perhaps I may interpret Fróken Riis's silence as a permission?

If so, well, it is not much I have to say, either. I really only wanted to remind you that when I asked Fróken Riis's hand, I did so because I loved her with all my heart, — her, and nobody else. The greatest happiness, and also the greatest honor, I could imagine was to be loved by her in return; and so it is yet. [*He pauses, as if expecting an answer. All look at SVAVA.*] If Fróken Riis should expect me to say more, — to make an apology first, — then, I must confess, I don't understand it so. I don't understand that I owe any. [*Silence.*]

What I voluntarily could offer, — what I, under other circumstances, even might feel a need of saying, — that I shall not speak of here.

But I *owe* none! My honor demands that I insist on this.

It is my future I owe her; and I confess it has mortified me to see that Frøken Riis, even for a moment, could doubt me as to that, — mortified me deeply. Never before in my life has anybody doubted me.

I must, with due respect, demand that my word be not questioned. [*Again there is silence.*]

There is nothing further.

*Fru Riis.* [*Rises involuntarily.*] But if a woman under the same circumstances should come and say the same, Alf, who would believe her? [*Silence. SVAVA bursts into tears.*]

*Fru Christensen.* Poor child!

*Riis.* Believe her?

*Fru Riis.* Yes; believe her, — believe her when she, after such a past, came and asserted that she would be a chaste wife?

*Christensen.* After such a past?

*Fru Riis.* Perhaps it is wrongly expressed. But expect her to believe him any sooner than he would believe her? For he would certainly not believe her at all.

*Riis.* [*Behind FRU RIIS.*] Have you gone mad?

*Christensen.* [*Rises halfway in his chair.*] I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen; but I think that the young people will now have to decide the matter for themselves. [*Sits down again.*]

*Alf.* I admit that I never thought of what Fru Riis has said, simply because such a case could never occur. No honorable man chooses a woman of whose past life he is not sure.

*Fru Riis.* But an honorable woman, Alf?

*Alf.* Well, there is a difference.

*Nordan.* Accurately expressed, then, a woman owes a man both her past and her future; a man owes a woman only his future.

*Alf.* If you will, — yes.

*Nordan.* [*To SVAVA, as he rises.*] I wanted you to wait with your answer, my girl; but now I think the time has come. You should answer at once.

[SVAVA goes straight toward ALF and throws her glove in his face,\* then passes on into her room. ALF turns, looking after her. RIIS hurries into his room to the right. All have risen. FRU CHRISTENSEN clutches ALF'S arm and goes out with him. CHRISTENSEN follows. FRU RIIS goes up to the left.]

*Nordan.* That was a glove!

*Fru Riis.* [At SVAVA'S door, which is locked.] Svava!

*Christensen.* [Returns, and says to NORDAN, who has not observed him or had time to turn round.] This means war, then? I think I know something about warfare too. [Leaves. NORDAN turns about, squarely facing CHRISTENSEN, and remains in that position.]

*Fru Riis.* [At SVAVA'S door.] Svava! [RIIS comes out from his room, hat on, gloves and cane in hand, rushing after CHRISTENSEN.]

*Fru Riis.* Svava!

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.

*In a garden. The rear wall of a neat one-story cottage forms the background of the scene.*

[NORDAN is sitting in the foreground, reading. An old man-servant opens a door, which leads from the house into the garden.]

*The Servant.* Herr Doctor!

*Nordan.* What is it? [ALF appears in the door.] Oh, it is you! [Rises.] Well, my boy? But how you do look!

*Alf.* Don't mind that. Can you give me some breakfast?

*Nordan.* Have n't you had anything to eat? You haven't been home, then? Not the whole night? Not since yesterday? [Calls.] Thomas!

*Alf.* And when I have eaten, I must speak with you.

*Nordan.* Of course. Why, my dear boy! [To THOMAS.] Go and prepare some breakfast in that room. [Points to a window to the left.]

\* A form of challenge which was frequently used in the Scandinavian countries in mediæval days, particularly in cases when the defendant's honor and knightly integrity was questioned. — *Translator.*

*Alf.* Perhaps I could also look after my toilet a little ?

*Nordan.* Go with Thomas. I will be there in a moment. [*They go.* Just then a carriage is heard to stop outside.] There is a carriage. See who it can be, Thomas. No time for patients. May I leave to-morrow.

*The Servant.* It is Herr Christensen. [*Goes out again.*]

*Nordan.* Oh, ho ! [*Goes to the window to the left.*] Alf !

*Alf.* [*At the window.*] Well !

*Nordan.* Your father is here. Draw the curtain if you don't want to be seen. [*The curtain is drawn.*]

*The Servant.* Please, sir ! [*CHRISTENSEN comes in in evening dress, decorated with the cross of the order of the knights of Saint Olav, and wearing a light overcoat.*]

*Christensen.* Pardon me, Herr Doctor !

*Nordan.* You are welcome. Out in all your finery ? I congratulate you !

*Christensen.* Yes ; we fresh-baked people have to pay our respects to His Majesty to-day. With your permission I will stop a moment with you on my way to the castle. Have you heard anything from over there, — from Riis's ?

*Nordan.* No. They are waiting for " the war," I suppose ?

*Christensen.* And they will not have to wait long. I thought would begin to-day even. You don't think she might have become more reasonable ? Women always get wrought up over such things ; but they usually calm down afterward.

*Nordan.* I don't think so ; but I bow to your experience.

*Christensen.* Oh, thank you ! As the father confessor of the two families, yours is greater than mine, I think.

Yesterday she was like an electric eel ; and she hit the mark too. The boy has not been home since. I am almost glad of it ; for it shows that he can still be ashamed. I had begun to doubt it.

*Nordan.* It is " the war " that interests me.

*Christensen.* So you are anxious for it ? Oh, that will arrange itself. Mrs. North's case can be taken up again any day, sir. It is in the hands of the bank, you know.

*Nordan.* But what has that to do with your son's engagement?

*Christensen.* What has it to do with his engagement? My son is being rejected by Fróken Riis because she will not reconcile herself to his past life. Her father has similar relations in the midst of his married life! *Tableau vivant très-curieux!* — to speak in the tongue Herr Riis dotes upon.

*Nordan.* This is revolting! It is your son, and he alone, who is at fault.

*Christensen.* My son is not at fault at all. He has done absolutely nothing that could either injure or disgrace the Riis family. Absolutely nothing! He is an honorable man who has given Fróken Riis his promise, and he has kept it. Who dares say anything to the contrary, or that he is not going to keep it? It would be an insult to doubt it, sir! Either there must be an apology and peace, or there must be war, — for I will not tolerate this! And if my son submits to it, then I despise him!

*Nordan.* I think that your son was sincere when he gave his promise. Probably he would have kept it too, — I am not sure. I have learned to doubt. I am a physician. I have seen too much; and he did not appear well yesterday.

Well, you will really have to pardon me. But after his gay bachelor life and with the heritage he bears, if anybody doubted, — if his *fiancée* doubted, — would he have any reason to wonder at it, my dear sir? Would he have a right to feel offended; to demand an apology? Apology for what? Because his virtue was doubted? Why, sir, think of it!

*Christensen.* Oh, what —

*Nordan.* Pardon me! I am only half through. You spoke also of reconciliation, which means marriage.

If your son can tolerate marriage with a woman who suspects him, then I despise him!

*Christensen.* You do — ?

*Nordan.* I do, sir. That is the difference in our opinions. According to my way of feeling your son can only submit, and wait, — be silent, and wait. Of course, on the presumption that he still loves. There you have my opinion.

*Christensen.* Now I suppose that the majority of suitors have sinned just as my son has, for I believe they have. I will also suppose that they have the same unfortunate "heritage," — a word which you emphasize out of special friendliness to me. Shall therefore the majority of girls, engaged to be married, do as Fróken Riis has done, — raise a hue and a cry, run off, and create scandals? What a noise we would have! it would be the merriest anarchy the world has yet seen!

No, these doctrines are against the natural order of things. They are wild! And besides, when they are being fired at us as decisions of the moral supreme court, then I beg to take my leave. [*He goes, but stops and turns back.*]

Who would those supreme court decisions reach, may I ask? The strongest and ablest youths in the country. And it is they that you would have placed outside in a special, despised class.

What would they reach? A great deal of the world's literature and art; a great deal of that which is most beautiful and fascinating in our — most eminent, the world's greatest cities! The world's wonders! The cities of millions! Now, that is the truth! The current of life, which runs there outside of marriage, or blasts marriage, or altogether transforms the institution of marriage — well, you understand what I mean! — all that which has been accused of using "the weapons of allurements," in fashions, in luxury, in symposiacks, in art, in theatres, that is one of the most salient factors of the great cities, — one of their mightiest resources! No one who has seen it doubts it; he only feigns not to have understood.

Do they want to destroy all this too? To cast out the world's best youth; to ruin the world's largest cities? They want so much in the name of morals that at last they will want the immoral.

*Nordan.* It is with the superiority of a veritable statesman that you are going to your little war.

*Christensen.* Only with sound sense, my dear sir; that is all that is needed. I shall have the whole city on my side; you may depend upon that.

*The Servant.* Herr Doctor!



*Nordan.* What do I see? [*Hastens toward the rear.*]

*Fru Riis.* Am I intruding?

*Nordan.* Of course not. Come in!

*Fru Riis.* [*To CHRISTENSEN, who greets her.*] It is you I have come to see.

*Christensen.* I am glad to see you.

*Fru Riis.* I chanced to look across the street as your carriage stopped, and I saw you alight. Then I thought I would seize the opportunity, — for I believe you threatened us yesterday? Was it not so? You declared war against us?

*Christensen.* It seems to me that the war was already declared. I only accepted it.

*Fru Riis.* And what will be the nature of your war, if I may inquire?

*Christensen.* I have just had the honor to explain myself to the doctor. I don't know that it would be very considerate to do so to you.

*Nordan.* Then I shall. The war is directed against your husband. Herr Christensen takes the offensive.

*Fru Riis.* Of course! for you know you can reach him. But I have come to ask you to consider first.

*Christensen.* [*Laughing.*] Oh, have you?

*Fru Riis.* Once — it is now many years since — I took my child in my arms, and was going to leave my husband. Then he mentioned a name; he used it as a shield, for it was a powerful name. "Don't you see," he said, "how forbearing this man's wife is? Society bears with him because she does; and their child receives the benefit." Those were his words.

*Christensen.* Well? In so far as that was intended for advice, it was very good. And you followed it too, did n't you?

*Fru Riis.* In our society it is a disgrace to be a divorced wife; and it is no honor to be her daughter. Those in power — the rich, the leaders of society — have made it so.

*Christensen.* Well, yes — ?

*Fru Riis.* This was my excuse when I, fearing the consequences for my child's future, did not dare to leave.

And this was also my husband's excuse, for he follows examples.

*Christensen.* We all do, madam.

*Fru Riis.* But those of the mighty ones are the strongest ; and in this particular direction they set some very tempting examples.

I do not think I have been mistaken in the past few days when I have thought I heard your ideas through my husband. Or if I am mistaken in this, then perhaps I heard correctly when I recognized you yesterday in what your son said ?

*Christensen.* I own every word my son said.

*Fru Riis.* I thought so. Well, it is going to be a remarkable war,—this war of yours. You have been in everything that has happened here, from the first to the last. You are the war itself, on both sides.

*Nordan.* Before you answer, may I ask, my dear madam, if you intend to make the breach absolute and irreparable? Is a reconciliation between the two young people to be made quite impossible ?

*Fru Riis.* It is already impossible.

*Nordan.* Why ?

*Fru Riis.* Because all confidence is gone.

*Nordan.* Now more than before ?

*Fru Riis.* Yes ; I admit that up to yesterday, when Alf's word of honor was proffered,—even up to the minute that he himself demanded to be believed on his word of honor,—I did not recognize my own history ; but it was that, even to the very words. We also began in that way. What guarantee is there that the continuation will not be like ours ?

*Christensen.* My son's character, madam, is the guarantee.

*Fru Riis.* Character? Yes ; a character is being built up when in their youth they go in secret and forbidden ways. That is the way unfaithfulness is fostered.

Those who search for the reason why character is so rare will have to search there, I think.

*Christensen.* It is n't one's youth at all that decides. It depends upon how one marries.

*Fru Riis.* Why should unfaithfulness cease with marriage ? Can you tell me that ?

*Christensen.* Then we love, you know.

*Fru Riis.* Then we love ! But some people have loved before marriage too !

In this the men have constructed a sham theory for their own convenience.

No ; when the will itself has been sapped, love cannot protect very long. And it has ; it has been corrupted during the bachelor life.

*Christensen.* I know some sensual men, though, who have strong wills.

*Fru Riis.* I am not at all speaking of a strong will ; I am speaking of a pure will, — of a faithful, a noble will.

*Christensen.* If my son is to be tried by such rubbish, then I thank Heaven he escaped in time ! I do indeed. And that is all. [*Is about to go.*]

*Fru Riis.* With regard to your son — ? Doctor, answer me so his father may hear it before he goes. Had you already heard something about Alf Christensen when you refused to go to the betrothal feast ? And was that which you had heard of such a nature that you could not quite believe in him ?

*Nordan.* [*Reflects a little.*] No, not quite.

*Fru Riis.* There, you hear ! But may I ask you, doctor, why did you not say so then ? Merciful Heavens ! why did you not speak ?

*Nordan.* Now look here, madam ; when two young people, who, after all, suit each other, — for they really do —

*Christensen.* Yes, they do ; I admit that.

*Nordan.* When all at once they fall so desperately in love with each other, what can one do ?

*Christensen.* Oh, yes ; one can make scenes, exaggerations, scandals.

*Nordan.* Then I must confess, — well, as I have said before, I have become accustomed to this, have accepted the fact that life is not in this particular what it ought to be. I looked upon

his engagement as upon others — as upon most of them — as a lottery. It may end well; it may turn out badly.

*Fru Riis.* And my daughter, who is so dear to you, — for know she is, — you would make her a prize in a lottery! Would it be possible to get a stronger idea of the state of things?

*Nordan.* Yes; it would. For you, madam, — what did you do for yourself?

*Fru Riis.* I?

*Christensen.* Bravo!

*Nordan.* You, too, were told what Hoff had said, and other things besides. [CHRISTENSEN chuckles with suppressed laughter.] And nevertheless you helped your husband, if not exactly to have her overlook this, then at least to smooth over the affair.

*Christensen.* Bravo!

*Nordan.* And you sent for me to come and help you persuade Svava not to decide at once.

*Christensen.* There is some little difference with mothers between theory and practice, you see.

*Nordan.* It was not until I saw Svava — saw how deeply this affected her, and what abhorrence she had for it — that my eyes were opened; and I listened to her so long that I felt compassion for her. I too was once young, once believed — and loved. But it was so long ago; and I had grown weary.

*Fru Riis.* [Who has seated herself at the doctor's little reading-table.] Oh, God!

*Nordan.* Yes, madam. Let me be frank with you: it is just these mothers who have gradually dulled my sensibilities.

The mothers themselves are anything but sensitive in these matters. As a rule, they know all about it.

*Christensen.* Yes, of course they do, the dear ones; and Fru Riis is no exception.

For you must admit that you did all you could to keep a young man with quite a lively past. For that matter, he occupied quite a nice position in life, this same young man, — something I only wish to add incidentally.

*Nordan.* Well, now!

No sooner have the daughters a prospect of being what is called "well married" than the mothers forget what they have suffered themselves.

*Fru Riis.* But how can we know that it will be the same?

*Nordan.* How can you know!

*Fru Riis.* I tell you I did n't recognize it. We believe that he whom our daughter is going to marry is so much better. We believe that the guarantees are stronger and the conditions different. We do indeed! It is a sort of will of the vision that takes possession of us.

*Christensen.* At the prospect of a good match, yes. We quite agree, madam, — for the first time.

But otherwise, I think it shows something else too. Perhaps the women have not suffered so much, after all, because the men are men. Eh? I surmise it has been more violent than deep, like seasickness; when it is over, — well, then it is over.

And so when the daughters, in their turn, are about to embark, then the dear mothers think, "Oh, well, they can stand it too. Only off with them!"

For they are so anxious to have them married, — that is the secret.

*Fru Riis.* [*Who now rises and comes forward.*] Well, if it be so, then I don't think it is anything to make light of; for it shows to what a low level a woman may be brought by her life with a man.

*Christensen.* Oh, does it?

*Fru Riis.* Yes; for each generation of women comes with a stronger demand for a chaste life. It grows involuntarily out of the mother-feeling. It should be the protection of the defenceless. Even depraved mothers feel it.

But if they succumb nevertheless, and if each generation of women anew sinks down through marriage, as you say, then it must be the privilege of men which causes it.

*Christensen.* What privilege?

*Fru Riis.* The privilege of living a bachelor life as they like, and to be believed on their word of honor whenever it pleases them to enter into matrimony.

As long as woman cannot stop this appalling privilege or make herself independent of it, so long will one half of humanity be the victim of the other half, — of its lack of self-restraint.

This one privilege has proved to be stronger than all work for liberty the world over; and it is not to be treated lightly.

*Christensen.* You are thinking of another world than ours, madam, and other natures than ours. And that — pardon me! — is, of course, all the answer that is necessary.

*Fru Riis.* Then make your answer public. Why do you not own up to that standpoint before the world?

*Christensen.* Well, don't we?

*Fru Riis.* No, — at least, not here at home. On the contrary, you profess allegiance to our cause while secretly you betray it. Why don't you have the courage to unfurl your own flag?

Let the bachelor habits be recognized as an established thing; then, at least, there can be open war. And then, too, every innocent bride will know what she is going into — and in what capacity.

*Nordan.* That means abolition of matrimony, — neither more nor less.

*Fru Riis.* But would not that be better? For now it is ruined long before it begins.

*Christensen.* Of course, it is all the men's fault. That is the fashion now. It's part of "enfranchisement." Their authority must go.

*Fru Riis.* The authority they have acquired in the bachelor life?

*Nordan.* Ha, ha!

*Fru Riis.* Let us not smother the question with empty phrases.

Let us rather inquire into "the desolation of the hearth," of which the poet speaks, — for that means ruined marriages; and what is the cause? This cold, gray, benumbing, every-day life, his coarse appetite for lazy enjoyment, — whence comes it?

I might mention something which lies nearer; but I will not. I will not even speak of the inherited family diseases.

But let daylight fall on this. Then at last perhaps it will take

hold upon the mind ; it must lash the conscience. It should become the most important matter in every home.

*Christensen.* We are up so high now that it simply sounds flat when I say that I must go to the palace. But you will have to excuse me.

*Fru Riis.* I hope I have not detained you ?

*Christensen.* No ; there is plenty of time. I am only very anxious — don't be offended ! — to get away from here.

*Fru Riis.* To join your — equals ?

*Christensen.* I am glad you reminded me of them. It reminds me too that I shall hardly have occasion to see you or yours again.

*Fru Riis.* No ; we have renounced you.

*Christensen.* Thank Heaven ! Now may I only succeed in distributing the disgrace equally.

*Fru Riis.* You only need to publish your autobiography.

*Christensen.* No, rather your family maxims, madam ; for they would really be very entertaining. And then when I explain the way in which they are practised within the family itself, I think there will be laughter. But, to speak seriously, I shall persecute your husband in his reputation and in his business till he leaves the city. I don't propose to suffer humiliation like this without retaliating. [*Leaves.*]

*Nordan.* This is revolting !

*Alf.* [*Appears at the door.*] Father !

*Christensen.* You here ? How badly you look ! Where have you been, my boy ?

*Alf.* I came here when you did, and I have heard all. I tell you that if you go on with this war, I shall announce everywhere why Fróken Riis broke the engagement. I shall tell it as it is. It is of no use to look so threateningly at me ; for I shall do it, and begin at once.

*Christensen.* I think you may save yourself the trouble. When the engagement is once broken, your reputation will probably travel about the town a great deal faster than you can.

*Nordan.* Briefly, Alf, do you still love her ?

*Alf.* You ask, because she has wronged me? But I know now why she did it, — had to do it. Now I comprehend.

*Christensen.* And you forgive her, of course? Without further ado?

*Alf.* I love her better than ever, — no matter what she may think about me.

*Christensen.* Ay, ay!

That is all, then. You assert your right to play the rôle of lover, and leave us ordinary folk to make the best of your bad acting.

I suppose you are going over at once to thank her for yesterday? And to ask her for another day — of — grace; while you, with becoming devotion, make haste to go through a *purgatorium*? May I ask where it is, or in what it consists?

Well, now; not so melodramatic! If you can stand what you got from Riis's little girl yesterday, you certainly ought to be able to take a little satire from your father. I have had to stand the whole engagement and the breaking of it too. And to be sprinkled with the holy water of high morals! The deuce! I hope I am not going to smell of it when I get to the palace.  
[*He goes, but turns at the door.*]

You will find money to go abroad with at the office.

*Nordan.* Does that mean banishment?

*Alf.* Of course. [*He is greatly excited.*]

*Fru Riis.* Doctor, you must go to the house with me immediately.

*Nordan.* How is she?

*Fru Riis.* I don't know.

*Nordan.* You don't know?

*Fru Riis.* Yesterday she wanted to be alone, and to-day she went out early.

*Nordan.* Then something has happened?

*Fru Riis.* Yes. You told me yesterday that you had hinted something to her — about her father?

*Nordan.* And then?

*Fru Riis.* Then I felt that it was time for me to speak too.



*Nordan.* And you did?

*Fru Riis.* I wrote to her.

*Nordan.* Wrote to her?

*Fru Riis.* It was easier to write. Then we would not have to talk about it. I wrote, struck out, and wrote again all yesterday afternoon and last night. It was not much, but it told upon me.

*Nordan.* And she has the letter?

*Fru Riis.* To-day, when she had breakfasted and gone out, I sent it after her.

And now, my good friend, now I wish so much that you would talk with her. Then you can call me when I am wanted; for I am so fearful of what may be coming. [*Covers her face with her hands.*]

*Nordan.* I saw at once when you came that something serious had happened, you were so agitated. How this has grown! Great God!

*Fru Riis.* You should not leave, doctor. You ought not to leave her now.

*Nordan.* No; I will stay here. Thomas!

*The Servant.* Yes, sir.

*Nordan.* You need not pack.

*The Servant.* Not pack! [*Gives him his cane.*]

*Nordan.* Your arm, madam! [*The servant opens the door for them.*]

*Alf.* [*Approaches.*] Fru Riis, may I be allowed to see her?

*Fru Riis.* See her! No; that is impossible.

*Nordan.* You heard yourself what she has to think of to-day-

*Fru Riis.* And if she would not speak with you before, then she surely will not now.

*Alf.* When she asks to see me, will you tell her that I am here? And I shall remain here till she asks for me.

*Fru Riis.* But what is the use of that?

*Alf.* Leave that to us. I know that she will want to speak with me. Tell her I am here! That is all. [*Goes on into the garden, so that he passes from view.*]

*Nordan.* He does n't know what he is saying.

*Fru Riis.* My dear doctor, let us go. I am so anxious.

*Nordan.* And I not less. So now she knows it! [*They go out.*]

SCENE II.

*Same room as in first and second act. SVAVA comes in slowly, looks around, goes outside the door and looks out, then comes in again. As she turns around, Nordan appears at the door.*

*Svava.* Are you here? Oh, Uncle Nordan! [*She sobs violently.*]

*Nordan.* My child! my dear child! Calm yourself!

*Svava.* But have you not seen mother? They said she had come over to you.

*Nordan.* Yes; she will be here soon. But do you know that you and I should now take a good long walk together, instead of walking with your mother or any one else? A long quiet walk? Shall we not?

*Svava.* I cannot.

*Nordan.* Why?

*Svava.* Because I must finish this.

*Nordan.* What do you mean?

*Svava.* Uncle —?

*Nordan.* Yes?

*Svava.* Does Alf know too?

*Nordan.* Yes.

*Svava.* Of course, everybody but I. Oh, would that I could hide myself, hide myself! and I will too.

I now see how it all is. Here is a whole mountain, which I have put my two hands against to push away, while they stood around me and laughed. Of course.

But now let me speak with Alf!

*Nordan.* With Alf?

*Svava.* You know I did wrong yesterday. I should never have come in; but when you came and spoke so decidedly, I followed you almost unconsciously.

*Nordan.* It was that about your father, then, — what I said about your father, — which —

*Svava.* I did not understand it at once; but afterward, when I was alone!

Mother's strange uneasiness; father's threats of leaving the country; all sorts of remarks, indications; many, many things, which I had not understood, not even remembered, — then they all came back to me.

I turned away from it, but it came back. It came again, and it came again — until I was benumbed. When you took me by the arm and said, Now you must come in, then I could hardly think. Everything whirled around.

*Nordan.* Yes; I acted like a great fool, both the first and the second time.

*Svava.* No; it was quite right, quite right! It came out wrong; that is true. I must speak with Alf; for it shall not be left like this.

But otherwise it was well! Now there is nothing left but to finish.

*Nordan.* What do you mean by that?

*Svava.* Where is mother?

*Nordan.* My dear girl, you should not try to do anything to-day. Least of all, to speak with any one! If you do, — well, then I don't know what may happen.

*Svava.* But I know. It will do no good! You think I am all nervousness to-day; I am. But if you contradict me, you will only make it worse.

*Nordan.* But you see I don't contradict you, I only —

*Svava.* Yes, yes, yes! But where *is* mother — and Alf? You must bring him here. You know I cannot go to him; or do you think he is too proud to come, after yesterday? Oh, no, he is not! Tell him he must not be proud with one who has been humiliated so. [*Weeps.*]

*Nordan.* But will you be able to — ?

*Svava.* You don't know what I am able to do! I must have done with this soon. It has been going on too long as it is.

*Nordan.* Then you want me to ask your mother — ?

*Svava.* Yes ; and Alf.

*Nordan.* After a while, yes. And if you —

*Svava.* No, there shall be no “ ifs ” !

*Nordan.* And if you need me, I will not leave until you shall be “ finished,” as you say. [*SVAVA goes to him and embraces n. He leaves after a little time. Fru Riis enters.*]

*Fru Riis.* [*Goes to SVAVA.*] My child! [*Stops.*]

*Svava.* Yes, mother ; I cannot come to meet you. Besides, I am unable to do so.

And you don't know what it is? It has never come to you that you should not have treated me so ?

*Fru Riis.* “ Treated,” Svava ?

*Svava.* Oh, mother ! That you could let me live on here day after day and year after year, without telling me what was around me? That you could let me teach the severest principles from a course like ours? What will be said when all is known ?

*Fru Riis.* You surely would not have me tell my child that.

*Svava.* Not have you tell me while I was a child ! But when I have grown? Yes ; no matter what had happened ! I ought to have had the right to choose if I would live at home with such things around me, or not, I should think ! Should I not have known what everybody knows, or what they may learn at any time ?

*Fru Riis.* I never thought of it that way.

*Svava.* Never thought of it that way, mother ?

*Fru Riis.* Never ! To spare you ; to have peace in our home while you were a child, and later, in your studies, your interests and enjoyments, Svava, — for you know you are not like hers ! — I have watched day by day, so that it might be kept from you. I thought it my duty. You have no idea to what I have stooped — for your sake, child !

*Svava.* But you had no right to do that, mother.

*Fru Riis.* No right to — ?

*Svava.* No. If you degrade yourself for my sake, you degrade me as well !

*Fru Riis.* [*Moved.*] Oh, Svava!

*Svava.* I don't want to reproach you, mother! No, not for all the world! Dear mother! I am only so sad for your sake, and horrified, that you could go about with such a secret! Not a moment, then, have you been yourself to me, — always something hidden! And that you could endure to hear me praise what was unworthy of praise; that you could see me have confidence, see me caress — mother, mother!

*Fru Riis.* Oh, yes, I have felt it myself! A thousand times! But I thought I dared not tell you. It was wrong, — ah, wrong! Now I see.

But would you have had me go away as soon as I knew myself?

*Svava.* I dare not say. You have decided that yourself. Each must decide according to his measure of love and strength.

But when it went on till I grew up —

That was the reason, of course, that I again made a mistake.

For I have been brought up through this deception to make mistakes. [*Riis is heard coming from the left, humming.*]

*Fru Riis.* Heavens, there he is! [*At that moment RIIS is seen through the window to the left. But he stops at the door, and with a "That's so!" he turns and goes out quickly.*]

*Fru Riis.* You have become quite changed, child. You frighten me, Svava! You would not —?

*Svava.* But what have you thought, mother?

*Fru Riis.* That I have borne so much for your sake that you might bear a little for mine.

*Svava.* Of this? Not the least, mother!

*Fru Riis.* But what will you do, then?

*Svava.* Leave this place at once, of course.

*Fru Riis.* [*With a shriek.*] Then I will go with you.

*Svava.* You? From father?

*Fru Riis.* It is for your sake I have remained with him. Without you, not a day!

You will not have me go with you?

*Svava.* Dear mother! This is all new, and I must become

accustomed to it. You too have become new. I have mistaken you also. I must try to understand more clearly. I must be alone. Don't be so unhappy, mother!

*Fru Riis.* This too! Oh, God, this too!

*Svava.* Dear mother! I can do nothing else. I shall now go out to my children's homes and devote myself wholly to them. I must, I must! If I am not left alone there, then I will go farther away.

*Fru Riis.* This is the hardest of all. This is the worst. I hear —? Yes; it is he! Nothing now! For my sake, not now; I can endure no more! Not all at once! Try to be kind, Svava! Do you hear?

[*Riis comes in humming, this time with an overcoat on his arm.*

*SVAVA hastens forward, and after some indecision takes a seat at the left, turning her back to the right and the background. She tries hard to find something to occupy herself with.]*

*Riis.* [*Lays down his overcoat. He is in full dress, and wears the cross of the order of Saint Olaf.*] Good-morning, ladies! Good-morning!

*Fru Riis.* Good-morning!

*Riis.* Great news! With whom do you suppose I drove from the castle? With Christensen!

*Fru Riis.* Indeed?

*Riis.* Yes; the wrathful god of yesterday! Yes; with him. He and my brother, the director-general. When I arrived at the castle, he was the first to come and greet me. He introduced me, he entertained me, — quite on exhibition!

*Fru Riis.* Well?

*Riis.* Of course nothing happened here yesterday! No glove was thrown anywhere in the world, least of all in the face of his precious first-born! Christensen, the venerable commander of recent date, feels the need of peace. We ended by drinking champagne at my brother's.

*Fru Riis.* What a merry time you have had!

*Riis.* So get yourselves in your best mood, my ladies! Noth-

ing has happened, — absolutely nothing ! We begin all over *again*, with a clean, fresh table-cloth, where not a drop has been spilled !

*Fru Riis.* That 's fortunate.

*Riis.* Yes, is n't it? Those rather strong explosions of *our* daughter's have relieved her mind and straightened our ideas. The atmosphere is delightfully clear and promising.

*Fru Riis.* How was it at the castle ?

*Riis.* Well, do you know, when I look around among all *us* newly-made, I cannot exactly say that it is not virtue that *is* rewarded in this world.

However, a terribly solemn manifesto was laid before *us*— There was something we were to save. I believe it was the State or the Church. Well, I don't know; for I did n't read it. Any— how, they all signed it.

*Fru Riis.* You too ?

*Riis.* I too ! Why should n't I follow suit in such good company ? Up yonder on the great heights of life one acquires *happier*, a freer view of existence, as it were. Anybody and everybody were friends up there ! They came and congratulated me, — I did n't know, at last, if it were on my daughter's account or my own ; nor did I know that I had so many friends in the city, not to say at court. But in so charming a company, and in an atmosphere of praise and compliments and amiability, nobody is very particular about anything. And then a company of men, exclusively men ! There is, after all, — pardon me, ladies, — a peculiar charm in being among men, men in their holiday mood. The conversation becomes spicy, matter-of-fact, robust, and the laughter heartier. We understand each other almost before we speak.

*Fru Riis.* You seem to be very happy to-day ?

*Riis.* I am indeed ; and I would have everybody else happy too. Life might perhaps be considerably better than it is ; but looking at it in this way, from the heights, it might be a good deal worse too. And as far as we men are concerned, then — to be sure, we too have our faults ; but we are quite interesting, after all. I dare say it would be tedious without us.

Let us take life as it is, my dear, gentle Svava. [*He approaches her. She rises.*]

What is this? Are you still in a bad humor? Now that you have thrown your glove in his face, and that, too, in a regular family council, what more can you reasonably want? It seems to me you should laugh outright; or is anything else wrong? Well, what is it now?

*Fru Riis.* It is —

*Riis.* It is —?

*Fru Riis.* Well, it is this, — that Alf will be here in a moment.

*Riis.* Here? Alf? In a moment? Bravo! I see how it is. But why did n't you tell me at once?

*Fru Riis.* You have been talking all the time yourself.

*Riis.* I believe I have. Yes.

Well, if you take it seriously, my dear Svava, still perhaps you will permit your "chivalrous" papa to look at the cheerful side; for to me it is exceedingly amusing. All my misgivings vanished at once this morning when I looked at Christensen and saw that nothing was in the way.

So Alf will be here in a moment. Then I understand it all. Once more, Bravo! This is really the best yet. I believe I will play a *fest-ouverture* till he comes. [*Goes singing to the piano.*]

*Fru Riis.* Oh, no! Riis! Do you hear? No! [*RIIS plays and does not hear her. FRU RIIS rises and stops him as she points to SVAVA.*]

*Svava.* Let him play! Mother, let him play! This innocent gayety, that I have admired since I was a child! [*Bursts out crying, but collects herself.*] Abominable! Horrible!

*Riis.* You look as if you would like to throw gloves to-day too. There is no change at all.

*Svava.* No, there is n't.

*Riis.* Here, I will lend you mine, if you don't have —

*Fru Riis.* Riis! Not that!

*Svava.* Yes, that too. Dear mother, let him mock us. A man with his moral sincerity ought to mock us.



*Riis.* What do you mean by that? Is it lack of moral sincerity that I am not fond of old maids and soured virtue?

*Svava.* Father! You are —

*Fru Riis.* But, Svava!

*Riis.* No; let her speak out. It is quite a new thing to see a well-bred girl throw gloves in the face of her *fiancé* and insinuations in the face of her father, — particularly when it is done in the name of morals.

*Svava.* Don't talk of morals; or — talk to Mrs. North about it.

*Riis.* Mrs. —, Mrs. —? What has she to do with —

*Svava.* Silence! I know it all. You have —

*Fru Riis.* Svava!

*Svava.* Yes; for mother's sake, nothing further. But I knew it yesterday when I threw the glove you talk so much about. That was the reason I did it. It was against any and all of it, — against the beginning and the continuation; against you and him that I declared myself. Then I understood your holy zeal in this matter, and your moral indignation, which you allowed mother to see and listen to.

*Fru Riis.* Svava!

*Svava.* Ah! and your attentions, your politenesses to mother which I so often have admired; your jesting, your agreeable ways — your elegance, — now first I know what it all meant. Oh, no, I can no longer believe in anything. It is terrible, terrible!

*Fru Riis.* But, Svava!

*Svava.* Life has become impure to me. The best, the dearest has become black. Since yesterday I have felt as if I were cast out; and so I am, — cast out from all I have held dear, through no fault of mine.

And after all it is not so much pain that I feel; it is humiliation, it is shame. All I have said during these years, all I have done in my own behalf, is as empty words, and without my having been the cause. You are the cause!

I thought I knew something about life before. But no; there was still more for me to learn. It was perhaps necessary that I should be brought low, that at last I might find my place in life.

**It** is clear to me now why you taught me as you did during these years, and called mother and God to witness; but it shall not avail.

It is much to endure what I have just gone through. Still it **is** once for all; for never again can anything surprise me.

Oh, that a man can have the heart to let his child suffer such a trial!

*Fru Riis.* Look at your father!

*Svava.* Yes, I see. But if what I say seems hard, then remember what I said to you no longer ago than yesterday morning. Then you will have a measure of the faith I had in you, father — and for what I now feel here! Oh!

*Riis.* Svava!

*Svava.* You have ruined home for me! Almost every minute of the past here has been destroyed; and I cannot imagine a future in it either.

*Riis and Fru Riis.* But, Svava!

*Svava.* No, I cannot! security is gone; and it is no longer home. It is only a tenement. Since yesterday I have been only a lodger here.

*Riis.* Don't say that! My child!

*Svava.* Yes; I am your child. When you speak so, I feel it deeply. And all that we two have lived through together — the amusing incidents of our travels; all we have read together, sung and played together — now it cannot be remembered, cannot be resumed; therefore I cannot stay here.

*Riis.* You cannot stay here!

*Svava.* I cannot endure those memories. Everything has been vitiated.

*Fru Riis.* You will see you cannot leave either.

*Riis.* But — I can leave!

*Fru Riis.* You?

*Riis.* And you and mother will remain here? Yes, Svava.

*Svava.* No; I shall not let you do that! Come what may —

*Riis.* Say no more! Svava, I pray you! Don't make me too unhappy! Remember that I never before to-day — never before

thought of making you — If you cannot bear my presence any more — if you cannot — then let me go! It is I who am the guilty one. Do you hear, Svava? It is I, not you and mother! You must remain here!

*Fru Riis.* Oh, God, there is Alf!

*Riis.* Alf! [*Silence*].

*Alf.* [*Appears at the door. Pauses.*] Perhaps I should go away again?

*Riis.* Go away? No, certainly not! It could never be more convenient! No, indeed! My friend, my dear friend! Thank you!

*Fru Riis.* [*To SVAVA.*] Do you want to be alone?

*Svava.* No, no!

*Riis.* You wish to speak with Svava?

Then I consider it proper for me to withdraw. You ought now to talk together unrestrainedly; you ought to be alone. Yes, of course! permit me, therefore, to absent myself, won't you? Besides, I have some important business to attend to down town. Excuse me; I have to arrange my toilet a little. [*Goes into his room.*]

*Alf.* I can come another time, of course.

*Fru Riis.* But you would like to speak with Svava at once, I think.

*Alf.* What I wish is not in question. I see — and I heard Dr. Nordan say — that Miss Riis is exhausted; but I thought it my duty to come, nevertheless.

*Svava.* And I thank you for coming! It is more — much more — than I looked for. I will also tell you at once that what happened yesterday — I mean the form in which it was done — was caused by something I had just learned; I had never known it before, and it was of a piece with all the rest. [*She cannot conceal her emotion.*]

*Alf.* I knew that you would regret to-day what was done yesterday, because you are so kind; and that was my only ground for hoping to see you again.

*Riis.* [*Comes in from his room, his toilet partly made.*] Has

anybody any errands down in the city? I will attend to them. I was thinking the ladies might like to take a foreign trip now for a shorter or longer time. What do you say? When one is — well, what shall I say? — too severe, or rather, perhaps, when one is gloomy, travelling is a great relief. I have tried it myself, oh, often. Now, think of it, won't you? I could just as well make arrangements at once, if it were acceptable. How?

Well, then, good-by for a little while. It seems to me excellent. [*Passes out of the door and goes to the left.* SVAVA looks at her mother with a smile, and then hides her face.]

*Fru Riis.* I will go for a little while and —

*Svava.* Mother!

*Fru Riis.* I have to go. I must collect myself. This is too much. I shall only go in there. [*Points to the left.*] And I will soon be back again. [*SVAVA throws herself on a chair at the table, overcome by emotion.*]

*Alf.* I have a feeling now that it has all come back to us two.

*Svava.* Yes.

*Alf.* You can perhaps understand that I have done nothing else since yesterday but make explanatory speeches to you; but they do not help me much now.

*Svava.* It was kind in you to come.

*Alf.* Will you let me ask one single thing of you? I ask it with all my heart. Wait for me!

For now I know the only way that leads to you. We two had made out our life-plan, you know; and although I am alone now, I shall carry it out without wavering. Then perhaps some day, when you have seen how true I have been —

I have been told not to worry you, least of all to-day; but, an answer, as still, as short as possible, — an answer?

*Svava.* But why?

*Alf.* I must have that to live on. I feel that the higher hangs the wreath the more life is worth to me.

An answer!

*Svava.* [*Attempts to speak, but bursts out crying.*] You see everything moves me to-day. I cannot — And then what is it

you want of me? To wait? What does that mean? To be ready, and still not to be ready; to try to forget, and at the same time to build up again. [*She is again overcome by emotion.*] No.

*Alf.* I see you must be alone; yet I cannot, it is not possible for me to leave you. [*SVAVA rises so as to conceal her emotion. ALF follows and kneels to her.*]

Only a word!

*Svava.* But don't you understand that if you could give me back again that joy which only great faith gives, do you think then that I would wait for you? No; I would come and thank you on my knees.

Can you doubt that for a moment?

*Alf.* No, no!

*Svava.* But I have not that faith.

*Alf.* Svava!

*Svava.* I pray you!

*Alf.* Farewell! Oh, farewell! But shall we not meet again? Shall we not meet again? [*He goes, but stops at the door.*] I must have a sign! A sign! Extend a hand to me! [*SVAVA turns toward him and extends both her hands. He leaves.*]

THE END.

*Translated by Thyge Sjøgard.*

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### EARLY MUTILATORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

“BEN JONSON! How dare you name *Ben Jonson* in these times, when we have such a crowd of Poets of a quite different genius, the least of whom thinks himself as well able to correct *Ben Jonson* as he could a country schoolmistress that taught to spell.” So says old Trueman to his young friend Lovewit, in Wright's ‘*Historia Histrionica*,’ published in 1699. The words thus put into the mouth of the “honest old Cavalier” help us to understand the change which had come over the English theatre after the Restoration. A generation of new dramatists had sprung up, hav-

ing little in common, either morally or artistically, with "the mighty ace before the flood." It was not alone Ben Jonson who suffered from their growing popularity ; with few exceptions the older writers fell one and one into disrepute ; and among those who at this time reaches "the lowest pitch of abject fortune" was William Shakespeare himself.

The way had long been preparing for this reverse. Shakespeare's strong and healthy genius, which had been so fully at one with the virile taste of his own times, was hardly such as would commend itself to the sentiments of society under the First Charles. Jonson, whose splendid preface to 'Volpone' may be regarded as a declaration of his position as a dramatist, had himself to depart from the principles there laid down, to keep pace with the changing spirit of the time. Dying by degrees, gloomy and neglected, he failed, even with his "dotage," as Dryden called his last plays, to satisfy the public ; and his "beloved master, William Shakespeare," whom he had so long survived, had already fallen into a low place in general estimation. The palm of popularity was now given to the two writers who partook most fully of the character of the age, — Beaumont and Fletcher, whose plays seem to have received the widest appreciation until the outbreak of the war, and the final overthrow of the theatre.

When public representations recommenced in 1660, Shakespeare's reputation was still standing at a low ebb. It had indeed degenerated into little more than a literary tradition. From a variety of causes, among which may be reckoned the growth of an artificial taste consequent upon the intellectual influence of France, canons of criticisms came into favor to which Shakespeare was found not to have conformed, and a measure of taste was adopted differing widely from his own. Hence there grew up the strange myth which represented him as at best but a wild and untrained genius, — as a writer of barbarous taste, totally wanting in literary art ; strong, perhaps, but uncultivated ; original, but without judgment. The general feeling with regard to Shakespeare which prevailed at the time of the Restoration may be gleaned from the various references and bits of criticism scat-

tered about Pepys's Diary. Pepys's judgment varies, and tence is sometimes very favorable; but when a man possesses literary taste to which undoubtedly the old chronicler would have laid claim could pronounce 'Romeo and Juliet' "the worst we had ever heard," could call 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' ridiculous and insipid, could unfavorably compare 'Othello' 'The Adventures of Five Hours,' and prefer the ballad introduced into 'Macbeth' to what was left of the original. Shakespearian criticism had sunk low. His works can hardly be said to be but little known, even among the educated public; since in the dedication to his version of 'King Lear,' referred to the original as an obscure piece which had been brought to him by a friend.

It was not, however, that literary recognition of Shakspeare was altogether lacking. Dryden, for instance, of whom unfortunately we shall have a hard word to say by and by, exhibits an appreciation of him far greater than could have been expected from the character of his own dramatic work. To him we owe the didactic panegyric which Johnson said might "stand as a perfect model of encomiastick criticism," and the scarcely less complimentary tribute contained in the prologue to the revised 'Tempest,' admitting that he fell into "some errors not to be avoided in any age," Dryden declares that he "had undoubtedly a larger poesy than ever any of our nation" (Dedication to 'The Ladies'); and judging from the chronological sequence of his criticisms, it would seem that his admiration was a constantly increasing quantity. But Dryden undoubtedly represented the most favorable side of contemporary Shakespearian criticism. The least favorable side was exhibited by Thomas Rymer, the author of a 'Short View of Tragedy,' but more honorably remembered as the compiler of the 'Fœdera.' This singular man, curtly referred to by Macaulay as "the worst critic that ever lived," perused dramatic strictures with almost unexampled fierceness and while he fell foul of Shakspeare altogether, as well as of his practitioners for the stage," selected 'Othello' as the principal butt of his invective. It seems to be from an elaborate

this "senseless, trifling tale" that Rymer felt himself compelled to accuse its author of "unhallowing the theatre, profaning the name of tragedy, and instead of representing men and manners, turning all morality, good sense, and humanity into mockery and derision." In face of the opinions expressed by Dryden and others, it would be unwarrantable to conclude that Rymer embodied the best critical judgment of the time in this extraordinary onslaught. But the writings of Gildon and Dennis are at hand to show us that his contempt for Shakespeare was shared by many of his contemporaries, who, having set up an artificial standard of excellence, felt justified in abusing Shakespeare because he had not conformed thereto.

This was the treatment that after the Restoration Shakespeare met with at the hands of the critical few ; and it is not surprising that he did not fare much better upon the stage. In his 'Essay of Dramatic Poesy,' Dryden says that at that time the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were "the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage ; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's." In a list of the stock pieces of Killgrew's company, discovered among the papers of Sir Henry Herbert, we find the names of twenty plays, of which three only — 'Henry IV.,' 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and 'Othello' — are by Shakespeare ; while from the information supplied by Downes in his 'Roscius Anglicanus,' it would appear that between the re-opening of the theatres and the joining of the two companies, Fletcher, Jonson, and Shirley were in greater vogue than Shakespeare among the same actors. It has, indeed, been computed that of the seventy-three plays in which Betterton is said to have performed, the titles of which are given, about as many were by Shakespeare as by Fletcher. But Gildon, from whose 'Life of Betterton' these figures are taken, adds that the actor performed in many other plays the mention of which would make the list too long to insert ; hence the calculation is of doubtful value.

The disrepute into which Shakespeare had fallen upon the stage, however, is not shown so much in the rarity of the performances of his plays as in the treatment which they received when they were



performed. Almost immediately after the theatres were re-opened, there came into vogue the vicious habit of adapting Shakespeare for stage representation. The individual distinctiveness of his characters ; the interest of his situations ; the possibilities furnished by his plots for the stage mechanism and scenic effects which had then lately come into use, — all these advantages were not overlooked by some who had undertaken to cater for the public amusement. To these it seemed that the groundwork of some most successful plays was to be found in Shakespeare's works. All that was wanted was to prune away the wild excrescences of the author's untaught genius ; to aid the plot by the literary art to which he had been a stranger ; to refine the language, modify the characters, and generally manipulate the text in such a way as to make the piece acceptable to the more educated taste of the time. Poets and critics were to be found in plenty who, though their own "fiddle-faddle numbers" might flow "Serenely dull, elaborately low," nevertheless felt themselves able to improve upon Shakespeare's language, remove his faults, and develop his germinal excellences. Thus a new field was opened ; and Shakespeare, modified, improved, and adapted, began a fresh career upon the stage.

The new system was inaugurated on February 18, 1662, when Sir William Davenant brought out, at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, his composite piece, entitled, 'The Law against Lovers.' This play is a *pasticcio*, constructed out of 'Measure for Measure' and 'Much Ado about Nothing,' the groundwork of the plot being taken from the former, and two characters — Benedick and Beatrice — being added from the latter. Pepys saw this singular jumble, and wrote it down "a good play ;" while Langbain informs us that "the Language" was "much amended and polish'd by our Author." Beatrice is described as "a rich heiress ;" Benedick is made brother to the Lord Angelo ; Mariana disappears, but we have an added female character in the person of Viola, a very young girl, who is referred to by Pepys when he says that the play was "well performed, especially the little girl's [part] (whom I never saw act before)." Much that transpires in the "merry war" between Benedick and Beatrice is Davenant's own production ; the adapter

has also inserted a good deal in other places of a very inferior kind, and throughout, Shakespeare's prose is transformed into verse. It will be readily understood that the added characters do not blend very naturally with the main plot. This is a fault, but one which will perhaps appear on the whole more venial than the senseless meddling with the language in the finest portions of the play, of which Davenant has been guilty. In those scenes of passionate pleading for a brother's life, of devilish temptation, of noble refusal to stoop to the suggested "foul redemption," — scenes which, to me, are in their way as fine as anything in the whole range of Shakespeare's writings, — we can ill brook the smallest change; and in these the hand of the destroyer has been busy at its work. Again, in the prison interview between brother and sister, as much as is possible is done to take away the dramatic intensity of the scene, and to mar its grand utterance of human nobility and its sad wail of human weakness. Who can endure to read Claudio's magnificent outburst — "Ay, but to die and go we know not where" — thus ruthlessly mangled and destroyed? —

" Oh sister, 't is to go we know not whither.  
We lie in silent darkness, and we rot ;  
Where long our motion is not stopt ; for though  
In graves none walk upright, proudly to face  
The stars, yet there we move again, when our  
Corruption makes those worms in whom we crawl.  
Perhaps the spirit, which is future life,  
Dwell Salamander-like, unharm'd in fire :  
Or else with wandering winds is blown about  
The world. But if condemn'd like those  
Whom our uncertain thought imagines howling ;  
Then the most loath'd and the most weary life  
Which age, or ache, want, or imprisonment,  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death."

This kind of thing, it may be supposed, is what Langbain meant when he talked of "polishing" Shakespeare's language. Here is a passage which, in its profound realization of man's strange dread of the unknown future, is hardly to be equalled in the whole literature of the world, recklessly turned into rubbish. Unfortunately, neither of the pieces out of which this strange play was constructed

was subsequently allowed to rest in peace. In 1700 Gildon got hold of 'Measure for Measure,' or Davenant's version thereof, and turned it into a novel kind of entertainment, containing a portion of Shakespeare's original, and four musical interludes with accompanying dances; while in 1737 James Miller rolled 'Much Ado about Nothing' and Molière's 'Princesse d'Elis' into one. This monstrous production bore the title of 'Universal Passion.'

Davenant's own fondness for adaptation was by no means satisfied by this one trial. In 1667 he collaborated with Dryden in a magnificent destruction of 'The Tempest.' I have already referred to the latter's literary appreciation of Shakespeare, and to the fine tribute paid in the prologue to this very performance to —

" Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first impart  
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art.  
He, monarch-like, gave these, his subjects, law;  
And is that nature which they paint and draw."

It was a pity that the high admiration thus expressed did not prevent him from meddling with the power which he himself described as "sacred as a king's." But it did not; and it is to him jointly with Davenant that we owe the second determined attempt to turn Shakespeare into nonsense. Of this attempt Dryden himself thus speaks in the preface to the version, when it was published after Davenant's death. The play, he says, —

"was originally Shakespeare's; a poet for whom he [Davenant] had particularly a high veneration. . . . But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that something might be added to the design of Shakespeare. . . . Now, therefore, . . . he designed the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman; that by this means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleased to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first moment it so pleased me, that I never writ anything with more delight. . . . I am satisfied I could never have received so much honour, in being thought the author of any poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakespeare and Sir William Davenant."

We are unfortunately unable to say with certainty what were the respective shares of the collaborators in this remarkable work. The general tone of Dryden's preface seems to imply that his own part was a relatively unimportant one; and Scott thought that "it was probably little more than the care of adapting it to the stage."\* But in any case, the guilt must be equally divided between the associates, as Dryden, though he professed that he did "not set a value on anything" he had "written in this play," nevertheless spoke with admiration of the changes made, and appeared to feel a special satisfaction in having had some hand in supplementing the supposed imperfections of the original plot.

The principal improvement made was the introduction of a male counterpart to Miranda, in the shape of Hippolito, — a young man "that never saw woman," as the list of characters puts it, and who is supposed to have been kept apart in one cave while Miranda was living in another. But the additions did not stop here. The new version includes also Dorinda, a second daughter of Prospero, who, like her sister, is ignorant of all mankind save her father; Sycorax, the monstrous sister of Caliban; and Milcha, a female spirit, the companion and love of Ariel. Stephano, the drunken butler, now appears as master of the ship, and we are introduced to Mustacho, his mate; Trincalo (the name is now written *Trincalo*, instead of *Trinculo*) is turned into the boat-swain, and speaks a great many of Stephano's lines; and there is also one Ventoso, a mariner.

To fit the plot to these supplemental characters, changes and complications had of course to be introduced. Hippolito is made the rightful Duke of Mantua, whose place Alonzo, Prospero's inveterate enemy, has usurped. He falls in love with Dorinda, as Ferdinand does with Miranda; but a quarrel arises between the two young men, and in the duel which ensues, Hippolito is wounded. While he is lying sick, he is tended by Dorinda; and

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\* *Dryden's Works*, edited by Scott, iii. 98. In the Life, Scott says, "It seems probable that Dryden furnished the language, and Davenant the plan of the new characters introduced" (i. 106). We know that Davenant was responsible for the enlargement of the sailors' part.

a conversation takes place between them which shows how signally Shakespeare's revisers failed in the difficult task of preserving the natural innocence exemplified by Miranda, and how, in their efforts to depict simplicity, they only presented an elaborate absurdity. Asked by Hippolito to draw him into the sun, Dorinda says, —

“They told me you were gone to heaven ;  
Have you been there ?  
*Hip.* I know not where I was.  
*Dor.* I will not leave you till you promise me,  
You will not die again.  
*Hip.* Indeed, I will not.  
*Dor.* You must not go to heaven unless we go  
Together. . . .  
But I much wonder what it is to die.  
*Hip.* Sure 't is to dream, a kind of breathless sleep,  
When once the soul 's gone out.  
*Dor.* What is the soul ?  
*Hip.* A small blue thing that runs about within us.  
*Dor.* Then I have seen it in a frosty morning,  
Run smoking from my mouth.”

Finally Ferdinand's sword, the weapon with which the wound was inflicted, is rubbed with a magic salve, which cures Hippolito; and the young lovers are in the end paired off satisfactorily.

The text itself is dealt with in much the same manner as that of 'Measure for Measure' was treated by Davenant. Everywhere the language is wilfully spoiled; and the best of the poetry is either mangled or left out altogether. The complementary element of the plot, of which Dryden spoke so highly, is not likely to strike any modern reader in the light of an improvement. Hippolito's ignorance is stupid and mawkish, and the whole character reminds us too forcibly of the Spanish extravagance of Segismundo in 'La Vida es Sueño.' His surprise at first meeting women — the wonderful creatures whom Prospero has described to him as "something between young men and angels" — is clumsy and ridiculous; and the whole story of his love for Dorinda is nothing but a wretched travesty of the exquisite episode of Ferdinand and Miranda. But the worst change of all is noticeable in the feminine element of the play. Miranda, as

Shakespeare drew her, is innocence itself; with the unreserve of one who has yet learned nothing of the restraints which society has put on the relations of the sexes, there is yet combined a dignity and innate modesty which seem like the intuitions of womanhood. In the revised play, the freedom and unrestraint — we cannot say innocence — are only accompanied by the indications of a natural licentiousness, as yet objectless and undefined. No one can read Dorinda's jests and mistake them for the insignificant expressions of a nature in which the physical passions have not yet been awakened; they are rather the pointed innuendoes of one who finds in assumed simplicity the best way to gratify unproved tastes. Dorinda does not belong to the free, open air of a desert island; she is the child of the heated and artificial London of the seventeenth century. Hence much of her language, and much of her sister's, is totally out of place, — the conversation between them in act i., scene 2, for instance, being as inappropriate as Adam's learned discourses on family life in 'Paradise Lost.' Upon the whole, the difference between the morality of Shakespeare and the morality of the Restoration can hardly be more distinctly shown than in the contrast between the Miranda of the original 'Tempest' and the sisters of the revision.

I have been tempted to linger at some length over these extraordinary productions, in order to show distinctly the kind of treatment to which Shakespeare was now subjected. Space does not allow me to follow in detail the works of those ill-advised editors and managers who, in imitation of these early mutilators, laid their 'prentice hands on our great dramatist's writings; but a word or two must be devoted, in passing, to some of the principal examples of Shakespearian revision between this time and the age of Garrick.

Davenant himself brought out one more adaptation before his death, the play this time being 'Macbeth,' which was debased into a kind of spectacle, and sadly mauled both as to language and to plot. In 1678 'Timon of Athens' was "made into a play," he himself phrased it, by Shadwell; a year afterward Dryden revised 'Troilus and Cressida;' then Otway, using about half

of 'Romeo and Juliet,' produced his 'History and Fall of Caius Marius.' This latter play was also turned into a tragi-comedy by James Howard. Afterward Nahum Tate, principally known in these days for the version of the Psalms which he brought out in conjunction with Brady, revised 'Richard II.,' 'Coriolanus,' and 'Lear,' making sad havoc with the latter noble work especially. Not a year later Tate found an emulator in Thomas Durfey, who produced a *refacimento* of 'Cymbeline,' under the title of 'The Injured Princess.' Other plays modified or adapted about the same time were, — 'Titus Andronicus,' by Ravenscroft 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' played as an opera under the title of 'The Fairy Queen,' and subsequently, in a readaptation, as 'Pyramus and Thisbe;' 'Henry IV.,' 'Richard III.,' and 'Henry VI.;' 'The Taming of the Shrew;' 'The Merchant of Venice;' 'The Merry Wives of Windsor;' 'Twelfth Night;' 'The Comedy of Errors' and 'Julius Cæsar;' and even these do not exhaust the list.

Thus, one by one, nearly all the great masterpieces of the greatest dramatist the world has ever seen were mangled and marred by men who could understand nothing of his power and were totally out of sympathy with his genius. This kind of thing went on till 1741, when Garrick appeared, — first in Cibber's 'Richard III.,' and afterward in 'Lear' and 'John' according to the original texts. Seventeen Shakespearian characters were in all, impersonated by this great actor; and twenty-four of Shakespeare's plays were performed under his management at Drury, — that is, between 1747 and 1776. With the appearance of Garrick a new chapter begins in the history of Shakespearian stage-representation. Not of course that Garrick broke away entirely from the traditions of his predecessors. In many respects he was as great a sinner as any of them; in many respects he fully merited the severe condemnation Charles Lamb passed upon him in his wonderfully suggestive essay on the tragedies of Shakespeare. Many of the plays he produced — including 'Hamlet,' which had been left untouched by former adapters — were maltreated by him in the most reprehensible fashion; but, none the

less, with Garrick opens a new era in dramatic history,—an era which was, as time went on, to see a revived literary interest in the great master's works, and on the whole a more intelligent treatment of them upon the stage.

*William Henry Hudson.*

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### A SPRING PILGRIMAGE TO SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN.

CHAUCER put it upon eternal record that the kindling effect of the returning spring influenced not only the trees and the flowers, but the very hearts of men, stirring them toward change and growth. This impulse satisfies itself through the modes most harmonious to the feelings of the time. In Chaucer's time it moved men to pilgrimages; in our own, it stirs them to more earthly preparations for Easter vacations, or bank holiday treats. This year Shakespeare's birthday fell in the Easter week, and there was an unwonted combination of the old and the new. A reverence little less than that of the old pilgrims of Saint Thomas takes many every year to Stratford-on-Avon; and this spring the numbers were increased by the Easter-holiday tourists. Chaucer and also Shakespeare rejoiced in the old calendar, with seasons twelve days later than our own; but "the Birthday" this year was a day of prime perfection of a lovely spring, and it recalled the words, true for all time, written by the Father of English Poetry:—

" Whan that Aprille with his showres swoote  
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote  
And bathed every veyne in swich licour  
Of which vertue engendered is the flour ;  
Whan Zepheries eek with his swete breathe,  
Enspired hath in every holte and heethe  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the mane his halfe Cours ironne  
And smale fowles maken melodie  
That slepen all the night with open eye  
So pricketh hem nature in here corages :—  
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,  
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes  
To ferne halwes, kouthe in sondry londes ;



And specially, from every schires ende  
 Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende  
 The holy blisful martir for to seeke  
 That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke."

Many have been helped by Shakespeare when they were sick of soul; and many have been refreshed by pilgrimages to his shrine, where the hills and the river, the winds and the flowers, the church and the birthplace, have been little changed since his time. It is not generally known how early such annual pilgrimages were suggested. Samuel Sheppard in 1651 published among his Epigrams one addressed to Shakespeare:—

"Sacred Spirit, while thy lyre  
 Echoed o'er the Arcadian plains  
 Even Apollo did admire  
 Orpheus wondered at thy strains.

. . . . .  
 Where thy honoured bones do lie,  
 As Statius once to Maro's urn,  
 Thither every year will I  
 Slowly tread and sadly turn."

There is much talk of neglectful contemporaries and forgetful immediate successors; but this "Sheppard" was at least one of many faithful even in those early days, and his words ought to be remembered by his followers of to-day, — not that they require any excuse for wending their way each year on Saint George's Day to Saint William's shrine, in Stratford-on-Avon.

There is not only the place to attract them, but the time and circumstance. During the week we see Shakespeare's works acted on his native soil, no embargo being now laid, as in his own time, by the mayor and corporation, on the acting of plays. We see them, moreover, acted in a theatre and under conditions in which popularity and profit have comparatively little weight. Thence we have the chance of seeing rarely acted plays, — such, for instance, as 'Timon of Athens,' the chief feature of this year. Mr. Benson is a thoughtful reader and exponent of the great dramatist, and he has some good actors in his company; so we expected a good deal from him, and were not altogether disappointed. The series opened on Easter Monday afternoon with a performance of 'A

Midsummer Night's Dream,' played also on Monday and Tuesday evenings. This delicate and graceful play, with its four sets of characters and its five interwoven threads of story, had every advantage of scenery, and Mendelssohn's music was well played as an accompaniment. There is little opportunity for "starring" in it; and we can only say that Mr. Benson played a pleasant Lysander, Mrs. Benson a graceful Titania, Mr. Buckley a graceful Oberon, and Miss Ada Ferrar a most attractive Hermia, Miss Bateman's fair acting of Puck being spoiled by her unfortunate voice. But the conception of the whole play was marred, and its proportions outraged, by a rampant pantomime business in the Clown's Interlude. We were prepared for a rollicking Bottom from Mr. Weir, but we did not expect that even he would spring over the stage and thrust his *role* under Theseus's nose. He also made his death-scene too broad a farce. When Philostrate objects to their being admitted, as "hard-handed men, that work in Athens here, which never laboured in their minds till now," the gracious and generous Theseus says, —

" I will hear that play,  
For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
.  
.  
.  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity  
In least speak most to my capacity."

But here was neither modesty, timidity, simplicity, nor fearful duty; only a rattling tongue of saucy and audacious impudence. Starveling the tailor was absurdly and destructively overdrawn. At the opening it was suggested "to stir up the Athenian *youth* to merriments;" and it was by selection that the scroll was penned of "every man's name, which is thought fit, in all Athens, to play in our interlude." Yet they set on Starveling the tailor, an aged man in the last stage of decrepitude and deafness, requiring to have everything repeated and *roared* into his ears, to make the groundlings laugh. Thisbe was also absurd, the only one of the

group having any conception of proportion and character being Quince the carpenter, played by Mr. Mollison.

'Julius Cæsar' was played on Wednesday, the 20th, and was fairly well put on the stage, though the mechanism was somewhat faulty, and the music inappropriate, Cæsar's ghost coming in with a squeak of wires, and going out to the time of a polka from the orchestra, while Cassius and Brutus took their farewell of earth amid the lively strains of a schottische. But the acting was good. Mr. Benson played Mark Antony well, with his change in character, his skilful and fervid eloquence, his passionate affection to Cæsar dead as living. Cassius was finely rendered by Mr. Mollison, and Calphurnia by Miss Ada Ferrar; Marcus Brutus, by Mr. Swete, was heavy though respectable; and Julius Cæsar made us feel that he deserved to be knocked "off the stage." But there were no new points suggested by the rendering as a whole.

'Twelfth Night,' on April 21, was well played to a crowded and appreciative audience. The Countess Olivia of Miss Ada Ferrar was perfect and charming; but the Viola, by Mrs. Benson, was crude and somewhat affected. Her twin brother, Valentine, by Mr. Herbert, was made wonderfully like her, with the natural difference of the more manly spirit. Mr. Benson's Malvolio was clever; the change from the conceited major-domo to the imprisoned so-called lunatic was well brought out; and Mr. George made a witty clown. But here, as in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' the comic business had too much of its own way. While Mr. Weir as Sir Toby Belch, and Mr. Lewis as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, made a good deal of their characters, there was too much drinking and drunkenness to leave leisure for the calmer and more poetic scenes, and disproportion therefore ensued.

But the play that students went to see appeared on Friday; and on Saturday afternoon and evening Mr. Mollison gave a good Apemantus, and Mr. Swete a respectable but heavy, and rather too melting, Flavius. But there is really only one "part" in 'Timon of Athens,' and that was played by Mr. Benson, and played well. The change from the graceful and gracious lord to the bitter and broken misanthrope was skilfully worked out. The five acts were

thrown into three, to hasten the action, and the scenery was pretty if not always true to reality. The music was necessarily incongruous. But though giving much credit to Mr. Benson as a representation, one became more than ever convinced that this one-man play, without lovers and love-scenes, without plot or counterplot, would never be a popular one on the public and mercenary stage. We are glad to have seen it, for we think we learn something more of Shakespeare's mind and art in every representation of his works; but it leaves us sad. Lord Timon's "feast" made a picturesque and classic picture, and the "masque of ladies" was only too congruous with modern taste. The second mock feast was less studied; and the long and dragging scene in the woods, where visitor after visitor arrive and depart, became rather monotonous. The termination was varied at each representation. On Friday Timon was found dead by his friends, and the speechifying was at his side. On Saturday, the reading of his grave-stone was among his friends in another scene; and the death-scene was only a momentary tableau, a finer effect, a solitary ending to the solitary man.

None can rise from the plays and leave Stratford without thanking the late Mr. Flower for the opportunities he has given us of seeing the relics of his patron saint.

*Charlotte Carmichael Stopes.*

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### SOME IDEAL TENDENCIES OF THE TIME.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF — — — AND \* \* \*.

YOUR observation, my dear — — —, of the *leit-motiv* in society is most suggestive, and opened up to my mind fascinating paths of conjecture; but for the present I will leave these ways untrodden, turning instead to the always delightful task of unfolding my own views on a certain subject. Did it ever occur to you that we are living in an age remarkable for its ideal tendencies? It is not the potatoes, so to speak, which we enjoy, but that subtle, intangible,

super-sensuous phenomenon which we might designate the quality of being mashed, possessed by the potato. You may think this discovery of mine inconsistent with my accustomed despair at the material turn of the present era; but pray let me get all the comfort I can out of optimism while the mood is on. The mood was induced by the reception the other day of one of the most charmingly suggestive magazines it has ever been my good fortune to examine. It was called *The Encyclopædia of the Contents of the Periodical Literature of the World*. The name alone is sufficient to call up a whole life-time of blissful hours spent in wading through the shallows of periodical literature, — from those childish days when Tom Bailey was our hero, and the discovery that the author of this delicious 'Bad Boy' was not only T. B. Aldrich, but Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and therefore it was a *real* boy and a *true* story, caused paroxysms of delight, to the grave knowledge-seeking days when we struggled over the horrors of Russian history and names which a certain magazine, guessing our dire necessity, supplied, and on to the present, when our utmost joy is to peruse learned criticisms on the "Silver Bill." Still, earthly joy is a fleeting phenomenon, and custom, whatever its effect on Cleopatra, does somewhat stale the infinite variety of the "Silver Bill;" and then it is that the *Encyclopædia*, etc., etc., etc., etc., comes as a healing balm to the spirits, with its delicate hints of the land of passion and song lurking among the staid contents of the *Nuova Autologia*, 'A Kiss to Laura: notes on a sonnet by Petrarch.' Oh, Laura! Oh, Petrarch! Oh, sonnets! what banyan-trees of love and art grow from a mere glance at these printed words! And here starts up another picture of a gallant young emperor fathering his infant subjects. It winks at us from behind the contents of the *Internationale Revue über die gesammten Armeen und Flotten*, 'The Strategical Employment of Cavalry in Modern Times,' 'The Naval War Game.'

And what dreams do not arise at the sight of the contents of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, — the only magazine, we have heard, that Renan will read. We turn with eagerness the pages of this new-found treasure, and find spread out for our delectation the

contents of all the known and unknown magazines of the civilized world. Our only pang is caused by the fact that the magazines of the moon are not mentioned. There is a charming myth to the effect that the very life of the oak is concentrated in the beautiful parasitic mistletoe which they were wont to call the "golden bough." Why not change the somewhat cumbrous title of this very magazine to the symbolic one of *The Mistletoe*. We no longer need read articles on African Exploration; we see by the *cyclopædia* that half a dozen magazines have articles on the subject, and our aspiring spirits are satisfied.

An acquaintance of mine gave me another striking proof of this ideal tendency the other day. He had been asked to deliver a lecture; I believe it was on the poetry of the bootblacks of America. Signifying his consent, he was asked if it could not be illustrated; and he replied that he would have slides made of the manuscript pages of his lecture and throw them on the screen. The proposition was received with acclamation, and the delighted audience imbibed bootblack poetry while experiencing the sensation of looking at pictures.

But our admiration for modern subtilty of intellect reaches its height when we come to the setting forth of the Table of Contents of the *Review of Reviews*. We find that it includes a 'Review of the *Forum*.' By this simple statement, the "Silver Bill" almost comes an astral body,—a very desirable result. 'A Review of the *New Review*.' Heavens! can our finite minds grasp such infinitude? Another glance,—'A Review of the *Encyclopædia of the Contents of the Periodical Literature of the World*.' I read no farther, feeling that I must let you know at once of this treasure. I see no reason why the future editor should not bring his art to such a pitch that he will concentrate his whole energy on his titlepage, which he need not even have printed. It will merely be necessary for him to send a type-written copy to the *Encyclopædia of Periodical Literature*, where it will be printed and give joy to millions of happy readers.

Yours,

\* \* \*

## NOTES AND NEWS.

CONCERNING the Shelley Letters given in this number of POET—  
LORE Mr. Kingsland writes us a few words, which we venture to  
quote, thinking our readers may like to share them with us, as  
follows: —

“I think, in view of the Shelley centenary, the letters will be  
of special interest. These letters of Shelley to Miss Hitchener  
are not likely ever to be made public. How they came to be  
transcribed from the originals, I do not know. When Dowden  
was writing his *Life*, I believe Mr. W. M. Rossetti lent him the  
transcriptions; and he has summarized sentences here and there.  
I don't suppose the letters themselves will ever be allowed to be  
published. In fact I believe the late Miss Hitchener's solicitor  
holds the originals; but of this I am not sure. Anyhow, some  
half-dozen copies have been printed in a couple of small volumes,  
marked on the titlepage, 'Not for sale.' So far as I can find out,  
the extracts I have given have not appeared elsewhere; so that  
they will be new to both American and English readers. I hope  
I have not given too many extracts; but those I have chosen are  
of real interest, and I thought it a pity to be meagre just now  
when so much interest will be centred in Shelley. You will note  
I have extracted Shelley's views on marriage. I think (in view of  
his subsequent vagaries) this will be of interest.”

### FROM GHENT TO AIX.

BROWNING has informed us that there is “no sort of historical  
foundation about ‘Good News from Ghent,’” — that is, for the  
famous ride he describes. He adds: “I wrote it under the bul-  
wark of a vessel off the African coast, after I had been at sea long  
enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a  
certain good horse ‘York,’ then in my stable at home. It was  
written in pencil on the fly-leaf of Bartoli's ‘*Simboli*,’ I remember.”

For the towns on the route the poet probably referred to an  
atlas on board the vessel, and the map of Belgium in it was appar-  
ently on so small a scale that he could not lay out very accurately

the course which the riders would naturally take. They certainly do not go by the shortest route, or that on which, for parts of the way, they would be likely to find the best roads.

Aix-la-Chapelle is a little south of east from Ghent, and the distance in a straight line, as I measure it on four different maps no two of which are on the same scale, is about one hundred and five miles. It would be somewhat more than that by any highways between the two cities. It is a level country for most of the way; but if Browning had tried to gallop over it at one stretch, as Scott is said to have ridden from Coilantogle Ford to Stirling to ascertain whether Fitz-James could do it in the time allowed him in 'The Lady of the Lake,' his good steed "York" would probably have given out sooner than Dirck's did in the poem.

The riders at the start take a course a little north of east to *Lokeren*, twelve miles distant, and thence due east to *Boom*, sixteen miles further. The next town mentioned is *Düffeld*, or Duffel, about twelve miles east of Boom. It is six miles north of *Mecheln*, or Mechlin, the "half chime" from the lofty cathedral tower of which the riders are said to hear. We are not to suppose that they pass through Mechlin, which would be quite out of the course they are taking; but if Browning had had a better map, he would probably have made them steer directly to that city from Ghent. From Duffel they press on to *Aerschot* (*Aershot* in all the editions, which suggests a wrong pronunciation, the *sch* being equivalent to *sk*), fifteen miles more; and thence, twenty-four miles, to *Hasselt*, the capital of the province of Limbourg. From Hasselt we should expect them to make for Maastricht, or Maestricht; but they turn almost at a right angle and go seven or eight miles due south to *Loos*. Thence they aim for Aix again, and proceed to *Tongres* (the French form of the Flemish *Tongeren*), six and a half miles further. From Tongres to Aix it is about twenty-seven miles in a straight course; but the only landmark the poem gives us for this stretch is in the line, "Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white," — that is, the cupola of the "octagon" of the cathedral at Aix. *Dalhem* is to be found on no map that I have seen, nor is it mentioned in the guide-books or gazetteers. It would



seem to be a village near Aix, but I can learn of none such. On one of Bartholomew's maps I find a *Daalheim*, some five miles south of the line from Tongres to Aix, and about seventeen miles from the latter. Charlemagne's "dome-spire" cannot be visible from this place, but I suspect that it is the *Dalhem* of the poem.

It will be seen that by the route described it is at least one hundred and twenty miles from Ghent to Aix, if a straight line is taken from Tongres to the latter city. One hundred and twenty-five miles would probably be nearer the true total. The more direct course from Hasselt to Aix through Maastricht would have been about seven miles shorter.

The "good news" borne on this extraordinary ride was that of the "Pacification of Ghent," concluded in October, 1576. It was a league of Holland, Zealand, and the southern Netherlands against Philip II. of Spain, from whose power it was hoped to become free through the union.

*W. F. Rolfe.*

#### A CORRECTION.

ON page 180 of POET-LORE for April we read: "It is remarkable that both Shakespeare and Cervantes died on the same day and year, the 23d of April, 1616."

This is an error which has been often repeated, though more than once corrected. The two poets did die on the same day, according to the almanacs of Spain and England; but the 23d of April in the former country was the 3d of May in the latter. Shakespeare therefore lived ten days after the decease of Cervantes.

The Gregorian correction of the calendar was adopted in Spain, as in other Roman Catholic countries on the Continent, immediately after it was made in 1582; but England adhered to the old reckoning until 1752.

It is unnecessary to add that, if Shakespeare was born on the 23d of April, Old Style, we should celebrate the anniversary on the 3d of May nowadays, not on the 23d of April. As we do not know the precise date of his birth, the mistake does not matter much.

*W. F. R.*

— BOOK INKLINGS. — PROFESSOR CORSON'S 'Primer of English Verse' is the sensible record of a sensitive approach to artistic appreciation of the poetics of Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning. His method lies not in the application of mechanical standards; it is rather the outgrowth of native good taste enforced by scientific observation of given specimens of poetic art. He treats, accordingly, of the main "coefficients of poetic expression, — Rhythm, Metre, Stanza, Rhyme, Assonance, Alliteration, Melody [that is, the musical quality of vowels and consonants], and Harmony" [the larger music of association of verses and stanzas and their accord in rhyme-emphasis], not as separate entities to be separably examined, but as contributory to that unity which only the commanding emotion of the poet makes vital and organic. In an admirable chapter on the "effects secured by a shifting of the regular accents and by additional unaccented syllables," he defends Milton from the strictures of Johnson and Bentley, illustrating his points by apposite citations of beautifully irregular verses. These citations show up the artificial *criteria* and the comparatively incapable ears of those autocrats of prosody, misled by the old-school notions that the fixed quantity of classical verse was possible to the fluid accentuality of English, and that verse-music consists in mere uniformity of percussion. The guiding principle to which Professor Corson holds and to which he refers the beauty of all metrical variations is dwelt upon in the same chapter. He shows that these variations depend for their effect upon their varying from the even tenor of the verse when there is a logical or æsthetic motive for departing from it; whence it follows that there should be no departures from the standard established, except "significant departures; that is, departures with an emotional or a logical meaning."

This is as perfect a rule as rule can be, because the persuasive mastery of original genius may enlarge its scope at any time; like all principles of art that are real and not conventional, it leaves room for diverse interpretations of what departures therefrom are significant. We may acknowledge clearly and fully at once, then, that all rules are only painfully deduced from accepted poetic work, and help us little except to lumber along in the wake of a heaven-going Pegasus. Professor Corson, for example, has the gift to follow Browning in his mastery of verse, — "the greatest achievement of the century in blank verse," *verse* always spontaneous and transcendent, as he says, in spite of the fact that in it "the metre consciousness is reduced to a minimum: critics of lesser musical

perception and training who feel the need of beating a drum all the time to keep themselves in line, even though they accept Professor Corson's rule, might find themselves unable to interpret the law of relativity which makes that rule valid.

If there is any help for them, it must lie, however, not in hardening their hearts against his principle of poetic freedom, but in weighing it, pondering upon such ensamples of poetic skill as are so aptly quoted and examined here, and tracing the evolution of poetic art through many guises ('A Primer of English Verse, chiefly in its Æsthetic and Organic Character.' By Hiram Corson, LL. D. Boston: Ginn & Co. pp. 232, Index. \$1.00). — WHAT Shakespeare readers have not noted with pleasure from time to time in the *Academy* or the *Athenæum* various notes and reviews of Prof. John W. Hales, touching often on out-of-the-common Shakespearian customs and expressions, exhaling, too, an out-of-the-common sense and information? From the uncoalesced state in which such notes of periodical visitation and such memorable essays as those of Professor Hales on 'Chaucer and Shakespeare' in *The Quarterly* or 'Shakespeare's Greek Names' in *The Cornhill*, have lived in the memory of the many readers who value them, the attractive volume of 'Essays and Notes on Shakespeare' rescued them some years ago, and in the same shape they are now re-issued (London: George Bell and Son; or Boston: Estes & Lauriat. pp. viii and 300, with Index. \$1.50). — A NEW edition of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's 'Browning Hand-book' (London: Bell & Son; New York: Macmillan & Co.) has appeared. It seems to embody no important changes beyond making references accord with the last revised sixteen-volume edition of Browning. Mrs. Orr's book will be always the best book of this kind for a Browning student. — AMONG the booklets occasioned by Easter most attractive and original in manner is Miss Charlotte Pendleton's 'Easter-Song,' in verse, bound in white and gilt, with decorative illustrations by Gabrielle D. Clements (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.).

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## SOCIETIES.

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The Baltimore Shakespeare Club held nine meetings during the winter of 1891-92, meeting each time at the home of a different member. The plays of 'King Lear' and 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' were read and discussed, and 'Twelfth Night' begun. Papers were read upon

'King Lear' by Rev. W. J. McIlvaine and Prof. W. Woolsey Johnson ; upon 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' by Mr. George Whitelock and Miss Effie Johnston, with a poem on Verona by Mrs. George Whitelock ("Louise Clarkson"); upon 'Twelfth Night' by Archibald H. Taylor. Other papers during the winter were by Capt. Henry P. Goddard, upon 'Shakespeare's Heroes,' disputing Ruskin's *dictum* that there are *none*; Mrs. Whitelock on 'A Metaphysical Question' as between Shakespeare and Browning; Miss Emily Hinckley, 'A History of The Much Ado Shakespeare Club;' and by two ladies, not members of the Club, — Miss Lydia Crane, upon Robert Browning, and Miss Jane Randolph Harrison, upon Shylock.

At the meeting at the Bryn Mawr School, in March, the poet J. Whitcomb Riley was a guest of the Club, and favored it with one of his inimitable recitations.

The Club had two gala nights, the first of which was devoted to reading papers by twelve lady members in reply to written queries as to their favorite Shakespearian plays, heroes, and heroines. These papers were very bright and interesting. The opinions expressed were very varied, as will be seen by the small number of votes out of the twelve which the favorite received, — 'As You Like It,' which led, having but three; while Benedict had four as the favorite hero, and Beatrice five as the favorite heroine. The second gala night was the eve of Shakespeare's birthday, April 22, when the Club, as a body, attended a performance given by Miss Julia Marlowe at Ford's Theatre, in which she represented four of Shakespeare's heroines in a single evening. After the performance the fair young actress graciously gave a reception to the Club, in course of which she expressed her own preference for Imogene as a woman above all other Shakespearian heroines, although granting "that as an acting part, Viola affords greater opportunities."

The Club closes this, its seventh season, with forty names on its roll.  
H. P. G.

The Grand Rapids Shakespeare Study Group of the Ladies' Literary Club have made out their programme for the year ending April 20, 1893, and will study 'Othello,' — Act I. being intrusted to Mmes. Arnold, Barnaby, Burch, and Buchanan; Act II. to Mmes. Fletcher, Colwell, Calkins, Fox, Cushman, Fitch, and Dryden; Act III. to Mmes. Howard, Kendall, Immen, and Evans; Act IV. to Mmes. Moseley, Newton, Metz, and Yerex; Act V. to Mmes. Rogers, Remington, Vine, and Wenham. A few of the meetings will be devoted to other than Shakespearian study, — Byron's 'Childe Harold,' Elizabeth Browning's 'Aurora Leigh,' and Moore's 'Lalla Rookh' being chosen, perhaps, to give some glimpse of modern poetic expression. At one of the closing meetings,

famous scenes from Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'The Tempest' will be considered by Mmes. Skeels, Tibbs, White, and Robinson. During the past session the play of Shakespeare's studied was 'The Winter's Tale,' the work of the Group being carried on side by side with that of the Shakespeariana Club, founded five years ago by Mrs. Loraine Immen, President of the Club and Chairman of the Group. Robert and Elizabeth Browning's work, and Tennyson, Emerson, and Hawthorne last year shared with Shakespeare the attention of the Group, whose membership is fifty, its average attendance forty. The Shakespeariana Club held its fifth annual meeting on Shakespeare's birthday. The programme was as follows:—

- " 'T is a lucky day and we'll do good deeds on 't. Your patience this allowing I turn my glass. I shall report." Recording Secretary's report by Mrs. Westerhoff.
- " Break the seal and read." Corresponding Secretary's report by Mrs. Burch.
- " Are you a party in this business? " Election of officers.
- " Go together, you precious winners; your exaltation partake to every one." President's address by Mrs. Immen.

The programmes were written on pink cardboard, with the name of the Club handsomely printed on the opposite side. Pink carnations decorated the lunch table. The table linen and table decorations were in pink, the Club color; and a dainty lunch was served. The toast-mistress asked the members to respond to the following toasts: The Quality of Mercy, Music, Oratory, Polonius' Advice, Our Lovers (the gentlemen), Ambition, Our Lady-lovers (the women), Sleep, Flowers, The State of Man, Filial Affection, All the World's a Stage, A Winter's Tale.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. W. D. Rogers; First Vice-President, Mrs. D. Rogers; Second Vice-President, Mrs. O. L. Palmer; Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. Boltwood; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. C. Burch; Treasurer, Miss D. Stanley.

The Peoria Shakespeare Society observed the birthday of the great poet by reproducing scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet.' The representation was intelligent, the recitation spirited, and the costuming effective. The entertainment reflected great credit upon the class and its leader. During the season just closed the Shakespeare Society has studied, first, the play of 'Romeo and Juliet,' and last, 'Hamlet,' and has heard several Shakespearian lectures. Its course for the future is not definitely marked out; but it is already considering the prospect of reproducing 'As You Like It' early in the beginning of the coming season. The leader, Mrs. Clara P. Bourland, has done much to advance Shakespeare and Browning literature in Peoria, and the class will enter upon a new season with great promise.



## KAREN.

A NOVELETTE. BY ALEXANDER KIELLAND.

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**T**HERE was once a girl in Krarup inn by the name of Karen.

Her work was to wait on the guests; and she had to do it alone, for the innkeeper's wife was nearly always tripping about looking for her keys. And Krarup inn was much frequented,—both by people from the neighborhood, who gathered on summer evenings after supper in the capacious guest-hall and drank their old-fashioned coffee-punch in a sort of general way, without any particular purpose; and by travellers and way-farers, who came in—dusty and overcome by the wind—to get something warm, in order to keep up their spirits till they reached the next inn.

But Karen attended to them all, although she went about so quietly, and never seemed to be in a hurry.

She was slight and small,—quite young, serious and silent, so there was not much of interest in her for the “drummers.” But regular guests, who took their inn-visits seriously, and appreciated

that the coffee was served promptly, and scalding hot, — they thought all the more of Karen. And when she slipped about among them with her tray, the slow, heavy peasants moved aside and made way for her with unusual alacrity, and the conversation ceased for a moment. All had to look at her when she passed, — she was so fine.

Karen's eyes were of that large, gray kind, which seem to see, and at the same time look far beyond; and the eyebrows were strongly arched, as if wondering at something.

Strangers thought, therefore, that she did not understand what they asked for; but she always understood, and never made any mistakes. Still, there was a little something about her, — as if she were looking far beyond her surroundings, — or listening, — or waiting, — or dreaming.

The west-wind came rushing in over the low Jutland Heath. It had been rolling long, heavy waves all the way over the North Sea. Salt, and wet with froth and foam, it threw itself across the coast and went ashore; but among the high *klitter* covered with *marehalm*, it had become dry and heavy with sand, and a little tired, so that when it reached Krarup inn it was all it could do to open the large barn-doors.

But they had to give way; and the wind filled the whole barn, and forced its way in through the kitchen door, which stood ajar; and at last the pressure became so great that the double doors at the other end of the barn burst open, and now the west-wind swept triumphantly through, swinging the lantern which hung from the roof; tearing off the hostler's cap and carrying it way out in the darkness; blowing the blankets over the horses' heads; and pushing a white hen off the roost, down into the water trough. The fowl set up a terrible cackling; the hostler swore; the girls in the kitchen were nearly choked with smoke; and the horses became unmanageable, and stamped sparks from the stone floor. Even the ducks, that had huddled together around the mangers, so as to be on hand for the oats that would be spilled, took to quacking; and the wind swept through with a frightful roar, until two men came out from the guest-hall, put their broad backs against the doors,

and forced them together again, while the sparks blew about their beards from their large pipes.

After these achievements the wind went down among the heather, ran along the deep ditches, and gave a jerk to the mail-coach, which it met a couple of miles away.

"He is always in such a devilish hurry to get to that tavern," grumbled Anders, the driver, and cracked his whip over the heads of the steaming horses.

For it was about the twentieth time that the mail-clerk in the coach had lowered the window and urged Anders on. At first it was a friendly invitation to a cup of coffee-punch at the inn; but gradually the cordiality became weaker, until the window came down with a crash, after several brief comments on horses and driver, which cut deeply into Anders's sensitive soul.

Meanwhile the wind swept along close to the ground, and sighed heavily and ominously in the dry heather. The moon was full, but thickly veiled by clouds, so that it gave only a faint, misty glimmer to the darkness of the night.

Back of Krarup inn was a peat-bog, with piles of dark peat, and deep, dangerous holes from which they had been dug. A strip of grass wound its way through the heather, like some neglected road; but it was not a road, for it terminated at one of the peat holes which was larger and deeper than the rest.

In the grass, flat on the ground, a fox lay watching; and a rabbit was skipping nimbly over the heather.

The fox easily concluded that the rabbit was not going to make a long circuit so late in the evening. Cautiously he raised his pointed nose over the grass and made a calculation; and as he sneaked back with the wind to find a favorable point from which he could see where the rabbit would close the circle and lie down for the night, he mused complacently over the fact that foxes were getting wiser, but rabbits more and more stupid.

At the inn the people were unusually busy, for a couple of "drummers" had ordered roast rabbit. Besides, the innkeeper had gone to an auction in Thisted in the morning, and his wife had never managed anything but the kitchen. But now it hap-



pened unfortunately that a lawyer came to see the host on a matter of business, and, as he was not at home, his wife was obliged to memorize a lengthy account of the case, and be responsible for an exceedingly important letter, — all of which completely bewildered her.

Before the fireplace stood a stranger in a rubber coat, waiting for a bottle of soda-water; two fish buyers had three times ordered cognac for their coffee; the hostler was standing with an empty lantern in his hand, waiting for a tallow candle; and a tall, lean peasant followed Karen with an anxious look: he was to have sixty-three Öre back on a *Krone*.

But Karen went back and forth without haste or confusion. It would seem almost impossible for her to manage all this. The large, wondering eyes seemed to be strained with expectation. She held her fine little head so firmly and immovably, — as if not to be disturbed by all she had to think of. Her blue homespun gown was rather tight, and had made a red crease across her neck, just below the hair.

“Those Agger girls are all so fair,” said one of the fish buyers; they were young men, and discussed Karen’s merits with the air of connoisseurs.

Standing at the window was a man who observed, as he looked at his watch, that “the post was early to-night.”

There was a rumbling over the stone pavement outside; the large barn-doors were thrown open, and the wind shook the kitchen door once more, and blew the smoke out of the stove.

Karen slipped into the kitchen just as the front-door was opened. The mail-clerk stepped into the guest-hall and bid a general good evening, with a touch of patronage, as befitting an official of his pretensions.

He was a tall, handsome man, with black eyes, black curly beard and hair. The long cape, with ample folds of the gorgeous red cloth of the Danish government, was ornamented by a collar of dogskin, which reached down over his shoulders.

The sparse rays from the two paraffine lamps hanging over the long oaken table seemed all in sudden infatuation to seek the bright

red of the cape, which contrasted sharply with the sombre gray and black of the room. As the tall form with the small, curly head, the broad collar, and the long red folds, passed through the low smoky room, he seemed a veritable marvel of beauty and splendor.

Karen soon came back from the kitchen with her tray. She bent her head forward, partly concealing her face, as she hurried from one guest to another.

She placed the roasted rabbit before the two fish buyers, and brought a bottle of soda-water for the drummers, who sat in a little room by themselves; then she gave the anxious farmer a tallow candle, and, as she hurried out again, handed sixty-three Öre to the stranger at the fireplace.

The innkeeper's wife was in despair. True, she had unexpectedly found her keys, but immediately after lost the lawyer's letter; and now everything was in an uproar. Nobody had received what he had ordered, and everybody talked at once. The drummers rang their bell incessantly; the fish buyers nearly split their sides laughing over the roasted rabbit, which lay on the platter before them, looking as uncomfortable as a small boy on horseback, while the anxious farmer tapped the hostess cautiously on the shoulder with the tallow candle, — he was trembling for his sixty-three Öre. And in the midst of this confusion Karen suddenly disappeared.

Anders, the driver, was on his high seat in front of the mail coach; the chore boy stood ready to open the barn-doors; the two passengers in the coach became impatient to be off, and the horses too, — although they were better off where they were; and the wind shook the doors and whistled through cracks and crevices.

At last the mail-clerk came. As he stepped up to the coach, he made a slight apology because he had kept them waiting. The light from the lantern fell upon his face; he looked warm, and made some remark to that effect, with a faint smile, as he put on his coat and mounted beside the driver.

The doors were opened, and the mail-coach rumbled out. Anders allowed the horses to go at an easy gait; for now there was no longer any hurry. From time to time he glanced at the mail-clerk

by his side, who sat smiling in an absent-minded way, heedless of the wind, which shook his long, curly hair.

Anders, too, smiled in his own way ; he began to understand.

The wind followed the coach to the first turn of the road ; then it went on, out over the plains, and sighed and soughed ominously through the dry heather. The fox was at his post. All had been accurately calculated : the rabbit would soon appear.

In the tavern Karen appeared again at last, and the confusion gradually subsided. The anxious farmer got rid of his tallow candle, and was given his sixty-three Öre ; and the drummers made a vigorous beginning on the rabbit.

The innkeeper's wife whimpered a little, but she didn't blame Karen ; no one ever thought of blaming Karen for anything.

Quietly and without haste again she went to and fro, and the comfortable feeling which everybody always felt in her presence soon spread throughout the dimly-lighted guest-hall. But the two fish buyers, who had each had a glass of cognac with their coffee, were quite infatuated with her. There was more than the usual color in her cheeks. A half-hidden glimmer of a smile lit up her face ; and when she, once in a great while, raised her eyes, they looked bewildered.

But as she was conscious that their eyes followed her, she went into the room, where the drummers were still eating, and began to polish some silver spoons.

"Did you notice the mail-clerk?" asked one of the drummers.

"No ; I believe he soon went out again," answered the other, with his mouth full.

"A devilish good-looking fellow, that!—I danced at his wedding."

"So he is married?"

"Why, yes!—his wife lives in Lemvig. I believe they have two children. She is a daughter of the innkeeper at Ulstrup, and I chanced to be there the evening of the wedding. That was a jolly night!"

Karen dropped the spoons and went out of the room. They called her from the guest-hall ; but she did not hear. She went

straight to her room and locked the door. Half conscious, she stood motionless in the dark. Then she caught at her head, she caught at her breast, — gasping for breath ; she could not understand, — no, she could not understand.

But when she heard the keeper's wife calling pitifully : "Karen ! — oh, little Karen !" — then she was aroused. She ran across the farm-yard, behind the barn, and out — out, into the heather.

In the dim light a strip of grass wound its way through the heather, as if it were some neglected road ; but it was not a road, for it only led to the edge of the deep peat hole.

The rabbit jumped up, — it had heard a splash. It dashed away by long leaps, as if it had gone mad ; now with legs drawn up and the back rounded, now stretched to an incredible length, — like a piece of india-rubber, — it leaped on over the heather.

The fox raised his pointed nose and stared at the rabbit in astonishment. He had not heard any splash. In accordance with the most approved method, he had come listlessly along the bottom of a deep ditch ; and as he was not conscious of any mistake, he was unable to account for this unexpected move of the rabbit.

For some time he stood in this position, with his head raised, — the hind part of his body and the large, bushy tail hidden in the heather ; and he began to question if perhaps it were the rabbits who were becoming wiser and the foxes more stupid every day.

But when the west wind had run some distance it became a north wind, later an east wind, then a south wind ; and at last it came again over the sea as a west wind, ran in between the sand dunes on the coast, and sighed and moaned strangely in the heather. But two gray eyes were missing in Krarup inn. And the innkeeper's wife whimpered more than ever ; she could not understand ; nobody could understand, — except Anders the driver, and one besides.

But when the old people wanted to admonish the young seriously, it was their custom to begin thus : "There was once a girl in Krarup inn by the name of Karen."

*Translated from the Danish by Thyge Sógård.*

## A BOSTON CRITICISM OF WHITMAN.

**I**N an article on Whitman in the June *Atlantic*, the writer says, among other things, that his poetry is not noble, because it celebrates pride and does not inculcate the virtues of humility, self-denial, etc., — thus reading the poet by the letter, rather than by the spirit. The charge that Whitman's poetry celebrates pride is fully met by the fact, that it also celebrates and bears along in equal measure the antidote of pride; namely, sympathy. Its sympathy, its love, is as broad and all-inclusive as its pride is erect and positive. Whitman was aware, from the outset of his career, how important this fact is; for he said in the preface to the first edition of his poems, in 1855, that the soul of the great poet "has sympathy as measureless as its pride, and the one balances the other, and neither can stretch too far while it stretches in company with the other. The inmost secrets of art sleep with the twain. The greatest poet has lain close betwixt both, and they are vital in his style and thoughts."

'Leaves of Grass' is of course designedly positive and aggressive, and is meant to arouse and dilate rather than to soothe and lull. If it is nearly all in the major key, it is because it has to do with the major elements of life, of character, of nationality. Are many of the minor keys touched in Homer or Æschylus or Dante? We look for the minor notes of life, — the pleasures of the domestic and social instincts, the pleasure with flowers, birds, sequestered walks, and special phases of nature, — in the minor poets, the poets of sentiment. In the poetry of power, the poetry that courts and emulates the cosmic laws, that seeks to "convey a sentiment and invitation of the earth," we should not expect these things. Yet in 'Drum Taps,' and in many of the subsequent poems, the strain is often tender, and full of subdued, even sobbing tones.

To complain of the urge, the pressure, the strenuousness of the body of Whitman's work, seems to me very much like complaining of a ship under full sail, or of an express train at the top of its speed. It may not always fall in with one's mood, but the poet is

not studying one's mood; he would fashion the mood to suit the verse. The 'Song of Myself' is a tremendous exhibition of power. In it the poet sweeps through the whole orbit of human experience; it shows the genesis of a great personality, — how the man is nourished and riveted and made sure of himself, and how he finally escapes from the material into the spiritual. It is unrestrained in the sense that great action, great power, or the forces and processes of Nature, are unrestrained. Is a man, then, never to let himself out, never to assert himself, never to give full swing to what there is in him, by reason of the beauty of the law of obedience, of self-denial, of self-sacrifice? Here we touch upon ethical considerations, here we touch upon the rule of life. How does this rule apply in art, in literature? Certainly not by checking effort, by thwarting originality, by denying genius. The poet's life may be full of self-renunciation; but he must not deny himself to his reader, — he must not withhold that which defines him and makes him what he is. He may give way to others in life; but he must not give way to others in his book. If he gives us Tennyson or Browning instead of himself, we feel defrauded. "Consciousness of power, entirely self-centred, exults in manifestation." Why should it not? Would we have it deny itself, and refuse the manifestation? Why, then, do we protest against it in Whitman's case? Not because it contravenes some other law, but simply because it is too strong for us. Whitman's page, especially in his earlier work, has that pristine, unconventional quality of things and life in the open air, — an elemental force and *insouciance* that we cannot always stand; we long for the art and bric-a-brac and cosiness of indoors.

The law of restraint, of self-forgetfulness, shows itself in the work of the great poet, or any artist, by a certain poise and continence. The work is true to itself, follows its own law, has a certain reserve and indirectness; is never strained or forced, permits no extraneous matter, is equal to itself and to its task. As an artist, Victor Hugo, for instance, practised no self-denial, had no continence or self-restraint, had no respect for the centre of gravity of things at all. Whitman's faults, whatever they are, are not of

this nature. He has the phlegm, the reserve power, the inertia of the Northern races.

He bears the restraint of rhyme and metre in the few cases in which he used them, well, because his was a fluid, flexible, poet's nature; but the larger freedom of his unmeasured yet balanced lines is more in keeping with the spirit and aims of his work.

As a poet, Whitman's course was heroic, and shows the most stern self-denial. He denied himself, for the most part, all the arts of the poets, — the advantages of rhyme, metre, the gloss and language of poetry; and elected to stand or fall upon the naked spirit of his work. All outward and meretricious aids he forswore, and stands by himself alone. Is that selfishness?

Of narrow, personal, ignoble egotism, Whitman had none at all. His look, his manner, his gait, his life, were not those of an egotist. His self-denial and renunciation were extreme. He claimed nothing, asked nothing, for himself that he would not share with the lowest. He is self-assertive in his poems, because that is one of the *motifs* of his books; yet it is himself typically, himself as Man, and not as a separate and specially privileged person. It is not Goethe's egotism, but the egotism of democracy, — of a man that finds all men divine. One *motif* of Whitman's work is to exalt and glorify man as he is, in and of himself, apart from all special advantages and acquisitions, and to bring the physical or animal part flush with the spiritual and intellectual. A British essayist says of him: "Whitman represents, for the first time since Christianity swept over the world, the re-integration, in a sane and whole-hearted form, of the instincts of the entire man; and therefore he has a significance which we can scarcely overestimate." It is this entire man which Whitman stands for and celebrates. Christianity, or the perverted form of it which has prevailed in the world, has belittled man, has denied and degraded his physical part and made light of the world in which he is placed. Science belittles him; it goes its own way, and finds man but an accident, the ephemera of an hour; democracy belittles him by sinking the one in the many; the individual is nothing, the masses everything. Whitman offsets all this in the most determined and uncompromising

missing manner. The man, the individual, is everything; the whole theory of the universe is directed to one person, namely, to You. All bibles, all literatures, all histories, all institutions, grow out of you as leaves out of the tree. Much might be said upon this point; this thread runs all through the poems.

“Whoever you are! you are he or she for whom the earth is solid and liquid;  
You are he or she for whom the sun and moon hang in the sky;  
For none more than you are the present and the past,  
For none more than you is immortality!”

It is a very serious mistake to say, as the *Atlantic* critic does, that only in the Lincoln poem, ‘Oh Captain! My Captain!’ does Whitman lose the thought of himself in the thought of his country. The one ruling thought of his life, and of every line he ever wrote, was the thought of his country. It was more than a thought: it was a passion that enwrapped and filled his whole being, and was the mainspring of his entire work. The old prophets of Israel were no more the willing and self-forgetting mouthpieces of Israel’s Jehovah than Walt Whitman was the self-forgetting mouthpiece of the spirit of democracy and his country.

Whitman was the poet of the great cosmic forces as they appeared in Man, in personality, in the state, in races, and in Nature; and the sweeping mass movement of his verse is in keeping with these things. The only restraint suggested and the only restraint required is that of the rifle-bullet that goes to its mark. The corset of rhymed and measured verse no doubt improves and helps bring into shape the muse of many a poet; but why should we insist upon this particular restraint being imposed upon every poetic spirit, and charge those with lawlessness and disobedience who repudiate it?

The law of life of great poetry or great art is, he that would lose his life shall find it, he that gives himself the most freely shall the most freely receive. Whitman merged himself in the thought, in the love of his country, and of his fellows; he identified himself with all types and conditions of men; he literally made himself the brother and equal of all. He thought of himself only as he thought of others in and through himself. In his life he was guilty of no



self-seeking; he deliberately put by all that men usually strive for — immediate success and applause, wealth, honors, family, friends — that he might the more fully heed the voice from within. He chose the heroic part in his poetry and in his life. When the supreme hour of trial came to his country, he served her as he was best able to serve her, by ministering to her wounded and dying soldiers out of the abundance of his sympathy and love.

*John Burroughs.*

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DISCOURAGEMENT.

Said the glowworm: "I  
 " A creature of fire  
 " Cannot touch my desire;  
 " However I yearn and try  
 " To meet and greet  
 " My winged sisters high  
 " In the sky —  
 " I can only burn and die!"

Said the firefly: "I  
 " A creature of light  
 " Cannot wing my flight  
 " Through the luring night  
 " To my calmer sisters high  
 " In the sky!  
 " I can only fly  
 " Over field and flower  
 " For my little hour,  
 " And die like a sigh."

Said my fervent soul:  
 " I'm a creature of light and fire;  
 " But why —  
 " Why should I aspire?  
 " For ne'er may I rise higher  
 " Than the glowing coal  
 " On the funeral pyre,  
 " And Death is my goal!"

*Nathan Haskell Dole.*

## SHELLEY'S FAITH:

II. ITS PROPHECY.

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“**T**HE Poet is a heroic figure belonging to all ages: whom all ages possess, when once he is produced, whom the newest age as the oldest may produce;—and will produce, always when Nature pleases.” This is what Carlyle says about the poet; and farther on in the same lecture—that on ‘The Hero as Poet’—he continues, “I fancy there is in him the Politician, the Thinker, Legislator, Philosopher.”

Carlyle was a great philosopher; and when he spoke he said that which contained truth, and what was frequently the truth and nothing but the truth. In the instance now before us we have an example. No higher or truer estimate of the character and function of the great poet has ever been written than this. It corresponds with Shelley's statement that “Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.” On this point Shelley and Carlyle are entirely agreed. What is more delightful, however, to the lover of each of these great men, is the fact that in the expressions of the one is summed up the whole character of the other. There is no poet that I know of who more closely resembles the ideal poet, of whom Carlyle speaks, than Shelley. He was a politician, a philosopher, and also a legislator, although he never condescended to take his seat in a legislative assembly. Of course we know that neither Carlyle nor Shelley, when they spoke of “legislators,” meant members of Parliament. These gentlemen legislate only for their respective counties, and that badly. The legislators that were meant by our man of letters and our poet were those who legislated for the world. It is not, however, with the political or legislative functions of the poet that I would deal now, but rather with the relation of the philosopher and the poet. All the greatest poets have been philosophers, but all our greatest philosophers have not been poets. The function of the poet is most intimately related to the function of the philosopher; for

while the first is engaged in proclaiming to the world the message of reformation, of new and higher life, the other devotes his energies to showing to the world how it may avail itself of the message, and become that which the poet would have it be. These seem to me to be in the simplest terms the whole duty of poet and philosopher respectively, — the one prophesies; the other teaches.

It sometimes happens, as in the case of Shelley, that the poet is also philosopher at the same time; and while recognizing the grandeur of such a union, we are confronted by the fact that the philosophy of the poet is never so practical as is the philosophy of the philosopher, pure and simple. While in Shelley's writings there are to be found many suggestions of an eminently practical nature, for the furtherance of a higher view of life and for the amelioration of the hard conditions, mentally and morally, under which some sections of mankind exist, yet there is nothing that we could truly call a *system* of philosophy.

Now, just as Shelley was the splendid product of his time, so is Mr. Herbert Spencer the product of his and of our own. We live in a very troubled period, socially and intellectually, and Shelley saw the commencement of it, — indeed, was one of the greatest among those who are answerable for the times in which we live. He was one of those who stood head and shoulders above the rest, and led the band of workers who unsettled the foundations supporting structures abused and defiled, which once had been of great utility. Some of these are disappearing, some have been already consigned to oblivion; but the rapidity with which these abuses have been removed would have been enormously accelerated if Shelley had but reached a fuller maturity, instead of those lamentably few years which we, sadly enough, have to *call* his maturity, during which 'Hellas,' 'The Revolt of Islam,' and 'Prometheus Unbound' were produced.

"Innocent and careless as a boy, he possessed all the delicate feelings of a gentleman, all the discrimination of a scholar, *and united in just degrees the ardor of the poet with the patience and forbearance of the philosopher.*" This is how one of the most eminent men of letters of the century speaks of Shelley. Walter

Savage Landor was not in the habit of unduly praising people; and in reference to Shelley, indeed, he at first was inclined to give a very different account of him. Afterward, however, when hearsay had given place to positive knowledge, he wrote the words I have quoted above. They are words of great power, and proceeding from "that deep-mouthed Bœotian Savage Landor," they are words which well deserve our closest attention. I think we shall see, as well in 'The Revolt of Islam' as in any other of Shelley's poems, that there is in it undoubtedly "the patience and forbearance of the philosopher," and that there is also in its glowing stanzas, equally apparent, "the ardor of the poet."

For our present purpose it is not necessary to give a detailed account of the poem, we have only to bear in mind that it deals with various questions of religious, social, and political reform, which form the basis of its story; and in this paper we propose to deal more largely with those passages which bear directly upon the religious reforms advocated.

It is evident from the tone of 'The Revolt of Islam' throughout that Shelley does not expect the world to be in the same sad condition as that in which he found it forever. On the contrary, he believes that there is a blessed future in store for it, when envy and selfishness shall have given way to a generous magnanimity and a lofty altruism, demoralizing superstition to a noble and philosophic religion, and human fear to a bold and honorable uprightness, which shall be confident in its righteousness. While he condemned most of the things he saw around him in existence, — and, as he thought, a most miserable existence, — he sang boldly of the great work which should be accomplished in the time to come, when the old systems should be replaced by those new and glorious ones of which he dreamed. The characters of Laon and Cythna, the hero and heroine of the poem, are most beautiful, — the one a strong and ardent man, inspired with a great and overwhelming love for mankind; the other a true and modest woman, equally filled with compassion for the sorrows of her fellow-creatures. These two, while loving each other with a love which is altogether unselfish and unconscious of its own claims, feel

that they will be loving each other best by devoting their lives to the furtherance of each other's aims. Laon, who is exceeding like Shelley himself, is bent on releasing his fellow-men from the fetters of despotic power, politically; from the curse of a spurious public opinion, socially; and from the bonds of superstition, religiously. Cythna deems she best can help him by appealing to her sisters in bondage, as unless she can make women feel that they are entitled to a share of liberty and freedom, of intellectual activity and social power, Laon's work will be useless; for "can man be free if woman be a slave?"

United in their great work, they commence, as it is called in the sub-title of the poem published originally as 'Laon and Cythna,' 'The Revolution of the Golden City.'

Cythna first goes to the city, and arouses such feeling in the breasts of the women there that they throw off the yoke of thralldom and assert their freedom. Soldiers are sent to make Cythna captive; but she, by the strength of her mission, with persuasive eloquence disarms them. These then lay siege to those of the soldiery and populace who still adhere to the despot of the city on his throne. Her fame spreads through the country round, and multitudes flock to the city to do her bidding. At this stage Laon himself arrives, and completes what Cythna's eloquence had left undone. The soldiers who before, at the bidding of their commanders, had slaughtered numbers of their fellow-men, even while they slept, now rebel, join Laon, and the revolution is complete. The city is entered with sounds of rejoicing. This, however, is not to last long, for kings of other countries, afraid for their power, send their united armies to destroy the rebels. This is accomplished; and famine and pestilence do their work, destroying in their turn vast numbers of the conquering hosts. Laon and Cythna escape to the mountains, and there for a long time they sojourn; Laon going day by day on a splendid Arab horse to the plains in search of food.

Cythna is eventually captured and taken to the city, there to be sacrificed, to appease the wrath of the insulted monarch. A stranger arrives, and addresses the multitude. He makes a request, and says, —

“In the desert there is built a home  
For Freedom. . . the boon I pray  
Is this, — that Cythna shall be convey'd there. —  
Nay, start not at the name, America!  
And then to you this night Laon will I betray.  
With me do what ye will, I am your foe!’  
The light of such a joy as makes the stare  
Of hungry snakes like living emeralds glow,  
Shone in a hundred human eyes.

‘Where, where

Is Laon? Haste, fly, drag him swiftly here!  
We grant thy boon.’ ‘I put no trust in ye,  
Swear by the power ye dread.’

‘We swear, we swear!’

The stranger threw his vest back suddenly,  
And smiled in gentle pride, and said, ‘Lo, I am he!’”

With a “transport of fierce and monstrous gladness,” Laon is seized, and bound upon the pile on which he is to be burned. The king arrives with Cythna herself, and an “Iberian priest” addresses the assembled multitude, trying to persuade them to burn Cythna too. At first his request is unheeded, and he exclaims:

“Is it mine to stand alone when kings and soldiers fear  
A woman? Heaven has sent its other victim here.  
‘Were it not impious,’ said the king, ‘to break  
Our holy oath?’ — ‘Impious to keep it, say!’  
Shriek’d the exulting priest. — ‘Slaves, to the stake  
Bind her, and on my head the burthen lay,  
Of her just torments, — at the judgment day  
Will I stand up before the golden throne  
Of heaven, and cry to thee did I betray  
An Infidel.’”

“They trembled, but replied not.” Cythna sprang from her gigantic steed, and giving it one embrace, attempted to climb the pyre upon which Laon is bound. Unequal to the task, she with her “eloquent gestures” persuades them, though unwilling, to bind her near to him. Looking upon each other with feelings of insatiate love, the pyre is fired, and together they are burned.

At this point we leave the poem, although what remains of the last canto is of extreme beauty. In my first paper on ‘Shelley’s Faith,’\* however, I had occasion to treat this portion somewhat

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\* See *PORT-LORE* for June-July, p. 294.

exhaustively. Although the poem, so far as it concerns us now, ends with the martyrdom of its two chief personages, it by no means follows that 'The Revolution of the Golden City' ends here too. Laon and Cythna were but the sowers of the seed which should germinate and eventually bring forth so much fruit. They were the prophets who preached to the people, pointing out to them the evils under which they were existing, and telling them the glad tidings of liberty, when they should have courage to stand forth and claim for themselves that freedom which was by natural right their own.

As I have previously said, the poet prophesies and the philosopher teaches; and in dealing with the 'Revolt of Islam,' we may fittingly deal also with the 'Ecclesiastical Institutions' of Mr. Herbert Spencer. In doing this it is necessary to think of the first as the prophecy, and the second as the gospel which tells those anxious to know, how the prophecy is to be fulfilled. In the poem Shelley first points out what the abuses are which he comes to reform. He would destroy superstition, which holds the mind of man with a deadly grip. He would have man to stand forth in all his intellectual greatness and superiority, boldly to claim liberty to think and to seek for himself the truth. He would remove the terrible ideas men have concerning God, and substitute in their place the high conception of the Infinite Power which he himself possessed. In this consideration we must refrain from associating any remarks or references contained in the paper with any one of the many religions or religious sects. All religions had the same origin, and this point is discussed in the first chapter of the 'Ecclesiastical Institutions.' Man imagines there is something existing which he cannot see, feel, or hear, but which he is convinced is ever present, and which has control over the various forces which affect him. Different tribes have accounted for and explained this in countless ways. All of them regard the power as a thing to worship and obey; all of them in the earliest stages regard it as something to be feared, and therefore propitiated. Some of them find this power to be personified in the Sun, others in Fire. Others again regard it as existing in the

ghosts of departed relatives or chiefs. Some there are, indeed, who do not believe all power to be vested in one person, but that there are a number of persons, who have control, some over the sea, some of the earth, — gods of war, goddesses of the emotions.

In all early stages we find that the religion is not of the people, but of the priests, and it is they who are responsible for whatever occurs. If things go wrong, the god has been offended, and the priest must endeavor to appease his anger by offering sacrifice; for "Along with that fear of a supernatural being which forms the central element of every religion, we see sacrifice and prayer, gratitude and hope, as well as the expectation of getting benefits proportionate to propitiations."

Avarice and fear are things which are entirely incompatible with the worship of the true God, but of course it would be absurd to expect other than this in the early stages of religious development. What is to be deplored is that these things crop up in the later stages also, thus proving that retrogression has set in; that evolution, in one direction at all events, has ceased, and a backward movement has taken its place.

Along with the consideration of the origin and development of ecclesiastical institutions, it is necessary that we should also consider the origin and development of the ideas men have concerning God, for upon them depend the institutions themselves. When the idea of God was that He was only a rather superior sort of man, with human tastes, proclivities, and passions, then it was that ecclesiastical institutions were powerful. When the Deity is endowed with a personality, possessing all manner and kinds of attributes, then it is that the duties of ecclesiastical institutions are many, and require hosts of priests and officials to carry out the elaborations necessary to the retention of a due degree of pomp, which must be kept up in order to uphold the dignity of such a superiority. All the numberless observances, creeds, dogmas, articles, and what not require a body of men whose business it is to prevent them from being neglected and forgotten, and ecclesiastical institutions are widespread and powerful; but as the anthropomorphic characters of God one by one disappear, so does the governing function of eccle-



siastical institutions fall into disuse and decay. When in the gradual course of evolution men come to see that an anthropomorphic God is impossible, they are also brought to observe that the true function of the priesthood is to teach. The priest must not employ his time in sacrifice, which at this stage has become illogical, because the Deity possesses no attribute which may be propitiated; but he must see to the moral and spiritual welfare of those with whom he is connected, for their moral and spiritual characteristics are those with which he will be concerned, — they are their religion.

In a way, both 'The Revolt of Islam' and 'Ecclesiastical Institutions' are earnest protests against superstition, — the endeavor of the poet and philosopher respectively to release the mind of man from the enervating effect of long years of servitude; to prove that there is nothing in the whole of Nature's work or of the work of the God of Nature, if we thus express it, that in any sense can be said to justify those superstitious ideas existing in the degrading conception of many religions, which are the results of low and superstitious minds. Religion and superstition must ever be separated by as wide a gulf as separates life from death, or religion will suffer from the contamination of superstition. It is not only in the lower stages of civilization that these superstitious ideas are prevalent; on the contrary, it is a most melancholy fact that even at the present day many of the so-called religious people are nothing but superstitious people, although they don't believe it if you tell them so. Is it religious to believe that God has in preparation a place of everlasting physical torment, to which those who have sinned, even intellectually only, shall be consigned? Or is it religious to believe in the efficacy of a prayer designed to persuade God to deliver our enemies into our hands? Such ideas are not religious, they are superstitious; and it is against such ideas as these, and the implied ideas concerning God Himself, that Shelley and Spencer enter their respective protests.

When Shelley lived, the germs of evolution were in the air; science was emerging from her chrysalid condition. Erasmus Darwin had lived and done his work, and Lamarck was publishing the germs

of what was afterward to become one of the most considerable movements which have ever been the means of agitating the intellectual world. Shelley was always attracted to the study of science, and in his earlier years made his rooms into chemical and physical laboratories, — often with sad results, — and for his time he may be said to have been scientific. What he had of scientific training could not help but have an effect upon what he wrote. Although his writings do not display any wide knowledge of the branches of science then known, they are singularly free from many absurdities which we find in the writings of some of his contemporaries. What I wish to point out in this connection is the distinct sequence which may be traced between the work of Shelley and the work of Mr. Spencer. Shelley early appeared and planted the seed, which was to germinate for a few years, and then to produce its fruit, which was partaken of by Mr. Spencer. In this aspect we deal not so much with Shelley the poet as with Shelley the philosopher, the reformer, the iconoclast. Shelley has influenced our century in an immense degree, — so much so that we cannot yet tell the extent of his influence ; but from the death of Shelley to the advent of Mr. Spencer with his teachings, and the course of events consequent on the introduction of his system of Synthetic Philosophy, is a period of phenomenal activity in the thought on those subjects upon which both have dwelt.

It may be objected that I have attempted an impossibility in thus drawing an analogy between a purely philosophical treatise and a poem. While I can claim in defence for the poem that it is philosophical, I cannot with so much justice say that the philosophical treatise is poetical. There is one great element of poetry in it, however, to which I can unhesitatingly lay claim, and that is its truth. It may also be said that Mr. Spencer would underrate the poem, and be ill inclined to accept the value which I put upon it. I should not like to make any dogmatic statement on this point, but if I may take for my guidance the result of years of study of his work, I unhesitatingly say that he would not depreciate the work which Shelley did, and which, without a doubt, very largely prepared the way for his own system of philosophy. Treating 'The

Revolt of Islam' merely as a poem and a thing of beauty, which might serve merely the same purpose as a great picture or piece of sculpture, Mr. Spencer would accept it at its greatest worth, for he says in his essay on Education, "We yield to none in the value we attach to æsthetic culture and its pleasures." And lastly, I would refer to Shelley's own opinion on the matter of poetry and philosophy. He says in a letter to Peacock: "I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science, and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter; for I can conceive a great work embodying the discoveries of all ages and *harmonising the contending creeds* by which mankind have been ruled."

Alas! Shelley was always aspiring. Many of his aspirations were consummated in the noblest manner; but most of his glorious work is that which he did not aspire to, but that which he unconsciously produced while aspiring to something else. "I can conceive a great work, embodying the discoveries of all ages," says Shelley. Will it be a discovery which I disclose if I say that that work of which Shelley conceived is now being done by the great evolutionary philosopher, Mr. Spencer?

The System of Synthetic Philosophy professedly claims to embody the "discoveries of all ages," and there can be no manner of doubt as to whether this profession is being successfully carried out. Here we see, then, another prophecy and another fulfilment, and this, it seems to me, is still another link which connects the mind of Shelley with the mind of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

I believe Shelley would have been a most enthusiastic adherent to Mr. Spencer's views had they been contemporaries. I do not for one moment regret that he was not, for then we should have lost a great portion of his most fascinating individuality; not because either of their minds would at all have overshadowed the other, but because, however great two men may be who are contemporaries, it must follow that each cannot stand out a bright particular star of his time. Coming as they do, the one some years after the other's death, they each are representative men of their times, — Shelley the greatest poet of his time, Herbert Spencer the greatest philosopher of ours.

In his earlier work Shelley claims to be called an Atheist, and asserts that he does not believe in a God at all; but there is no manner of doubt that when his boyhood ceased, Shelley had the most passionate belief in One who was all-good and all-wise, One who held all things in His hand, and who ruled the world — nay, the universe and all universes — with a rule which, while unswerving and unalterable, was yet kind and good. It was not till human intervention made itself felt, creating havoc where before had been quietude, war where peace had been, that the troubles of mankind commenced. This has been most clearly made out by Miss Mathilde Blind, in her article, 'Shelley's View of Nature contrasted with Darwin's.' God's rule is just, man's unjust. God Himself is a power which, however we may speak of it, cannot be known. Man's conception of this power is nothing more nor less than a very powerful, — in fact, all-powerful, though liable to mistake, — despotic, and arrogant monarch, demanding worship and sacrifice from his fallen, superstitious subjects.

It is this view which Shelley strives to combat, because he could see that nothing but sorrow could result from such a conception of the infinite power. There are, of course, other ideas concerning God which were not accepted by Shelley, such ideas as those which regard God as a kind father, indulgent and strict by turns, and others. These Shelley never for one moment sought to alter or destroy, knowing that such ideas could not result in evil. For the barbarous notions I have before referred to he had no respect whatever, and against them he pours forth his burning eloquence in an unquenchable stream.

"The Atheist Shelley" is now an utter impossibility. In the preface to the poem Shelley says, "The erroneous and degrading idea which men have conceived of a Supreme Being is spoken against, but not the Supreme Being itself." This, not taking into account the other things which prove the same thing, leaves us without a doubt on the subject. We are also quite certain that at a very early stage Shelley had persuaded himself that there was no God.

This is the last point to which I would draw attention. It is

the contention of 'Ecclesiastical Institutions' that the evolution of religion commenced with the mere feeling that there was something which was not apparent to the senses, impalpable, and unexplainable. This feeling came to Shelley as naturally as to any one else, and so in the development of his faith the whole course of religious evolution may be traced.

Here, then, we must leave this subject. I would, however, like once more to quote from Shelley's preface. He says: "I have made no attempt to recommend the motives which I would substitute for those at present governing mankind, by methodical and systematic argument. I would only awaken the feelings so that the reader should see the beauty of true virtue, and be incited to those inquiries which have led to my moral and political creed, and that of some of the sublimest intellects in the world." 'The Revolt of Islam' is, then, a vehement protest; the 'Ecclesiastical Institutions,' a calm logical statement; from the study of either, as Mr. Spencer says: "One truth must grow ever clearer,—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested, to which" we "can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that" we are "ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

*Kington Parkes.*

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## THE CELTIC ELEMENT IN TENNYSON'S 'LADY OF SHALOTT.'

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**T**HE old literature of the Celts was neglected and forgotten for a thousand years. We are just beginning to appreciate it thoroughly. The Celtic imagination is something that is quite simply, but nevertheless superbly, great. It is reverent; it is nature-loving; it is merciful, and turns toward the foolishness and mistakes of men a look of

tenderness that is like the look of a mother upon her child. The Celtic poets have felt life keenly. They exult in war, and are glad in love, which is to them the crown of living and its joy. They are full of enthusiasm, noble emotions, movement, energy, passion. When disappointment meets them, it brings no moroseness; they accept their defeat without sullenness.

The Celtic temperament is spiritual. There is an airy delicacy about Celtic thought, a refinement of expression, a sympathy with Nature, and a keenly poetic spirit, which together make its literature unique. Its magic slays us with its beauty. It is piercing and sorrowful, and brings tears. It stirs strange wistful longings in us that are inquiet ever after we have been touched by its charm. We are never afterward at rest in the world. We have had glimpses of better things,—of light and sweetness; the real world becomes a Gorgon that stares at us with cold and unpitiful eyes. We have seen absolute beauty; henceforward, we will be satisfied with no other.

There is nothing frivolous or vain in the Celtic spirit. To the Celtic imagination, the mysteries of life and death and love, and the awful, unknown future of the passing soul, are more real and near than tangible things. It has a vast outlook, and from a lofty height. It is hampered by no poor and meagre realism; it is seldom debased by coarseness; it stands apart from the imagination of all other races as the saints of Botticelli and Fra Angelico stand apart from those of their fellows.

There is a silver music in Celtic poetry, like fairy echoes, or the songs of elves. Under it all there is a reverberating solemnity,—an undertone of sadness, of unrealized ideals, of haunting beauty unattained, of love frustrated, and of broken lives; together with a deep sense of eternity, and a brooding upon the darkness, mystery, and silence of the grave. The poetry of the Celts is sad; it treats of majestic passions that flow from the backward years of time, and break in melancholy upon the yearning and grieving hearts of men. Its loves are great and heroic loves. Its heroes live in the midst of upheavals, wars, struggles, calamities. Great woes descend upon them, and fierce sorrows. Its heroines are

loving, and their type of beauty has the clear brightness of the early dawn.

It is the purely Celtic spirit of 'The Lady of Shalott' that I would point out, — the Celtic spirit, not exclusively Celtic parallels or originals. Tennyson is an eclectic poet, and the legends embodied in this poem are found in widely separated countries and in many different literatures.

This panorama of beautiful and clearly cut pictures moves to melody that flows like the flowing of the river that winds down to Camelot. In it we have a magic mirror, a magic spell, a magic web, a magic lady, a magic barge, steered by no human hand, a magic passing from life under a curse, and a magical influence on the heart of the reader. It is a magic poem.

The names in the poem are Celtic. "Shalott," says Professor Rhys, of Oxford, is identical with "Escalot," or "Astolat;" and the original of this name, he thinks, is probably *Alclut*, — the old Welsh name of the rock of Dumbarton, in the Clyde, near Glasgow. "Lancelot" is not a Welsh word, but the name and character of Lancelot remind Professor Rhys of the Welsh *Peredur Paladrhir*, or *Peredur of the Long Shaft*. Camelot is the Welsh *Camlan*, where Arthur's last great battle with Mordred was fought.

The plot is Celtic in tone. It is based upon the mysteriously moving energy of Fate, — the combination of blind, unseen, and terrible powers working out a destiny for a sorrowful soul. The heroine is a fairy who has no lover, loves a mortal, is undone by a glance at him, and dies.

The scenery is tinged by Celtic ideals and fairy-lore. It is vague and beautiful. Where is the lily-moored islet of Shalott? We will leave it in the land of fairy geography, and not perplex ourselves about its exact site, for no man has ever seen the willow-veiled river of dreams, the space of flowers, nor the silken-sailed

\* Professor Rhys is an authority, and not to be questioned. But I had hitherto supposed "Shalott" to be the same word that we still have in "shallot," or "shalot," a kind of onion, from the Latin *ascalonia*, a shallot, the feminine of *Ascalonius*, belonging to Ascalon, a city in Palestine, — through the Old French *eschalote*, or *eschalotte*. The form *eschalote* is a variant, or corruption, of the Old French *escalognes*, a shallot. The Latin form is not final: back of it, there is the Greek *ασκάλων*. (*Vide* Skeat's Etymological Dictionary, s. v. *shallot*, *shalot*.)

shallops floating down to Camelot. There is a sombre Celtic echo—the thought of eternity—in the flowing river. The world passes by, but the wave runs forever. Long before the Lady of Shalott looked forth from her tower, it ran; and it will continue to run long after her memory has been forgotten. There are four gray walls and four gray towers; these, too, are a symbol of sadness. The gradual crumbling of strong battlements recalls the swift oblivion of the years, and castle-ruins are the emblem of decay.

The poem is filled with exquisite sound, color, movement; these are the literary birthright of the Celt. When English literature, as such, was cold and gray, the Celtic poems of the same period were full of light and music. Tennyson has caught the touch of the older masters. Some of the details of the poem differ curiously from the traditional ones; for instance, in the old French romance of Lancelot he has no “coal-black curls,” but his hair is yellow, like fine gold; and he has a rosy mouth, and eyes like two emeralds! A damsel, looking upon him, thinks there is not such a beautiful angel out of Paradise! Again, Lancelot’s traditional shield is described thus:—

“ In Siluer Shield, Three Bandes of Blew  
Hee bare, full valyant hee; ”

though he carries different shields on different occasions. Once he is depicted with a shield of silver, with black bends; again he carries the black shield of Cornwall; in another version he has lions, and in ‘Gareth and Lynette,’ he has “blue shield-lions.” I do not remember any place (though there may be one, the legends are so many) where—

“ A red-cross knight forever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield.”

The mystery of the poem is Celtic. The Lady of Shalott exists for men only as a song. She is invisible, and sings at the haunted hours,— at dawn and by moonlight. This fairy music is frequent in folk-lore. One tale tells how a farmer, hearing sweet music, went out to find whence it came. He saw only the snow on the



trees, and the bright moon above, though the song still seemed but a few feet away.

The Lady of Shalott never sleeps, for she weaves night and day. She has no care but to weave, and she does not know what the curse is which hangs over her. Why may she look at the world only in a mirror? Who laid the enchanted spell upon her? What is the mysterious curse? Why does the mirror break when she disobeys her taboo? Why does its breaking bring woe to her? Breaking a mirror is always an omen of disaster in folk-lore. The old superstition is that the breaking of a mirror portends a death. Even after death the mirror must not be forgotten; it must be removed from the room instantly, or turned with its face to the wall. The forbidden look is frequent among the taboos of folk-lore. Sometimes one is forbidden to look upon a certain person; oftener the curse comes from looking backward. Magic webs and magic weaving run through all tradition, from the Fates of classic literature to the Norns, or Weirds, of the Scandinavians. In Icelandic literature the Norns weave the fate of Helgi at his birth. Usually it is, as there, some power outside of the soul that weaves its destiny; but the Lady of Shalott weaves the world into her web, and all the joys and sorrows of our mortal life; and it is her own hand lifted from the loom, her own foot taking three paces through the room, and her own glance on forbidden things, that seal her woe. Is there not a deep allegory here? The three paces are often found in folk-lore. Usually they are taken to ward off disaster; for instance, if a man meet a corpse, he must go three steps with it, or ill will befall him.

There is a great loneliness in this poem. The Lady hath no loyal knight and true. She can see the funeral train without emotion; but when life is brought into sharp contrast with it, by the coming of the newly wed lovers into the moonlight, she is half-sick of shadows, and finds the sight dreary. The Lady of Shalott has the true Celtic temperament, — passionate, tender, and hungry for love.

The mystery of the poem deepens as it advances. Why was the sight of Sir Lancelot so fatal to her? Was she forbidden the

human passion of love? Had she never before felt its sorrowful sweetness? Why did all maidens who looked upon Sir Lancelot love him? Why did their love invariably bring death to them? There was the exquisite Lady of the Fountain, in the Old French romance of Lancelot, who vowed to live only for him, and died of unrequited love. There was Elaine; and there was Guinevere. Wherever Lancelot passes, there is a gentle, broken heart.

What bark is it upon whose prow the maiden writes, *The Lady of Shalott*? What freezes her blood as she floats down the river? What cold touch darkens her eyes? Why does she sing in her passing? Is not this akin to the old legend that a swan sings as it dies? Is not the falling of the leaves upon her borrowed from fairy-lore,—from some such story as the 'Babes in the Wood'? It gives an autumnal touch to the picture, as of the sadness of the fading year. Rossetti, the most deeply Celtic of all our poets, has thus used it, in the 'Blessèd Damozel,' where, thinking for a moment that the hair of his dead love has brushed his face, he says, —

"Nothing : the autumn fall of leaves.  
The whole year sets apace."

What becomes of the body of the Lady of Shalott when it is found by Sir Lancelot? Whither does her soul turn? Why was the knight so untouched when he looked upon her? Did he ever know what fate brought her to his feet? Was she nothing to him, even in death? What is the full meaning of the boat-head winding by hill and field, the crowding wharves, the bent heads and peering eyes, the awed crossing of those who see, and Sir Lancelot's musing wonder, and prayer for her soul? All, all is mystery to us. The lovely, pale woman, who but an hour ago stood willowy and beautiful, the strands of her dark hair blown about her lithe figure by the wind and the waving of her weaving hands, passes into the realm of shadow, and we see her no more.

The parallels for the corpse-freighted bark are not many, but they are beautiful. It was a Viking custom to send out burial-ships, bearing the dead to sea. In *Beowulf* we read of the passing of Scyld, who was laid, in all his war-trappings, in a boat that was

then allowed to drift out to sea. In the legends of the Irish-Celts there is a somewhat similar story of Columbkille. Columbkille preached the gospel to the Picts, and built the monastery of Iona, in the Hebrides. He once told the monks that he wanted to be buried by Saints Patrick and Brigid; but when he died, they were in no hurry to fulfil his wishes. One night his coffin disappeared, and also a little bark. Three monks go to hunt for it. They land at the Loch of Down, where they hear of a boat that came thither a week before. It was a decked boat, with furled sails, and had no oarsmen, yet it came rapidly to land. A crowd had gathered on the shore, and knelt and prayed as it drifted up on the beach. No one dared enter the enchanted boat until the bishop and the clergy came. They went on deck in their robes, and scattered incense. They went below, singing hymns, and finally came up, bearing a coffin. Within it was the undecayed body of Columbkille, sent thus by Heaven to be laid beside Saints Patrick and Brigid. The people all sang praises to God, and the monk was buried as he had asked to be.

Another enchanted bark is the one in which Sir Perceval's sister was laid at death. She told him to put her in a boat, and let her drift as adventure might lead. When he and his companions reach Sarras, to achieve the Grail-Quest, says she, they shall find her there, under a tower, and must then bury her. Sir Perceval puts a letter in the hand of his dead sister, lays her in a barge, covers it with black silk, and then the wind arises, and drives the boat out to sea. It passes beyond the sight of the watchers on the shore. Later Lancelot finds it, is borne a distance upon it, feels the greatest sweetness of his earthly life, and sees the dead maiden. The ship speeds to Sarras,—the City Spiritual; and there Perceval, Bors, and Galahad find it, as she had said. The three knights go to the water, bring Sir Perceval's sister up to the palace, and bury her richly, as a king's daughter ought to be.

But the most beautiful parallel of all, and the closest, is the passing of Elaine. The fair maid of Astolat makes moan night and day for Sir Lancelot, who has refused her his love; when she must

needs pass out of the world, she is shriven, receives the sacrament, and calling her father and brother to her, she tells them that she is about to die. She asks her brother to write a letter for her to Sir Lancelot. All know the sequel,—how Elaine was laid in a barget, covered with samite; and how, clasping the letter in her hand, “the dead, steered by the dumb,” as Tennyson phrases it, floated down the river Thames, and under the window where King Arthur and the queen were talking. They go down to the water, find the lady, and read her appeal to the knight to pray for her soul. On the morn she is richly interred, and Sir Lancelot offers the Mass-penny for her. In this story there are many of the details of ‘The Lady of Shalott,’ and there is all of its infinite sadness. The effect of both poems is indescribable; both touch the heart with a swift pang.

Such are the parallels of ‘The Lady of Shalott;’ and such, I have tried to show, are its Celtic atmosphere and its Celtic spirit. But as a poem, it is thoroughly original, and altogether unique. Grieving us with its pathos, and piercing us with its tenderness, it stands alone, and in immortal beauty.

*Anna Robertson Brown.*

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## THE RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

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**H**ALF a century before the first of the three great tragedians saw the light, there was born in one of the Ionic colonies in Asia Minor a philosopher, the first of a school of philosophers, in which, according to Hegel, philosophy had its birth. This great man wrote a theological poem, fragments of which have come down to us. He teaches that “there can be but one God, for God is the highest, and the highest can be but one.” This one God is “like to mortals neither in body nor in mind;” He is “all eye, all ear, all thought,” “ruling all things without toil by his might.” Xenophanes made few con-

verts ; mankind does not want a God "like to mortals neither in body nor in mind." Humanity longs for a God who can be touched with a feeling for our infirmities ; we want not only a God high in the heavens, but One Who is also Immanuel, — God with us. The Word must be made flesh before our desires and aspirations can be satisfied. We are all of us ready to cry with Browning's David :

"T is the weakness in strength, that I cry for ! my flesh, that I seek  
In the Godhead !"

Or if there be some who, like the Mohammedans, dare not think of an Incarnate God, they still must have a God who has been known to speak to men "as a man speaketh unto his friend," a God who "spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets." Much more than her contemporaries did the Hypatia of Charles Kingsley despise the foul deeds which Homer imputes to the gods of Greece. Yet even she was brought at last to cry, "Better, better to believe that Ares fled shrieking and wounded from a mortal man, better to believe in Zeus's adulteries and Hermes' thefts, than to believe that the gods have never spoken face to face with man."

Æschylus tells us that his tragedies were "fragments picked up from the mighty feasts of Homer." Not only do his plots come from Homer, but the groundwork of his theology is derived from the same source. Therefore the theology which he taught the Athenians did not consist in abstractions, nor was it a "new teaching ;" it was the old religion received by tradition from their fathers, the religion of Homer and Hesiod, — that Homer and Hesiod who "named the gods and settled their genealogies for the Hellenes." Yet was it, after all, not quite the religion of Homer and Hesiod ; for almost all the base, degrading elements of that old theology have become insignificant. It is true that Æschylus does not deny the evil of the old mythology as Plato does, but he does not often speak of it. He looks upon the gods with a childlike reverence that does not dare to question anything that they do, — all that the gods do must be right ; but it is upon what he recognizes as pure and noble that he loves to dwell. To him "the evil is null, is naught." His creed, then, is polytheistic ; he worships gods many and lords many. Or rather it is, as Symonds has put it,

“monotheistic on a polytheistic background.” For Zeus is the one Supreme Lord, the director and controller of all things; the other gods only do his bidding, and though entitled to the worship and reverence of men, they are but ministering spirits. Thus, in ‘The Eumenides,’ Apollo says, —

“Ne’er have I spoken on prophetic throne  
Of man or woman or of commonwealth,  
Save as great Zeus, Olympian Father, bade.”\*

Athena says, “I, too, yes I trust Zeus.” In his dissertation on ‘The Eumenides,’ C. O. Müller writes: “With Æschylus, as with all men of profound feeling among the Greeks from the earliest times, Jupiter is the only real God in the highest sense of the word. Although He is, in the spirit of ancient theology, a generated God, arisen out of an imperfect state of things, and not produced till the third stage of the development of nature, still He is, at the time we are speaking of, the spirit that pervades and governs the universe.” It has been noted that while the lesser deities appear to men in bodily form, Zeus is the Invisible God,—He Who dwells in light inaccessible and full of glory, Whom no man hath seen, neither can see.

Zeus, then, is supreme; the other gods are His obedient servants. In terms of profoundest reverence does Æschylus speak of this supreme Zeus. He is “the Everlasting, the All-Seeing Father,” “the Guardian of Suffering Men,” “the Lord of Endless Time,” “the All-Causing, the All-Working, the All-Seeing, the All-Powerful. The chorus in ‘The Suppliants’ address Him as “Prince of Princes, of the blessed, most blessed, of the mighty, mightiest Power, happy Zeus.” † One of the fragments has almost a pantheistic sound: —

“The air is Zeus, Zeus Earth, and Zeus the Heaven,  
Zeus all that is, and what transcends them all.”

Zeus it is who guides and controls all things. “It was Zeus who brought the end to pass.”

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\* Plumptre’s translation is used here, and generally throughout this article, though not always. Quotations from the ‘Agamemnon’ are from Browning’s translation.

† *ἄναξ ἀνάντων, μακάρων  
μακάρτατε, καὶ τελείων  
τελειότατον κρέτος, ἔλβιε Ζεῦ.*

“For not, as suppliant sitting at the beck  
Of strength above His own,  
Reigns He subordinate to mightier powers,  
Nor does He pay His homage from below,  
While one sits throned in majesty above.”

Though the rebellious Prometheus declares that “even Zeus must yield to Fate,” the chorus makes haste to answer, “What can be fated save for Zeus to reign?” Fate itself is but another name for the will of Zeus; for it is Zeus who “through hoary law directs Fate.” Like the One God of Xenophanes, Zeus rules “all things without toil by His might.”

“Act is for Him as speech  
To hasten what His teeming mind resolves.”

“All that God works is effortless and calm,  
Seated, on holiest throne,  
Thence, though we know not how,  
He works His perfect will.”

There is one thing, however, that Zeus cannot do: He cannot help the wicked who persist in their wickedness. This is because righteousness and justice are inherent in His nature. Like Jehovah, He cannot deny Himself.

This omnipotent Zeus is a loving Father, — one whom His children can approach with the greatest cordiality. Never has Zeus proved reckless of His own. To be sure one did say, “The Gods care not for mortal men,” “but he was profane.” Though the Omnipotent Father knows what His children have need of before they ask Him, though all things are divinely fated from the beginning, there is yet great efficacy in prayer, — for “that which is fated comes to one who prays.” No greater blessing can come to a people than that they be brought to the worship of God. The climax of a prayer for blessing in ‘The Suppliants’ is: —

“And the great Gods who o’er this country watch,  
May they adore them in the land they guard,  
With rites of sacrifice  
And troops with laurel boughs  
As did our sires of old!”

Zeus is especially the Suppliants’ God, — the Great Protector. He is indeed bound to protect His children, so that the pious Greek,

he pious Hebrew, may pray, "For Thy great name's sake." Who has taken refuge at the altar is safe. Altars are an impene- shield, better than towers. Zeus is the refuge and strength of children, — a very present help in time of trouble. The chorus in the 'Agamemnon' sing: —

"Zeus, whosoe'er he be, — if that express  
Aught dear to Him on whom I call —  
So do I him address.  
I cannot liken out, by all  
Admeasurement of powers,  
Any but Zeus for refuge in such hours,  
If veritably needs I must  
From off my soul its vague care-burthen thrust."

men, since God is all-good and all-powerful, why is there so much suffering in the world? This is the question which Æschylus sought to answer; his aim was to "justify the ways of God to men." There was a belief prevalent that man suffered through the jealousy of the gods. Against this doctrine Æschylus protests most vehemently. The chorus in the 'Agamemnon' sing: —

"Spoken long ago  
Was the ancient saying  
Still among mortals staying:  
'Man's great prosperity, at height of rise  
Engenders offspring, nor unchilded dies;  
And, from good fortune, to such families,  
Buds forth insatiate woe.'  
Whereas, distinct from any,  
Of my own mind I am:  
For 't is the unholy deed begets the many,  
Resembling each its dam.  
Of households that correctly estimate  
Ever a beauteous child is born of Fate."

ring, according to Æschylus, comes primarily because man is sin- nered. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" is the doctrine which he would inculcate. To Æschylus Zeus is not an Omnipotent God; there is nothing weak in this tragedian's treatment of sin. "Five hundred years ere Paul spoke, Felix heard." The heathen, no less than the Christian, declares that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Blackie has thus forcibly translated two lines of the 'Choephoræ': —



“ Blood for blood, and blow for blow,  
Thou shalt reap as thou didst sow.”

In the ‘ Agamemnon ’ we read : —

“ Yea, while Zeus liveth through the ages, this  
Lives also, that the doer dree his weird.  
For this is law fast fixed.”

Suffering does frequently follow prosperity; but this is only because prosperity frequently leads men to despise God. “ Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked.”

Punishment does not always follow sin immediately, but it is always sure to come.

“ In their own time, and at the appointed day,  
Whoever slights the Gods, shall pay for it.”

“ Yet stroke of Vengeance swift,  
Smites some in life’s clear day.  
For some who tarry long their sorrows wait  
In twilight dim, on darkness’ borderland,  
And some an endless night  
Of nothingness holds fast.”

The God of Æschylus is a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations. A curse rests upon the house of Pelops, — “ The race is to Até glued.” Yet the iniquity of the fathers is not visited upon the children without the sin of the children. Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, and Ægisthus are punished not only because Pelops has sinned, but also because Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, and Ægisthus have sinned. Though the punishment is terrible, it is not more terrible than the sin. The innocent sometimes suffer with the guilty, but for them there must be at last a happy issue out of their sufferings.

“ And one, who of his own free will is just,  
Not by enforced constraint,  
He shall not be unblest,  
Nor can he e’er be utterly o’erthrown.”

When a man has gone a certain distance on the downward path, there seems to be no help for him. Though he may know that he is certainly going to destruction, as Polynices and Eteocles did, he cannot stop himself. Æschylus sometimes speaks as though

God were responsible for this. Thus, in 'The Persians,' he says, "When man hastens to ruin, swift is the God to add a spur." Is there not a truth in this strange saying? The worst punishment of sin is the hardening of the heart, making it easy to commit more sin. The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart? Pharaoh hardened his own heart. Thus God gives men over to a reprobate mind.

Yet suffering is sometimes sent graciously to keep back man's soul from the pit and his life from perishing. If only rightly accepted, Pain is the great teacher of wisdom, sent by Zeus to the children whom He loves. The *παθήματα* (sufferings) of life are also *μαθήματα* (teachings); for

"Zeus, who leads onward mortals to be wise  
Appoints that suffering masterfully teach;  
In sleep, before the heart of each,  
A woe-remembering travail sheds in dew  
Discretion; ay, and melts the unwilling too,  
By what perchance may be a graciousness  
Of gods."

And again, "Calm wisdom, gained by sorrow, profits much."

We feel that this explanation of suffering is very well so far as it goes, but, after all, the problem is not solved. After all has been said, the ways of God are still "past finding out." The tragedian who "followed in the footsteps of Æschylus, but with calmer tread and clearer vision,"—the thrice-blessed Sophocles,—recognizes this. He is as sure that God is good and just as the elder tragedian is, but he cannot so readily explain His actions. He is more inclined to say, "Behold, God is great, and we know Him not." Yet we do know Him sufficiently to trust in Him. The tragedies of Sophocles, pervaded through and through as they are with the peace of God, make us even more submissive to the will of Zeus than do the tragedies of Æschylus, yet we feel that that will has not been explained. The words of Homer, "*Διὸς δ' ἔτελείετο βουλή,*" seem the key-note of the writings of Sophocles. Through so much that seems dark and perplexing, through so much that seems hard and unreasonable, the will of Zeus is being carried out; though we know not how, God is over-ruling all things for His glory and our good. A partial explanation of suffering, with Sophocles as with

*Æschylus*, lies in the sin of the sufferer. Yet the crime does not always seem proportioned to the punishment. To the question, "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" *Æschylus* generally answers, "Both;" he would lead us to believe that the Galileans, whose blood Pilate mingled with the sacrifices, were sinners above all other Galileans; and that those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all other men who dwelt in Jerusalem. *Sophocles* is not so sure of this. Was *Œdipus*, called upon to endure more than all other men, a sinner above all others upon the face of the earth? Does the long agony of *Philoctetes* seem altogether self-merited? Why must *Antigone*, type of all that is noblest in Greek womanhood, die? In the following dialogue we are much inclined to think *Œdipus* in the right :

*Œdipus.* Yea, I suffered fearful things.  
*Chorus.* And thou hast done —  
*Œdipus.* I have not done.  
*Chorus.* What then?  
*Œdipus.* I did but take as gift, what I, poor wretch,  
 Had at my country's hands not merited."

The chorus, supposed to speak the real mind of the tragedian, tell us that many ills unmerited have fallen upon the life of *Œdipus*.

With this dramatist, too, another partial explanation lies in the teaching of suffering. This is not brought out so much as in *Æschylus* in the words of the choruses: it is rather in the story of the tragedies. Consider the man *Œdipus*, — the loving father and husband; the ruler who has delivered his people from a terrible calamity, and who rules like Plato's true king, not for his own good, but for the good of those ruled. I fancy him a little like the young man of whom it is written that when He who needed not that any one should testify to Him of man, for He knew what was in man, beheld him, He loved him. Yet is *Œdipus* lacking in the most essential of all things, — a feeling of dependence upon God. He is too much inclined to say, "My own hand saved me," too much inclined to scoff at the oracle of Zeus. Suffering comes to him; he is then made ready to acknowledge Zeus as his Father and his God. Dying, he says to Theseus, —

"A thousand states  
Though governed well, have lightly waxed o'er proud ;  
For, though the Gods see clearly, they are slow  
In marking when a man, despising them,  
Turns from their worship to the scorn of fools.  
Far be such fate from thee, O Ægeus' son ;  
These things we teach thee, though thou knowest them."

Some have thought that the curse pronounced upon his sons indicates that Ædipus was not particularly sanctified even at the time of his death. It seems to me that the father does but put into words the curse already pronounced upon the unfilial sons by "Zeus, the great God of kindred," whose laws they had violated. "It is not I who slay thee, but thyself," Orestes says to Clytemnestra. "It is not I who curse you, but yourselves," Ædipus might with truth have said to his sons, nor is the curse of Ædipus more awful than some of the Psalms of David.

A great poet of our own day, — one who tried more than most men to see "not what man sees, but what God sees," has tried to throw some light on the dark mystery of pain. To the wise dervish, Ferishtah, the question is put : —

"Wherefore should any evil hap to man —  
From ache of flesh to agony of soul —  
Since God's All-mercy mates All-potency?"

We are familiar with the answer. The wise man talks to his questioner about the Shah, the ruler excelling in generosity, gracious in bearing, blameless in life. He can elicit no expression of admiration or sympathy until he remarks that the great man is wasting away with internal ulcer. Then the scorner is all-compassionate. Whereupon the sage comes to this conclusion : —

"Put pain from out the world, what room were left  
For thanks to God, for love to Man? Why thanks, —  
Except from some escape, whate'er the style,  
From pain that might be, name it as thou mayst?  
Why love, — when all thy kind, save me, suppose,  
Thy father, and thy son, and — well, thy dog,  
To eke the decent number out — we few  
Who happen — like a handful of chance stars  
From the unnumbered host — to shine o'erhead  
And lend thee light, — our twinkle all thy store, —

We only take thy love! Mankind, forsooth?  
 Who sympathizes with their general joy  
 Foolish as undeserved? But pain — see God's  
 Wisdom at work! . . .  
 . . . In the eye of God  
 Pain may have purpose, and be justified:  
 Man's sense avails to only see, in pain,  
 A hateful chance, no man but would avert  
 Or, failing, needs must pity. Thanks to God  
 And love to man, — from man take these away,  
 And what is man worth?"

We have already noticed that Sophocles recognizes in pain a means of making man thankful to God. Nor does he ignore the other result attributed by Browning to pain, — love to man. From the sufferings of Philoctetes come the noble repentance and generosity of Neoptolemus. The death of Ajax brings out a certain nobility in Ulysses. Out of the woes of the house of *Ædipus* is developed *Antigone*, the self-sacrificing daughter and sister, who by her death draws us all unto her.

Does *Æschylus* believe that there is forgiveness with Zeus? We are plainly told that there are sins for which no atonement can be made, nor does he give a single instance of a sinner's being forgiven without satisfaction made for his sin. Prometheus is only released from his suffering because a son of Zeus is willing to suffer for him. Only after the obedience of Orestes has satisfied the divine justice, does the curse pass away from the house of Pelops, or do the *Erinnyes*, the Avenging Ones, become the *Eumenides*, the Gentle Ones.

The teachings of *Æschylus* are confined almost entirely to this life. He is obliged to say with the old Saxon, "So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight, but what is before it and what after it we know not." It seems as though he knew of no future life except for the wicked and the unhappy. There is certainly an after life in which the punishment of the wicked can be continued. We read of a —

"God that destroyeth, who not e'en in Hades  
 Gives freedom to the dead."

"For there, as men relate, a second Zeus  
 Judges men's evil deeds, and to the dead  
 Assigns their last great penalties."

“ With the Undying is Erinnyes,  
And with those beneath the earth too,  
And full clearly and completely,  
Work they out all things for mortals ;  
Giving these the songs of gladness,  
These a life bedimmed with weeping.”

Even after death wronged spirits may trouble those who have wronged them: the spirits of Agamemnon and Darius are invoked by their friends.

Here, too, we notice the superiority of Sophocles; the belief in a happy life after death is much more prominent in him than in Æschylus. This may be because his theology needs it more; to him the ways of God are not so clearly explained by what happens in this life. In one of the fragments we have, —

“ And dost thou mourn the death of mortal man,  
Not knowing if the Future bringeth gain ? ”

Antigone goes to dwell in Hades with those whom she loves; Amphiaraios reigns beneath the earth in fulness of life. Religion abides with men in death as in life. We cannot believe that the glorious, peaceful death of CEdipus was the end of his existence; for he is not as one who is dead, but rather as one whom the God has called home. Surely, in some other world God the All-Just did raise him up again as the chorus prayed.

The religion of the noblest nation of antiquity was essentially a strong religion, — the religion of strong men. “The thunder of His power, who can understand?” The “small whisper” which they heard of Him was smaller than that which we hear, yet God left not Himself without a witness among them.

*Mary Taylor Blauvelt.*

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## BROWNING'S 'CHILDE ROLAND' AND ITS DANISH SOURCE.

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ROBERT BROWNING'S poem under this title gives no clew, save in the name, to the quest upon which Childe Roland has adventured. But with this clew, why does Mrs. Sutherland Orr say that “we are re-

duced to taking the poem as a simple work of fancy" on the author's part? Is there, then, no moral suggestion one can extract from this point in a well-known legend? Is it not possible that the unknown, invisible world, like the "Dark Tower," is nearer than we think? Do not the crippled intelligences of this world inspire us with doubt even while pointing in the right direction? Must we count it failure on the part of those who have preceded Childe Roland on this quest simply because they have not returned to tell the tale?

As the story is told in the Danish ballad, the proud Eline, a lady of rank, consults a sorceress in her wish to find a lover. Thereupon the sorceress makes a steed of the clear water, and a saddle and bridle of sand, and converts a merman into a knight, who rides into the kirkyard and there ties his steed. It is related that —

"When the mer-man entered the kirk door  
Awa' the sma' images turned their ee'."

The priest before the altar inquires who the knight may be, and the maid laughs to herself and says, "God gif that gude knight were for me!" Then the merman says, —

"O maiden, pledge me faith and troth!  
O marstig's daughter, gang wi' me!  
"She raught out her lily hand,"

and said, —

"There 's my faith and troth, Sir Knight,  
And willingly I gang wi' thee."

Then the bridal train danced down to the strand, where the "bonniest ship" awaited them, and the two sailed away; but when they came to the deep water, the maiden sank in the sea-foam, and her shrieks were heard far up the land.

In the myths of all lands everywhere there is the search for the bright maiden who has been stolen, and the long struggles to recover her. "So now, a ship was builded and shot out into the brine," but the vessel sank, and the elves let her rise up "nae mair." Upon this the ballad says, —

"T was then the young Childe Roland  
He sought on the sea-ground:

And leading untill Eline's bower  
A little green path he found.  
Roland gaed to the castell :  
He saw the red fire flee :  
' Now come o' me whatso God will  
Its here I maun to be.' "

Childe Roland rode into the court, and there stood the proud Eline! She reproached him for coming, fearing the merman when he should come home "would rive him in pieces sma' ;" and she hides him in a chamber and bids him, —

" Sit thou down, thou luckless fode  
And warm thou thy shin-bane :  
But come the Lang-shanks Ettin in,  
He'll stick thee on this stane.'  
Hame came Rosmer Lang-shanks,  
And he was wroth and grim :  
' Sae well I wiss there's come in here  
A Christian woman or man !' "

Eline, to appease him, tells him that a crow flew over the house with a man's bone in his mouth. This does not satisfy the merman, and he screeches and threatens Eline, and declares, "Here's a Christian man, I ken," and that if she does not tell him the truth he will kill her. Then Eline confesses, —

" Here is a child frae Island come  
O' my near kin and land."

And the merman replies, —

" And is a child frae Island come  
Sae near akin to thee ?  
His ward and warrant I swear to be,  
He's never be drowned by me."

That this is the legend that was in Browning's mind is proved by the note "See Edgar's song in 'Lear'" which he has affixed to the title of the poem. In 'King Lear' Edgar sings, —

" Childe Roland to the dark tower came,  
His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British man," —

referring without doubt to the merman whose acute senses revealed the presence of Childe Roland.



Mrs. Orr says of Browning's poem, "The thing we may not do is to imagine that an intended lesson is conveyed by it." If one could divest the poem of the psychological aspect which common subjects receive at Browning's hands, one might be convinced that there is no lesson in it, as he follows Childe Roland through the trackless, treeless, desolate waste of the under world of "Bog, clay, and rubble, sand and stark black dearth." The objective point in the legend is the "little green path," leading to Eline's bower, and the castle where he "saw the red fire flee." In the poem, when there is nothing to point the footstep farther, nought in the distance but the evening, Browning speaks not of "the little green path," but of the great black bird, the angel of death, Apollyon's bird, which sailed past and touched his hero with his dragon-penned wide wing, — perchance the guide he sought.

After a life spent in training for the sight, he sees the Tower only at the moment of dissolution, when, striking upon the unseen shelf of the unknown shore, his timbers part.

"Not see? because of night perhaps?  
Why day came back again for that!"

Ere the mortal life closes, the dying sunset kindles through the cleft, the mystery is unveiled, and death is swallowed up in victory. "Not hear?" Why, the names of all his lost friends are reverberating in his ears, — the strong, the bold, the fortunate, who have preceded him. There they stand to witness his conquest, in a sheet of flame, a light supernal, in which he sees them and knows them all! The fear of death and the bitterness of death is past. He set the slug-horn to his lips, and dauntless blew the note of victory!

Who but Browning could lead us thus to the gates of the Eternal? The spiritual conception of the quest, call it fancy or what not, with which Browning has clothed his thought, is indefinite and disjointed only to those who fail to see in the "round, squat turret, blind as the fool's heart," the stony riddle which vexes all the world.

*M. Sears Brooks.*

## NEWTON'S BRAIN.

BY JAKUB ARBES.

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I WANT to tell an amusing story and yet begin at a grave. It is cynical; but I hope that, after a few words of explanation, even tender souls will forgive me.

Severe and implacable Science has robbed many of us of the sweetest dream of life; her cruel hand has torn asunder that veil which has covered the destiny of living beings after death; and a dreadful, but more or less clear, perspective opens to every one who trusts to her proofs, instead of to old traditional, though pleasant, prejudices.

Why, then, should we lament at the grave of a man who believed — nay, what is more, who was convinced — that all that blesses or grieves us ends with death? Why mourn the death of a man who disliked sorrow more than the most bitter scorn, who, hating grief and tears from the depths of his soul, knew no sweeter sensation than that which arises from the knowledge that one's endeavors have all been intended to drive away the most fearful demon of man's soul, — grief?

The man of whom I speak had been a friend of mine from his early youth, and died — or, more correctly, was killed — in the battle of Königgrätz, as an officer of Prince Konstantin's regiment. A Prussian sabre cut his skull in two.

His father was manager of Prince Kinsky's garden. We were remote relations; and although my friend's family was quite rich, while mine was poor, we lived in most intimate friendship for almost twenty years. We played together in childhood, and studied together in boyhood.

Our life and studies were as peculiar as our inclinations. At first we busied ourselves with everything that came into our hands; we examined, analyzed, and discussed whatever chance would bring us. Our debates were lively, — nay, impassioned. But the exchange of strange, often *bizarre*, opinions was pleasing and

tempting ; and there was not a single day, perhaps, that we did not debate something seemingly beyond solution. This thoughtless, desultory study naturally had no practical ends ; but it developed our dialectics and inflamed our fancy, which often performed real wonders in the world of the *bizarre*.

To the no small grief of our fathers, neither I nor my friend was very proficient at school. In our "private" studies, however, — that is, in those sciences which we loved above all, — we excelled all our fellow-students. Nature had endowed me with ugliness and my friend with beauty, and our inclinations were similarly dissimilar : I liked dry and tiresome mathematics, whereas my friend preferred the fresh and noble natural sciences. But we were so far from a true scientific course that I really do not know whether I should not regard all we studied then as mere play.

There was, however, some definite end in the studies of my friend. He studied mainly physics, chemistry, mechanics, and a few kindred branches, — but all with a view to *escamotage*. God knows when and where he conceived the idea of having special talents for *escamotage* ; but from that time nothing interested him unless it had some connection with his hobby. In all his doings he aimed at acquiring skill in that playful pseudo-science, as he called it ; and from his favorite sciences he picked out only what was related to it.

His father knew nothing about it, for my friend worked in secret. I was his only confidential friend, and it was in my room that the most varied experiments were performed. Every single penny that my friend could earn or get, he turned toward buying magical tools, or books on *escamotage* ; all of which he deposited in my room. In a few years there were so many curious instruments and appliances heaped within this narrow precinct that it looked very much like the study of a mediæval alchemist.

Pursuing his hobby with zeal, my friend made such rapid progress in *escamotage* as showed that he was really very gifted. But the more he prospered in his pseudo-science, the more his passion grew ; and thus it often happened that while I was busy figuring out how high, under certain conditions, a balloon of a certain weight,

filled with one or another gas, must rise, only a few feet from me my friend was repeating for the thousandth time a trifling experiment, — how, at a moment's notice, to throw a given card out of a pack.

Oftentimes he would experiment in my absence, and then surprise me with many a clever piece of work. His labors were never superficial, and he despised common jugglery. His secret lay in aptly combining various mechanical, chemical, and physical effects; statics and dynamics, optics, with its branches, acoustics, magnetism, electricity, synthetical and analytical chemistry, all these and in part other sciences also, as astronomy, anatomy, physiology, were mastered by my friend with an unusual earnestness, in the course of seven or eight years, — but all with a view to *escamotage*.

It is no wonder, then, that my friend bought every book or pamphlet, no matter how trifling, which dealt with *escamotage* or kindred matters, as magic, alchemy, astrology, magnetism, and somnambulism, mystics, chiromancy, and the like. His library, which, like his instruments, he kept in my room, was an odd collection. Beside books of actual value, works of famous *savants* like Newton, Linné, Locke, Leibnitz, Bacon, Arago, Wolf, Lavoisier, Cartesius, Brown, Mohs, Cuvier, Humboldt, etc., you might see books of unknown or forgotten pseudo-scientists and charlatans; *e. g.*, 'Ten Books on the Secrets of Nature,' by Paracelsus Bombastus, published in Strasburg in 1570; or Mehn's 'Mirror of Alchemy;' Böckmann's 'Archives of Magnetism and Somnambulism,' Cagliostro's 'Adventures;' Commiers's 'Les Oracles des Sibylles,' published about a hundred years ago; Crusius's work on Schroepfer's art of summoning spirits, Wincer's 'Demonology,' and many other like works. But the clear mind of my friend was elevated above that enormous mass of men's errors. He studied those strange books rather from curiosity than for use, although he was well aware that knowledge of such mental aberrations might assist him in strengthening natural delusions.

His work was not only thorough, but also independent. He not only learned known experiments, but invented new ones, and through systematical efforts, endeavored to place his pseudo-science upon a broad and secure basis. No wonder, then, that later his

performances surpassed all expectations. His elegant appearance, his eloquence, a light and even sarcastic wit, and a technical skill acquired through many years' training, served him well in the most difficult experiments. As evidence of his skill, I shall mention a few out of many hundreds of more or less familiar experiments which I have myself seen. Swallowing burning tar and stones, drawing threads and ribbons out of one's mouth, thrusting a knife into one's breast, are mostly feats of obsolete jugglery; but he knew how to perform these and other tricks so well that he could rival the most famous magician.

At the wedding-feast of one of my relatives he once performed an original and pretty experiment. We were seated at a long table, in the centre of a spacious hall. There were about twelve persons in all. The bride was sitting at the head of the table, the bridegroom beside her, then the bridesmaid and the groomsmen. I sat opposite the bridesmaid, my friend was at the other end of the table, about nine feet from the bride. We were in gay spirits. The *menu* was excellent, and joke and jest soon ruled the field of talk. When the feast was near its end, a large deep dish of boiled crabs was served and placed before the bride. But she either did not fancy that dish or was too mindful of etiquette; for she asked the groom to pass it on. He obeyed, and the dish passed from hand to hand until it came, though nearly empty, back to the bride. Only small crabs were left, and seeing that the groom had not yet been served, the bride was about to pick out for him one or two of the best that were left; she bowed her head a little, looked over the dish with her pretty blue eyes, and seized the largest crab. But hardly had she put it on the groom's plate when she shrieked in terror and pushed back from the table: from the plate there looked at her a loathsome toad.

"What's that?" the bridegroom cried out, and stabbed the creature with his fork. The toad leaped from the plate upon the table, in front of the bride. All guests showed surprise; but my friend quietly sitting at the other end of the table said, "Why do you stab the little unfortunate?" Then he arose and touched the toad, which leaped over the bride's head toward the door.

The bridegroom jumped from his seat, and with one foot trod upon it. To the amazement of all it moaned in a human voice, "Alas, now I am dead!" The groom stepped back, my friend stooped to the floor, and, instead of a toad, picked up a snow-white glove. Taking the bride's handkerchief, he wrapped the glove in it, and placing the handkerchief before the bride, he murmured, like the famous Bosco, the magic Italian formula, "*Spiriti miei, ubbidite!*" And when one of the guests had unfolded the handkerchief, he found there a pair of choice gold ear-rings,— my friend's gift to the bride.

To prove the death of a sparrow, pigeon, hare, mole, or some other little animal, and then with a penknife cautiously to take out its brain from the skull, replace it with a perfumed piece of cotton, and then to order the animal slowly to wake up to life as though it were reviving from a swoon, and afterward to jump up and fly or flee away, is a feat of *escamotage* well enough known; but my friend would perform it in so many ways that it interested even those spectators who had many times seen like experiments.

It would need a thick book to exhaust his *répertoire*; but from the few examples I have mentioned, it will be seen that he could honorably compete with the most skilful *escamoteurs*. His main efforts, however, were directed toward summoning spirits. His apparatus and the means he employed were concealed even from me. Once he told me if I wished to see any historical personage, that he would call him. I named Napoleon I.

Several nights had passed, but Napoleon did not put in an appearance; once, however, after I had forgotten the promise of my friend, I was awakened from sleep by a gentle tapping at my door. Rising I rubbed my eyes; but as the tapping was repeated I asked, "Who is that?" No one answered, the door quietly opened, and in stepped, with a grave gait, Napoleon I., just as I had oftentimes seen him pictured,— in a gray coat, white breeches, with high riding-boots, and the historical three-cornered hat. Silently he walked to the window, and back to the door. I wanted to address the vision, but did not; and as a curiosity I must confess that to this day I do not know *why* I did not.

I did not see more experiments of this kind. Whenever I wished anything like it, my friend always referred me to some later time, when he would have all the necessary apparatus and be better skilled. Sometimes he told me that he was engaged in constructing automaton, with the aid of which he expected to perform real "miracles," and delude entire companies of *savants* and scientists. He intended to invite a considerable number of friends and lovers of this kind of amusement, and to perform experiments of the most complicated and intricate kinds. He assured me that I would really be surprised; and taking all I saw into account, I could readily judge that he would fulfil his word.

We lived and studied thus for several years. Our study — many-sided at first, afterward one-sided — was not fruitless. Shortly before 1860 our records were so low that we had to stay another year in the same class. We stayed; and at the end of the year we failed again, and next year we failed the third time. The father of my friend, who often jokingly threatened to apprentice his son to a cobbler, if he continued to fail, finally lost all patience, and, in a family conference, it was decreed that the best thing for my friend to do would be to become a soldier. My friend did not object, and a short time afterward called on me dressed in the uniform of a cadet of the foot regiment of Prince Konstantin of Russia.

"Well, what are *you* doing?" he inquired shaking hands with me.

"I am going to be a carpenter."

"Forever?"

"I do not know; I am practising now, or, in other words, I am entered as an apprentice, although I have not yet had an axe in my hands."

"And probably you will never have one," laughed the young candidate of a bloody trade.

"Maybe," I replied; "and probably your hands will never touch any of your magic tools any more."

"Far from it! I have just come to rid you of this rubbish; why, you can hardly move here."

"Very well. But where shall we put it?"

"To-morrow I shall send several boxes; you will help me to pack them. I shall have them secretly delivered in the cellars of the prince's castle; and should I ever — when I feel lonesome in Trieste or Pesth, or some Catholic village of the Tyrol, you know — well, then I shall write to you, and you will look up the necessary instruments and send them to me."

I promised to do so. The next day we filled no less than five large boxes with books, apparatus, and other magician's trash. On the following day the boxes were carried away. We saw each other several more times; but two or three weeks afterward he was ordered to leave for Königgrätz, the seat of his regiment. Since then I have been lonely. My friend did not write, nor did I; and thus our formerly indissoluble friendship ended with a mutual, though only apparent, indifference.

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Two years later — I believe it was in January or February of 1866 — my friend sent me a letter. He told me various incidents of his life, recalled the "folly" of his studies, and asking me to reply soon, concluded thus:—

"Do you know the phrase 'Let pleasure live'? If you do not, you would learn to know it in its full extent if you were an officer of the same regiment with me. I would never ask for jollier comrades or a more pleasant life. Only sometimes, — sometimes only, understand, — when the last days of the month have come, and the salary has gone, I feel rather melancholy. Several times I thought of how to prevent it, but never dared to follow my plan; and, therefore, I beg you now, write me, if you know of any one who would be as crazy now as I was years ago, — possibly he might purchase either all or a part at least of my tools and instruments which I have deposited in the cellars of Prince Kinsky's villa."

I did not expect such a conclusion of the letter. Knowing my friend's passion for his favorite pursuit, I could not believe that he would have freed himself altogether from it; and thinking that the words just cited were either a momentary fancy or an *escamoteur's* attempt to make me believe that he had forever abandoned his



pseudo-science, I simply replied that I knew of no one who would buy that which he offered for sale.

A partial proof, at least, that I was not mistaken, was his second letter. He declared that after all his endeavors to forsake and forget his folly, — *escamotage*, — he could not but try if he could rid himself of his passion by selling his apparatus; but that, as soon as he sent the letter, he felt sorry for having written it, and he added that even in case a purchaser had been found, he would not have sold his instruments. In times of leisure, he wrote, he always thought of constructing his automaton; and he assured me that, if his exhibition of them should ever take place, it would be magnificent.

Shortly before the Austro-Prussian war was declared, I received one more letter from my friend, — the last one. It was again written in a gay, almost frivolous tone. I give here the following passage: —

“In a few days, perhaps, we shall be ordered to go to the battlefield. Pity your unhappy friend. Without any apparatus, cards, mirrors, tinctures, and other necessaries, he will have to murmur: ‘*Spiriti miei, ubbidite!*’ and the ‘spirits,’ always obedient, will, mayhap, for the first time refuse obedience. In the midst of a rain of bullets a small piece of lead is more powerful than magic formulæ, and my sword and my revolver will, perhaps, make many a one familiar with the mysterious truth that no human power can. Eh! why fall into sentimentality? Sooner or later each of us will learn, as have those innumerable millions of creatures who have preceded us, whether life ends with death. Why this useless philosophizing? And when the last fierce struggle shall come, I shall, perhaps, mournfully beg: ‘*Spiriti miei, ubbidite!*’ or, it may be, I shall not think of my ‘*spiriti*’ at all.

Yet there is one thing I beg of you: should I get killed, don’t mourn! Call our old friends together, and then think of me with cups of wine in your hands! If you grant this request, you may be sure that, even after that, I shall once more at least call on you.”

Reading the last lines I smiled as we smile at a paradox.

From then on I heard nothing more of my friend until after the battle of Königgrätz. Just before the complete stoppage of the mails I received the following letter: —

DEAR SIR, — A young officer, a first lieutenant of the Königgrätz regiment, has to-day been brought to our town. He is severely wounded ; his skull is cut in two, and he is constantly beside himself. He was found this morning, about an hour's journey hence, in a gorge, whither he seems to have crawled after being wounded. His identity has not yet been established ; but I hope it will be, either to-day or to-morrow. In a letter found in his pocket I found your address, and send you this sad news so that you may inform his relatives and friends.

Respectfully yours,

P. VOJTA NOSAL,

*Parson, Nechanice.*

Travelling through regions occupied by the Prussian army was neither easy nor pleasant ; still, I decided at once to leave for Nechanice. I wrote a note to my friend's father, and enclosing the parson's letter, sent it by a messenger ; then, without waiting for a reply, I took a train for Kolin, and thence proceeded to Nechanice in a coach. I arrived at two o'clock in the morning. Prussian guards stopped the coach before the town. I told them where I was going, and a soldier was ordered to accompany me to the parsonage. In a few minutes the coach stopped before the parson's house ; I rang the bell, a man opened the gate, heard the reason for my coming, and went to announce me to the parson just come back from tending a Saxon officer, who lay dying in the church with other wounded soldiers. The parson welcomed me politely, and rejecting as politely my excuse for disturbing him so late, he led me to the upper floor, where he had his drawing-room and several other rooms arranged to receive the wounded. " His name has not yet been ascertained," the parson said, as he opened the door ; " but I hope you will recognize him."

We entered. The room was half dark ; along the walls there lay about twenty soldiers on improvised beds on the floor ; several bedsteads bearing those severely wounded stood near the windows. The parson led me to one of these, and silently raised the light. The head of the wounded man was surrounded with ice. I looked into his pale face, and at once recognized my friend. He was still

beside himself : there he lay motionless, with his eyes half shut ; and his heavy breath was the only sign of his life.

"It is three days now," the parson whispered, "since he was brought hither, and the physicians give up all hope. They recommend quiet, ice, and quinine."

I was going to speak to my friend ; but seeing his hard struggle, I turned away, and we left the room. In the hall I thanked the parson for his kindness, and was about to go ; but he courteously invited me to be his guest at least until the next morning. Being tired to death, I gladly accepted the invitation, and stepped with my host into a large room on the ground floor.

"Do you know anything particular about my friend's accident, reverend sir ?" I asked, as we were seated at a large table.

"In the terrible confusion that has reigned here for several days," the parson answered, "it was impossible to obtain any certain information ; for as yet we know nothing more about the dreadful battle of the third of July than a few details we learned from those slightly wounded. The regiment of your friend took part in the battle of Jičín, where it was severed. One division retreated to Smiřice ; the other, the stronger of the two, turned southward, and was then joined to the first army corps. On the third of July this division was among the reserves of the first army corps, and it appears to have been sent to the aid of those fighting near Probluz, about four o'clock in the afternoon ; and in this skirmish your friend was wounded. Judging from the wound itself, he must have been struck with a sabre just as he was stooping down for something ; for the upper part of the skull is almost wholly split off. His wound is a deadly one, and all physicians who have inspected the wound are not a little wondering that your friend is still alive."

Hardly had he said this when the door opened. In came one of the men who attended the wounded and whispered something to the parson. The sad look of the priest caused me involuntarily to ask, —

"Is he dead ?"

"Dead," the parson sadly repeated.

Once more we went into the drawing-room. My friend lay on

his bed uncovered. His youthful face, once so handsome, wore an expression unutterably painful.

"He must be buried this morning," the parson remarked. I stepped close to the bed, and touched my friend's hand. It was ice-cold. Tears filled my eyes. I turned away, and being unable to speak, went downstairs with the parson. The first dawn of day was already pouring in through the windows. Leaving me in the first room, the parson went to his bedroom. I lay down, dressed, upon a sofa, but could not fall asleep. About two hours later the yard was full of men. I arose, and walking about the room, awaited the funeral in feverish excitement.

After nine o'clock all soldiers that died of their wounds during the night were buried. I escorted my friend on his last journey, I saw how he was let down into the grave, and with a broken heart I returned to Prague.

\* \* \*

Now, after many years have passed, after I have seen so many times how mercilessly Death often rages among the living, how suddenly his icy breath overtakes even vigorous persons, — now I should surely bear even my friend's death more easily, in accordance with his wishes and views, as a welcome deliverance from the griefs and woes with which so-called Providence has so liberally overwhelmed mortals. At this time, however, I was young, — that is, in an age when the death of a beloved friend deeply affects even a person less sensitive than I was, and therefore it is no wonder that my friend's death was a crushing blow.

At first it seemed to me impossible that he should be really dead. But when, at times, I recalled all the details, when I reminded myself of the truth that the grave never gives up its prey, when I reflected that I could never, never see my friend any more, that for me and for everybody else he was forever lost, — I felt an inexpressible bitterness. And yet, whenever I thought of him, the words of his last letter always came to my mind: "Should I get killed, don't mourn; call our old friends together, and then think of me with cups of wine in hand."

I held it to be my duty to fulfil even this last wish of my friend;

but at first I was prevented by grief, and later by studies, which I renewed with double zest. Yet all mental toil could not obliterate his memory, or drive away the thought that I was violating our friendship in not fulfilling his request.

Nearly four months had passed since his death, and the autumn had already come, when I determined to perform his last wish. Toward the end of October I invited all our old comrades and some acquaintances to come in the evening to a small inn in the Malá Strana, renowned for its wine, where in the past we had spent many an hour in merriment. But when I went there, I found that out of the twelve invited friends there had come, — not a single one.

I sat sadly down, ordered a bottle of Bohemian wine, and betook myself to thinking. The tavern was empty, and so I could think uninterruptedly; and I thought of friendship, faithfulness, life, death, and God knows of what else. My thoughts and recollections were gloomy, bitter, painful. No wonder that one of the most vivid was the memory of my friend. His image still was vivid enough in my mind, though not as vivid as when I left Nechanice four months ago. It was losing its vividness, and the thought that sometime it would vanish altogether, and that after some years I should probably be unable to recall a single feature of his face, caused my soul great bitterness.

Never! — For the first time in my life did I understand the deep and fearful meaning of that simple word that is so often spoken every day. Never to see a beloved face, never to touch a dear hand — never, — never!

The longer I meditated upon the meaning of that fatal little word, the more hopeless were the thoughts which swarmed in my head. But what gave birth to those dark thoughts was not so much the circumstances under which they originated, as my own mental fatigue. For I had latterly studied so earnestly that I hardly left my room for two weeks. He who knows from experience how a long mental strain exhausts a man, will understand my condition. For several months I had studied chiefly optics and mathematics as applied to astronomy; but my studies did not pro-

ness as I wished, and in my soul there was that chaos which pre-  
edes a clear comprehension of the more important principles of  
cience.

No wonder that I oftener sought a glass than usual ; no wonder  
hat I left the tavern sooner than I had intended, and that, when I  
eturned to my room, I felt more tired than when I left. I sat  
upon a chair near my writing-desk, took a book out of the case at  
andom, opened it, and began reading. I had hardly glanced  
ver half a page when I pushed the book aside, and resting my  
head on both my hands, went on thinking, — and by and by began  
to slumber.

All of a sudden I heard the hollow rattling of a carriage. I  
lifted my head and listened. A dead stillness was around me ;  
only now and then I heard the moan of the autumnal wind. The  
rattling sound came nearer and nearer, until the carriage stopped,  
t seemed, in front of the house where I dwelt. I wanted to rise  
nd look from the window ; but being tired, I overcame my curi-  
sity and remained seated. I heard how some one rang the jani-  
or's bell, and how the door opened, and was closed.

No one lived in the house who would come home in a carriage ;  
ut the sound of voices, especially the janitor's voice, showed that  
he comer was one who had a right to enter. In a few moments  
rowsiness overcame me again. I cannot say how long I dozed ;  
ut I was awakened by a gentle tapping at the chamber door.  
gain I lifted up my head and listened. A lamp was burning on  
e table before me, only faintly illuminating my study with its  
ellowish light ; all around was as still as the grave.

But what is that ? Again I heard a distinct knocking at the  
oor.

“Come in !” I said, with a feeble voice.

The door opened quietly, and in the dusk I saw the tall figure  
of a man. I was about ten steps from him, and could not distin-  
guish his features nor his dress.

“Who are you and what do you wish, so late ?” I addressed  
the figure that stood motionless at the door. Without answering,  
the man opened wide the door, and the yellowish glitter of the

lamp fell upon his face. I cried out, in amazement; I tried to jump up, but my legs were too heavy. There he stood at the door. It was — my friend!

For a few moments the silence was unbroken. Not uttering a word, he stood motionless, while I could not turn my eyes away from him. His face was deadly pale; but the clear blue eyes were sparkling with life, and a light, kindly smile played about his lips.

“Good evening,” he said, after a while, and stepped forward a little. Hearing the clatter of a sabre, I noticed that he was dressed as a military officer.

“Why, are you not dead?” I asked, astonished.

“How can I be dead, and stand before you?” he replied, with his clear, agreeable voice,

“Am I asleep or awake?” I uttered forcedly. “Did I not see you dying and dead, — at Nechanice, with your skull cut in two?”

“Possibly you saw me, and possibly you saw some one else,” was the answer of my unexpected guest; “but now you see me standing before you, safe and alive, — there can be no doubt. Here is my hand!”

I hesitated a moment, but finally shook hands with him; and I found that his hand was not cold, but as warm as formerly.

“You complied with my last request,” my friend continued, “and I have kept my word; I have come to see you.”

“But how is all this possible?” I inquired, diffidently.

“It is all very simple,” he answered; “but please allow me to sit down, and I shall briefly tell you everything; for I have no time to lose.”

Silently I drew a chair nearer, and my friend sat down by me.

“Well?” I asked.

“Doubtless you saw only an officer who looked like me when you were at Nechanice. It was First Lieutenant Jiruš, who was seriously wounded in the battle of Probluz and died at Nechanice, as I learned afterward. The mistake was possible only because he resembled me; that’s all.”

“But how was it possible that my letter to you was found on him?”

"That is very simple, too. A few hours before the battle, a greater part of our regiment was lying in reserve in a small grove. The troops were ready for battle; the officers were walking from one company to another, or stood in groups talking. You must not think that the light military heart is particularly grave before battle. Jokes are perpetrated even in the hottest fight, — the more so while the soldiers are impatiently waiting for a signal to march or to fire. I well remember that I was not in good-humor that day, and to escape *ennui* I took out your letter and read it a second time. By chance First Lieutenant Jiruś came unnoticed behind me, and thinking that I was reading a love-letter, he snatched it in jest from my hands, intending to read it aloud to my colleagues; but at the same moment we were ordered to march out. Jiruś put the letter into his pocket, and hastened to his company; while I drew my sabre, and stepped into line. A moment later a fierce shooting followed, and we thought of nothing but the enemy. You know the end of the fight; I was captured, and have just returned from Königsberg, where I have been vexed with *ennui*."

"But why, at least, did you not write me a card?" I asked, when my friend finished.

"A mere whim," he answered quietly. "And, besides, I followed your example, and wearied myself with mathematical and astronomical studies."

"But what brings you here so late? When did you come?" I asked urgently, being almost fully convinced that my friend was alive and well.

"I arrived this evening; but even yesterday our friends knew that I was coming, so they failed to go to the tavern where you invited them. You are the only one whom I did not inform, in order to surprise you the more. I come now to invite you to a banquet which my father gives in the castle of Prince Kinský, in celebration of my safe return. At the same time I must tell you that I shall give there the great performance in *escamotage*, which, as you know, I have been preparing for years. My automatons and other apparatus are all in the best order, and I hope to interest all the guests."



Everything I had just heard and seen showed that my friend, supposed to be dead, had really come to see me, and that his passion for *escamotage* was unabated.

"But why is the banquet given this very day? can it not be postponed?" I asked after a while.

"What an idea!" said my friend. "My father gives the entertainment with the consent of Prince Kinsky, who has invited many guests. Look, the castle is all illuminated!"

Then he stepped to the window, from which a part of Kinsky's villa could be seen, and rolled up the curtain. All the windows of the palace were, indeed, lighted.

"The banquet has already begun, about an hour ago," my friend went on; "my performance will begin later, and for this reason I came to inform you. Come, if you like! But excuse me; you will have to come by foot, alone. I must leave in haste and without you, purely for an *escamoteur's* reasons, of course. Will you come, then?"

"I will," I said, rising.

My friend quickly arose, shook hands and left. I heard his steps, heard the door open and close, and then a carriage rattling along the street. I listened, listened until the sound died away.

All I had just witnessed was so strange, in spite of all explanation, that for a time I remained sitting motionless, unable to collect myself. Distrust soon arose in me. Being alone and seeing nothing changed about me, I was ready to believe it all a dream; but the Prince Kinsky's illuminated palace, which I saw from my window, confirmed the opinion that I was really awake, and that I was able, nay, obliged, to perform my friend's request.

I shall never forget the sensation I felt after his departure. I felt as happy as a man who was unexpectedly freed from some dreadful vision that had haunted him a long time. I felt an unusual briskness and strength. Without any long deliberation I put on an overcoat, took my hat, and left the room. I went slowly down-stairs, knocked at the janitor's window, had the door opened, and walked into the street.

It was a clear autumn night. The pensive moon, lightly veiled

in thin mist, hovered above Petřín, and in its silvery beams the moist pavement glittered like the surface of a lake curled by a gentle breeze. Now and then I felt the breath of a cold north-wind. As the wind was blowing directly against my face, I hastened my pace, and in about a quarter of an hour I stood before the grated entrance of the Kinský park. The main gate and the side-doors were wide open; and an old porter, an old acquaintance of mine, dressed in a fur-coat, as though it were midwinter, was impatiently walking up and down.

"Are there many guests to-night?" I asked the porter.

"Yes, sir," he murmured in answer.

"Is it long since the celebration began?"

"Possibly; but I am not sure. About half an hour ago Frederic, the young gentleman, rode out and has just returned."

"What do they celebrate?"

"I do not know; but the young gentleman whom they thought dead came back, and undoubtedly it is in his honor."

"Really!" I whispered unwillingly; and first now was I fully convinced that all I had shortly before witnessed in my study was no delusion, but reality.

"I may go upstairs, may I?" I asked formally, knowing beforehand that the old porter would let me in, even if he had an express order not to admit any uninvited guest.

"Why, you are in the first place on my list of guests," he answered.

"Good-by, then!" I said, and walked up the broad gravel drive.

The cold of the autumnal nights had left evident traces of its implacable destructive power in the park. The leaves of trees and bushes were yellow, and had mostly fallen. Here and there a tree stretched out perfectly bare branches. The dead silence of the night was broken only now and then by a blast of the cold north-wind. I hurried on and soon saw the palace, about five hundred paces before me.

All the windows were lighted; in front of the villa I saw dark figures coming and going, and farther on stood a long row of

carriages. A little later I heard low sounds of music, evidently coming from the villa. What kind of music it was I could not exactly tell; but it seemed to be rather melancholy, sad as a funeral march.

In a few moments, however, the music became silent, and I heard nothing but the scraping of the gravel under my feet. I hastened still more. The nearer I came to the palace the fewer dark personages I saw before it, and when I finally stopped directly in front of the villa, all was as still and quiet as if the palace had been uninhabited. At some other time this would have seemed strange to me; but now, remembering that I was coming to a special celebration, given in honor of an *escamoteur* who, after many years of study, desired to surprise his guests with an extraordinary performance, I did not wonder even when on entering the *foyer* I found myself in utter darkness. I only looked back on hearing the clapping of a large door; but I judged that all this was done only to strengthen the effect.

I stopped and waited to see what would happen next. But deep silence and darkness reigned all around. After some time, after my eye, coming suddenly from moonlight into darkness, had adapted itself to the dark, I noticed a streak of light a few paces before me. Coming nearer, I found that it was due to the moonlight penetrating through the half-open door from an adjoining room.

I opened the door wide and entered. The room was vacant and without any furniture; and though I had not been in the castle for a long time, I recollected that that room used to serve as an ante-chamber to the corridor leading to the main hall, where all greater banquets were usually held. I also remembered that this was the usual way to the main hall whenever a person did not wish to enter through the chief entrance. Knowing which way to go, I stepped to the window through which the moonlight was pouring in, and near which there was a secret tapestried door leading to the corridor. Without any difficulty I found a small knob in the wall,—a secret spring,—and pressing the knob I opened the door, as I had often done in the past.

I saw before me a long vaulted corridor devoid of all ornaments. The moon shone faintly in through some windows, and there was light enough to enable one to see that the corridor was empty. The moonlight was so sharply reflected from the snowy walls and partly from the floor paved with smooth, alternately white and black, diamond-shaped stones, that I could tell every cloud that passed over the moon.

I entered the corridor; but to my astonishment a peculiar cold blew on me, as though it were open at the other end. I went on through it until I came to a point where it joined another corridor at a right angle. This second corridor was empty, too. I went through that, and coming to a third corridor, I thought I came to the entrance to the main hall. But in place of the door through which I had in past years so often entered the hall unnoticed, I found merely a bare wall. I went on, therefore, to the corner; but here I discovered a fourth corridor, forming a right angle with the third.

There was no doubt that, during the few years since I had visited the palace, many changes must have taken place. The location of the corridors must have been altered, and the entrance to the hall destroyed or removed. I went through the fourth corridor, but found no door, no exit. At the same time I discovered that the corridors through which I had gone formed a rectangular parallelogram. Thus, from the fourth corridor I passed into the first. Judging by the light, I thought I was in the corridor which I entered from the antechamber; but I could not find any more the door through which I came, and which had been mysteriously shut behind me. For several minutes I searched for a door in the walls, but in vain. I wondered how all this was possible, and finally I became convinced that I was in a series of corridors from which there could be no escape until my friend should think it best to utter his magical "*Efetta!*"

I must confess that I was surprised by this introduction into these arts. To entice a man in the night from his home, under a pretext that he is to come to a banquet, to lead him into a palace, let him enter through an open gate, and then decoy him into a

labyrinth of corridors, — this was as difficult an experiment as it was original.

“ Well, let us wait till the adroit magician thinks fit to release us from the prison,” was my resolution; and I quietly walked up and down the four corridors until I found myself again at the point whence I had started. At times I would stop and listen; but I heard nothing but the wind, which finally became silent, and a mysterious stillness, interrupted only by the hollow echo of my steps, spread all over the corridors.

At first I was entirely quiet; but after about half an hour had passed, I began to be a little impatient. Several times I shouted my friend’s name; but in answer I merely heard an echo of my own voice.

Walking through the corridors at a constantly growing pace, I warmed myself a little; I felt the cold the more acutely when I slackened my pace or stopped. I had to walk faster and faster. In the true sense of the word I ran through all the corridors, stopping at that point where I supposed the door was by which I had entered. For a while I searched for the door; but the cold drove me on. My anxiety increased. It seemed to me that I had been wandering through the corridors fully three hours. Every minute was almost an hour to me. I stamped, clapped, and shouted; but the stillness was unbroken. And whenever I stopped, the mysterious cold forced me on. Again I ran; I felt that my blood boiled, that the sweat was running down my face; but a mysterious power urged me on. I saw nothing before me but a dark corridor, seemingly growing narrower, and I began to doubt whether all this were real. But immediately I remembered that I saw the castle illuminated, that I spoke to the porter, and heard the music; in a word, that all this must be a reality . . . and yet I could not comprehend why I heard only the hollow echo of my own steps and words, as though I were in an uninhabited palace. Thus, I thought, thus fares a man who, staggering from one error into another, is in vain looking for firm ground, — thus arises the chaos of divergent notions and ideas which usually precedes that awful state of mind known as — insanity.

This thought suddenly arose in my mind, and instantly made my blood rise to my head. An involuntary cry escaped me; I tottered; my heavy legs ceased moving; I fell to the floor. Darkness spread over my soul.

(To be continued.)

*Translated from the Bohemian by Josef Firi Král.*

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### SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLIMENT TO BRANTÔME.

IN that solemn vision of Shakespearian grandeur, 'The Tempest,' we meet a passage taken substantively, in part, verbally, through the medium of Florio's translation of 1603, from that Prince of Causeurs, Le sieur de Montaigne. And commentators, mid due flourish and wealth of foot-notes, have acknowledged Montaigne's passage to be the prototype of the passage in 'The Tempest.' Capell first pointed out the likeness of the two passages. Rolfe, in his introduction to 'The Tempest,' says: "We must therefore believe that the play was written after that time [1603], unless we adopt the hypothesis that Shakespeare had seen Florio's work in manuscript." White observes: "The passage is plainly taken from Montaigne's essays. Shakespeare might have read the essay (Montaigne's) in the original; but the identity of phrase in the play and the translation (Florio's) indicate the latter as the source of Gonzalo's policy." Hudson observes, in his introduction to 'The Tempest,' that the resemblance between the passages in point is too close to have been accidental. It is clear as mid-noon that Gonzalo and Montaigne must have been together and fed on one thought."


In future, commentators must assert as much of Gloucester's bastard son and Brantôme.

Shakespeare's use of an English translation of Montaigne has led some to suppose that the great poet could not have known French, could not have been *au courant* with the French literature of his period. And solemn polyglots, mindless of Shakespeare's

use of terms in their classic sense, blind to his Latinisms, have thought it trivial to charge him with any considerable acquaintance with other than those English authors and English translations extant in his own times. Learned surmise has sought to account, on unschooled grounds, for that anomalous magic, that quintessence of phrasing, found in the works of an uncultured son of song. Scholars have adjured the Sphinx of literature to make some sign to betray the riddle of his style and resource. All this is common. Like Nature, Shakespeare eludes us: impersonal, yet excessive; the most objective of writers, — the living, moving world of men and women; the real world, theatred in his lines, well nigh defies the triumphant charge, — “Here is the personal element, Shakespeare:” to take him in the act were a matter of no small gratulation.

We said Shakespeare's compliment to Montaigne had been duly trumpeted by commentators. Not so, however, his compliment to Brantôme. Commentators have not duly acknowledged, if so much as known, Shakespeare's compliment to Brantôme. We seek in vain for such acknowledgment, — possibly because their attention would hardly be called to an Ovidian work not extant in English. One thing seems certain: in future we must avow that Shakespeare was acquainted with the French literature of his age.

In that picture of a dissolute period, ‘*Vies des Dames Galantes*,’ par le Seigneur de Brantôme, we meet (page 95, *Discours Premier*, of Garnier Frères' Paris edition) with a passage which the writer gives in Brantôme's text, unbiassed by any accommodated translation, that the reader may judge of the parity of thought and word concatenating Brantôme's passage and a passage in ‘*King Lear*:’ premising that, as Montaigne's passage comes to us clothed in the mellowness, the serenity, of ‘*The Tempest*;’ so Brantôme's passage comes to us clad in the Promethean strength of ‘*King Lear*,’ — tempered, of course, by passing through the crucible of an intense mind, and adapted to the context. In Shakespeare's tetralogy of ‘*Hamlet*,’ ‘*Othello*,’ ‘*Macbeth*,’ and ‘*King Lear*,’ the words are thoughts, oppressive with meaning; we move in an



atmosphere bewildering with mental cross-lightnings, overcast with emotion. Here Max Müller's theory of the identity of thought and language receives striking corroboration. For once the reader will perceive something of the operation of Shakespeare's mind in its most powerful mood; for once, Shakespeare furnishes a clew while wrestling with the thews of Brantôme's text.

Brantôme had gone on to say, by way of context, —

“D'autant qu'il y a des marys qui sont si laids, *si fats, si sots, si badauts*, de si mauvaise grâce, *si poltrons, si coyons, et de si peu de valeur*, que leurs femmes venans à avoir des enfans d'eux et les ressemblants, autant vaudrait n'en avoir point du tout; ainsi que j'ay cogneu plusieurs dames, lesquelles ayant eu des enfans de *tels* marys, ilz ont esté *tous tels* que leurs pères; mais en ayant emprunté aucuns *de leurs amys* ont surpassé *leurs pères, frères, et sœurs* en toutes choses.”

Brantôme now adds, and here Shakespeare soon follows him, gathering by implication and perforce a line from the text and context: —

“Aucuns aussi des philosophes qui ont traité de ce sujet ont tenu tousjours que *les enfans ainsi empruntez* (vide supra) *ou dérobbes, au faits à cachettes et à l'improviste, sont bien plus gallants et tiennent bien plus de la façon gentille dont on use à les faire prestement et habillement, que non pas ceux qui se font dans un lit lourdement, fadement, pesamment, à loisir, et quasi à demy endormis, ne songeans qu'à ce plaisir en forme brutelle.*”

In 'King Lear' Edmund soliloquizes, and the pith and point of Edmund's soliloquy come from Brantôme: —

“Why brand they us  
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
*Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
More composition and fierce quality  
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of sops  
Got 'tween asleep and wake?*”

We see the circle of a flail, and Brantôme's sheaf has been threshed, and Shakespeare passes on.

Mark Shakespeare's Cyclopean translation and intensity of condensation! Brantôme's lines lie, inextricable, within the adaman-



tine withes of Shakespeare's version, — adapted, of course, to the tragic energy of 'King Lear.' Nothing vital to the text has been lost; the translation, powerful with implication, is on a par with Shakespeare's great mind. The acute reader must stop to pay a new tribute to his giant intellectual grasp. The line, "Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops" grows in meaning; it traces back to "*si fats, si sots,*" etc., in the context, and is a stricture, delivered in a vein of extreme self-unction, upon nature-sobering marriage. And we must infer that *fierce*, as used by Shakespeare, has something of the old French sense of *fier*, something of the Spanish and Italian sense of *fiero*; the reader is referred to the etymology of *fierce*, as given in the 'Century Dictionary.' Shakespeare, in the line, "More composition and fierce quality," uses *fierce* in the sense of proud. Nature, at her best, in what Edmund emphasizes, wears a genteel hauteur, an unmistakable highborn guise. Something of a commentary on this view will be found in Shakespeare's description of the courser in 'Venus and Adonis.' Edmund emphasizes the antithesis of base; this antithesis is not savagism, nor fierceness. It requires no acumen to see *bien plus gallants* in *more composition*. None can deny the added significance imparted to Edmund's soliloquy by Brantôme's text. No future editor of 'King Lear' can afford to ignore Brantôme's passage, which must stand to all time the received commentary on Edmund's soliloquy.

The Duke D'Alençon, to whom Brantôme dedicates his 'Vies des Dames Galantes,' died in 1584. Brantôme's dedication runs, among others, in these words: "Je vous en dédie donc, Monseigneur, ce livre, et vous supplie le fortifier de vostre nom et autorité, en attendant que Je me mette sur les discours sérieux." Brantôme adds, in his 'Regrets sur la mort du Duc D'Alençon:': "J'avais voué cette seconde partie des femmes ('Vies des Dames Galantes') à mon-dict seigneur D'Alençon *durant qu'il vivait.*" This shows that the 'Vies des Dames Galantes' was written prior to, or at the latest in, 1584, — earlier than the publication of Shakespeare's earliest works.

The 'Vies des Dames Galantes' is singularly misleading; its pages from page 376 to page 412 belong in Brantôme's 'Vies des

Dames Illustres.' Bibliographies, too, are misleading in their notices of Brantôme: they disagree respecting the date of his birth; they disagree respecting his works.

The first recorded performance of Shakespeare's 'Lear' took place at Whitehall, in the presence of King James, on the 26th of December, 1606. The earliest known edition is that of 1608.

It is said of Brantôme's works: "Il les retoucha, les remania à plusieurs reprises, en fit faire plusieurs copies successives." To those who urge that the first edition of Brantôme's works appeared in 1665-66, we say, in bar, what all scholars know, that the first edition of the works of fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth century writers is no evidence that these works were unknown to contemporaries prior to their first publication. Cavendish's 'Memoir of Wolsey' is a case in point. This memoir was first printed in 1641. It is clear that a manuscript copy of Cavendish's Memoir reached the hands of Shakespeare. Indeed, the works of fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth century writers were wont to circulate in manuscript prior to publication. In point, we find it said of Brantôme's manuscripts: "Cependant *des copies* des œuvres de Brantôme *se répandirent dans le public* sous le titre de Mémoires à l'époque de la mort de Madame de Duretal." The Countess de Duretal (Jeanne de Bourdeille) was Brantôme's niece; she married Le Comte de Duretal in 1584: Brantôme mentions her in his will as "ma chère niesce." But *how long* had this copying been going on? It is *further* said of Brantôme's manuscripts: "La reine Marguerite de Valois (1551-1615), le duc d'Alençon, *et leur entourage*, en eurent connoissance." Brantôme was *un homme recherché*, a courtier; he belonged to "la noblesse de l'épée;" he, too, was *négo-ciateur*: to him Margaret of Navarre, the rival of Boccaccio, dedicated her memoirs. Brantôme's pen was busy as far back as 1574; earlier still, we find him writing poetry. Let who can explain away the parity of thought and word common to Brantôme's passage and a passage in 'King Lear'! Many illustrious quotations rest on feebler evidence.

In 1561 Brantôme accompanied Mary, Queen of Scots, to Scotland, returning to France by the way of London, where he was

graciously received by Queen Elizabeth. Brantôme speaks of having seen Queen Elizabeth upon two different occasions,—in her summer and in her autumn. He tells us, that, being at London, he attended a banquet given by Queen Elizabeth, where was presented a Mask of the wise and foolish virgins. Le Seigneur de Brantôme, in his day, was certainly *un homme très bien renommé*: in a life reaching from 1539 to 1614, this French Ovid, devoid of moral sense, took for his motto '*aimer*;' and with Brantôme, *aimer* was "obéir à la loi de la nature." "Toujours trottant, traversant et vagabondant le monde," he acquired much "monnaie de la cour, — honneur!" Brantôme writes with astonishing *élan*; his characters move: so much so "qu'il semble en le lisant qu'on les entende et voie encore parler et agir." The reader will find many Shakespeare touches in Brantôme. But Shakespeare evidently studied style. The movement of his lines at white-heat has something of the wind of the fast express, which rushes past, leaving behind the sense of terrific power; or, slowing by, pregnant with sequent exhibition of Titan strength, dwarfing the beholder into an uncomfortable sense of contrasted puniness. And this is why Shakespeare must remain *caviare* to the multitude: he puts the human mind to its mettle. Unapproachable, and most human writer, it is a pleasure to nail him, and bring him within the range of common intellectual effort! to find his traces, alas! in the very mundane productions of very mundane men.

Charles Hugh Hunton.

#### THE TAILED SONNET.

THE *Sonetto caudato*, or *sonetto colla coda*, called by English writers the caudated or tailed sonnet, is even rarer in English literature than the rare dialogue sonnet.\* It may be termed the comet of English verse; for it is of eccentric movement, has a tail of varying length, and has appeared but twice in three hundred years. Before quoting these curiosities it will be interesting to notice the form, and remark upon some of its historical associa-

\* See 'Curiosities of Sonnet Literature,' in *POET-LOVE* for November, 1891.

tions. The structure of the tailed sonnet is as strictly guarded by laws as is that of the sonnet-proper, or the double sonnet, and may be described briefly thus: To a sonnet-proper, that is one which is written on the best Petrarchan style, — a *coda* or “tail” is added. The tail is composed of any number of imperfect tercets, each of which consists of two lines preceded by a half line, or link-line. The first link-line must rhyme with the last line of the sonnet proper; but the two following lines rhyme independently with themselves; the next link-line rhymes with these, and introduces another independent couplet; and so on to the end. The end may be indefinitely postponed, as the length of a tailed sonnet depends on the whim of the writer.

The exactness of these rules may be easily seen by a survey of the numerous early Italian examples, which leave no room for doubt, and should, with a careful writer, leave no room for mistake, in describing the peculiarity of structure; but Mr. William Sharp has described sonnets of the “tailed” species as “sonnets to which as it were an unexpected augmentation of two or five or more lines is made: an example of which will be found in any edition of Milton’s works, under the title, ‘On the New Forcers of Conscience.’” Mr. Sharp is not accurate in his description of the “unexpected augmentation” commonly known as the “tail,” and the sonnet he refers to does not exemplify his error. The tailed sonnet of Milton consists of an addition to the regular sonnet of two tercets, constructed on the proper rules governing the *coda*, and no one can count less than two link-lines and four full lines. Perhaps Mr. Sharp considered the two dwarf lines as one; but his “two or five or more lines” is not correct. Mr. Samuel Waddington with more, but not perfect, accuracy has remarked, “It consists of the ordinary fourteen-lined sonnet with a ‘tail’ of three or more lines added at the end.” This is somewhat reminiscent of the Scotchman, who had bought one hundred acres of land, strongly objecting to the legal phrase “more or less” being inserted in the deed. He preferred exactness. In law this may not be possible; but in literary definitions it must be obtained to make them useful. The “tail” may be made up of three lines, or of any number of lines

that is a multiple of three. Of the lengths and law of rhyme governing them we have previously spoken.

This variation of the sonnet has been traced back in Italian literature to the fifteenth century; but the honor of its invention has not been accorded to any particular poet. It is strongly probable that it was the result of accident rather than of design. Its earliest and chief use has been for purposes of satire; and it is not a great stretch of imagination — pardonable, perhaps, in the absence of facts — to suppose one of the early sonneteers, contemporary with Lorenzo de Medici, the Pulci, Michelagnolo, and Burchiello, after having finished a regular sonnet of a satirical nature, as was then a common style, suddenly thinking of a short phrase, continuing his last line and thought in what may be termed a flash of rhyme, and then adding an independent couplet. There was the *coda*, — which cannot strike one as the natural result of studied form. That such an odd appendage would take with the satirical sonneteers of the time is certain. It was the charm of the epigram — “the sting in the tail” — that they required, and some of the tails were composed of many tercet joints. One of the most facile and voluminous tail-twisters of that time was the great barber-poet of Florence, Burchiello. He was the Rabelais of his age and place, — a born satirist of Florence, where he was famous. Among other writers of the *sonetto caudato* were Berni, Giovanni della Casa, Francesco Ruspoli, Ariosto, etc. Berni has some of these poems, with fifteen and twenty tercets added; but the longest tailed sonnet known to the writer is one by Lazzaro Migliorucci, another Florentine barber, and addressed to a certain prior of the Church of Settignano. It consists of a regular fourteen-lined sonnet, to which no less than one hundred and seven tercets are regularly appended. A sonnet by Giglio Lelli, of the fourteenth century, has an irregular tercet added; but is not a proper tailed sonnet. There are a few tailed sonnets constructed in rhymed Latin, of which one is written by Girolamo Archita on the death of Serafino dall' Aquila at Rome in 1500. It reads as follows: —





been held in high esteem by Saint Paul himself must now be named and scorned in print as heretics by such men as that sciolist Thomas Edwards, who abused me recently in one of his pamphlets, entitled 'Gangræna,' and those Scotchmen who sit in the Assembly with unpoetical names, — Gillespie, Blair, Henderson, and that Robert Baillie who, in his tract named 'Dissuasive,' also attacked me last year ; but, mark you well, we shall soon find out and bring to light the tricks and plots, and the manner in which you packed our Assembly, by excluding the Independents, in a more shameful way than the Protestants were excluded from the Council of Trent, just a century ago ; and we hope to bring these matters before the Parliament, who, in their wisdom and protection of the people's rights, will strip off all your assumptions of ecclesiastical power and piety, — though they will not cut off your ears, as you deserve ; and our present well-grounded fears as to your ultimate tyranny will be found true, when we show clearly, by proof in our charge against you in the Parliament, that just as your newly coined title of *Presbyter* is but an expansion of the old word *Priest*, which ye hate so in the Episcopal and Romish churches, so the aim and results of your Presbyterianism is as tyrannical, unjust, and subversive of the people's rights and liberty, as are the ends of the High Church party and the Roman Catholics, — your enemies."

Thus in the tailed sonnet, which has rather been regarded as a piece of humorous nonsense, we find a very vehement and serious protest and threat against the Presbyterian element, who were seeking to dominate the religious elements of England, and using every effort to overcome the Erastians and Independents, to the utter of whom John Milton belonged. The indefatigable writer knew what Cromwell's power was, and what that chief of men had said of the Assembly, that "they persecuted honest men than themselves ;" therefore six years later he wrote his great sonnet *On the Proposals of certain Ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospel*, and addressed it to the Lord-General Cromwell. Every one remembers the close : —

"Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than war : new foes arise  
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw."



The only other "tailed" sonnet is of a far different character, being a very light and airy treatment of a very dark and heavy subject, — Fog. It was written by Egerton Webbe, and may be found in Leigh Hunt's 'Book of the Sonnet.' Only those who have lived through a series of London fogs can fully appreciate the exactness of description; for, compared with them, all other fogs are clear. A "pea-souper" is the street Arab's cheery description of the heavy brown air that is sometimes thick enough to hide your hand completely when extended before your eyes, and to which the densest smoke of a railway tunnel is delicate and pure. Egerton Webbe thus celebrates his national fog, to which Frenchmen have attributed the heavy spirits of Englishmen and the heavy ways of Englishwomen: —

## TO A FOG.

Hail to thee, Fog! most reverend, worthy Fog!  
 Come in thy full-wigged gravity: I much  
 Admire thee: — thy old dulness hath a touch  
 Of true respectability. The rogue  
 That calls thee names (a fellow I could flog)  
 Would beard his grandfather and trip his crutch;  
 But I am dutiful, and hold with such  
 As deem thy solemn company no clog.  
 Not that I love to travel best *incog.*,  
 To pounce on latent lamp-posts, or to clutch  
 The butcher in my arms, or in a bog  
 Pass afternoons; but while through thee I jog,  
 I feel I am true English, and no Dutch,  
 Nor French, nor any other foreign dog  
 That never mix'd his grog  
 Over a sea-coal fire a day like this,  
 And bid thee scowl thy worst, and found it bliss,  
 And to himself said, "Yes,  
 Italia's skies are fair, her fields are sunny,  
 But, . . . ! — old England for my money."

Regarding this *jeu d'esprit*, Leigh Hunt remarks, "The gap in the last line is left to be filled up by the readers, according to their respective notions of what is fittest for the nonce, or properest to be read aloud. The word '*yes*,' though an allowable rhyme to *bliss* and *this*, especially on a comic occasion, may also, if the reader pleases, be emphatically pronounced '*yes*.' It is a license often

ken by conversers in England ; and I remember saying so to my friend, when I first read the verses. I think he said that he intended to imply the license in the rhyme ; but at all events I am sure he agreed with me, and laughed heartily ; and we read it so accordingly on the spot."

It will be observed that Webbe's poetic coccyx consists of two scapulae, very properly articulated. That the form is not adaptable to English verse requirements is evident from its construction, and amply proven by the rarity of any attempt to use it. Political satire can better clothe itself in our language in the ornate couplets of Pope or Butler's rough-and-ready octosyllabic abuse. The tailed sonnet may be regarded as a link in the evolution of the sonnet species of verse, bringing it back again to the land of its birth of its more perfect forms.

*E. B. Brownlow.*

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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—WALT WHITMAN'S own verses in honor of death fitly opened the ceremonies held at his grave-side, in Harleigh Cemetery, Camden, March 30. One friend and then another spoke briefly, the recitation of well-chosen words from the Scriptures of the world, alternating with these friendly voices. The whole natural, simple service is printed in Mr. Horace L. Traubel's paper, — *The Conservator*, for April, — and has since been published by him in a limited edition of 750 copies. This beautiful pamphlet, printed with elegance by Billstein & Son, of Philadelphia, on heavy gray paper, with generous margins, Mr. Traubel has well entitled, 'Good-bye and Hail, Walt Whitman !' To it he has added 'Sprigs of Lilac,' extracts from various letters from Tennyson, J. A. Synonds, W. M. Rossetti, and others. Solemn, but not sad or gloomy, is this poet's death festival. From Mr. Traubel's record of it we quote, with his permission, the recitations in full, the addresses in part, as follows :—

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS: These are the words of Walt Whitman: —

*Come lovely and soothing death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later delicate death.*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,  
And for love, sweet love — but praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,  
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?  
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,  
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come  
unfalteringly.*

*Approach strong deliveress,  
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing, the  
dead,  
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,  
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.*

*From me to thee glad serenades,  
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings  
for thee,  
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky  
are fitting,  
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.*

*The night in silence under many a star.  
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice  
I know.  
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd death,  
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,  
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and  
the prairies wide,  
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and  
ways,  
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.*

THOMAS B. HARNED : We have come here to-day to entomb the body of Walt Whitman. We do not come in sadness. The great singer of death and immortality would have us utter only words of joy. We who have been the personal witnesses of his daily habit have no right to be silent. In the presence of death it comes our duty to give testimony to the consistency of his life.

I am charged with the special duty to speak for this city. . . . For more than seventeen years he has been a familiar figure. During these long years of suffering, no one has ever heard him utter a word of complaint. We know of his gentleness, his simplicity, his wisdom, his simplicity, his inspiring and cheery voice, his majestic and venerable figure, his strong and classic face, cast in an antique mould. We have seen him on our streets, or frequenting the ferry-boats, or driving over the neighboring roads. His companions have been from every walk of life, more especially among the poor and humble. He has taken a personal interest in the welfare of mechanics, deck-hands, car-drivers, and other sons of toil. He was the friend of children, and they all loved him. Though persons of eminence in literary and public life paid him homage, he cared more for the companionship of the common people. Every moment of his life tallied with the teachings of his books. He never bent the knee to wealth and power. His love of humanity was so broad that to him the ragged urchin was as dear as the learned scholar. He had a message for mankind, and that he had to say he said with fearlessness and without apology. He never flinched under the most adverse censure; and when, in his declining years, he realized that he had been accepted and honored by the greatest men of his own time, his modesty was childlike and serene. . . . His tenacity of purpose never weakened. No one could detect any intellectual sluggishness or the timidity of age. His keen insight and clear vision never failed him.

I deem it my duty to mention two important facts: one, his FIRM BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY, and the other his FEARLESSNESS OF DEATH. With him immortality was not a hope or a beautiful dream. He believed that we all live in an eternal universe, and that man is as indestructible as his Creator. His views of religion have been misunderstood. He was tolerant of the opinions of others, and recognized the good in all religious systems. His philosophy was without the limitation of creed, and included the best thought of every age and clime. . . . Camden will be best known and honored because it has known and honored Walt Whitman. In this beautiful and fitting burial-ground we place all of us that is mortal. Future generations will visit this shrine in their adoration of one of the world's immortals.

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS: These are the words of Confucius :—

*All the living must die, and dying, return to the ground. . . . The bones and flesh moulder away below, and hidden away, become the earth of the fields. But the spirit issues forth and is displayed on high in a condition of glorious brightness.*

These are the words of Gautama :—

*The state that is peaceful, free from body, from passion and from fear, where birth or death is not,—that is Nirvana.*

*It is a calm wherein no wind blows.*

*Nirvana is the completion and opposite shore of existence, free from decay, tranquil, knowing no restraint, and of great blessedness.*

*The wind cannot be squeezed in the hand, nor can its color be told. Yet the wind is. Even so Nirvana is.*

These are the words of Jesus the Christ :—

*Blessed are the poor in spirit ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

*Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted.*

*Blessed are the meek ; for they shall inherit the earth.*

*Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness ; for they shall be filled.*

*Blessed are the merciful ; for they shall obtain mercy.*

*Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God.*

DANIEL G. BRINTON: Friends of the dead, comrades and lovers of him who has left us :— We meet to bid farewell to him whose life and thoughts have forged the bonds between us. We feared that in midwinter he would have been taken from us ; but he abided until the flowers of spring have come to deck his sepulchre, and until the leaves of grass, typical to his soul of the mystic energy of nature, stretch out their tender fronds toward his tomb. . . . He came bearing the burden of a Gospel, the Gospel of the Individual Man ; he came teaching that the soul is not more than the body, and that the body is not more than the soul ; and that nothing, not God himself, is greater to one than one's self is.

He asked no man to accept his teachings, or to become his disciple, or to call him master. His strong voice resounded above the heads of all high men, and over the roofs of the world. It challenged alike wealth and power, and want and death, proclaiming that man, the one man, the individual, every individual, has all rights and all powers, is the autocrat of the world, sole ruler of the universe,— let him only enforce his claims and make good his title.

His words are perpetual warnings to all sects and syndicates, to all leagues and orders which bind men's minds or muscles to the bidding of another, which make them slaves in thought or in action; and a warning against that worse and commoner bondage to one's own self,—to imbibed traditions, to cultivated fears, to accepted and self-forged shackles. He who would gain true freedom, who would feel soul and body stinging with a new, an electric life, the life of one's self, let him patiently, persistently, seek the meaning of that legacy of verse left with us by him whom now we consign to the clasp of the tomb.

Never did he fear that fatal and certain end. Idle, indeed, it was for Death to try to alarm him. Almost did it seem that to him, as to the mighty sage of Kapilavastu, the King of Terrors had given up his secret, and in his ear had whispered hints of cheer and joy. Death had come to him to mean the truth "without name," the "word unsaid," not to be found "in any dictionary, tolerance, symbol," the creative sign, "the friend whose embracing" should awake him.

Therefore he harbored no suspicion of death; but he forgot not that his concern, and that of all men, is not with death, but with life,—not with that which cannot be said, but with that the saying and doing of which will help the weak and gladden the strong, lift the falling and enlighten the thoughtful, spread robust love between men and tender sympathy among women. This was his practical mission.

On the portal of the holiest shrine in ancient Greece were inscribed the words, "Know thyself;" the message of "the Pilot of the Galilean Lake" was "Deny thyself;" the iteration of this child of the doctrine of the inner light, whose mortal remains we now consign to the tomb, was "Be thyself."

There is no conflict in these teachings. They are the evolution of the self-same sentiment. They are all embraced in one line of him whom Walt Whitman in his strong and homely phrase called "the boss of us all" —

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS: These are the words of the Koran:—

*He it is who made the sun for a brightness and the moon for a light. . . .*

*Verily, in the alternation of night and day, and in what God has created of the heavens and the earth, are signs unto a people who would fear. . . .*

*Verily those who believe and do what is right, their Lord guides them by their faith; beneath them shall rivers flow in the gardens of pleasure.*

These are the words of Isaiah: —

*O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.*

*Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.*

These are the words of John: —

*I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth in me shall never die.*

RICHARD MAURICE BUCKE: My friends, this hour and place will be memorable forever; for here and now we consign to its rest all that was mortal of a great man,—a man who has graven a deep mark on his age, and who will cut a yet deeper furrow across the face of the future. . . . In his trust in the essential friendliness to man of the infinite universe; his calm and contented acceptance of all that is or that happens; his absolute assurance that he and all of us came well and shall go well; his conviction that death ("God's eternal, beautiful right-hand," as he named it) is not an evil, but a good,—in this faith, learned from the friend whom we mourn, I rest satisfied and at ease.

And if, dear, friend, we now place in the tomb your body, that is, after all, a small matter. We do not entomb *you*, nor bid *you* farewell. You will be with us as much as ever, and more than ever. You will be to us as much as ever you were, and we can love you and serve you as well as if you were still what is called living. You are in fact, and more than ever, living. As you have said:—

"The best of me then, when no longer visible, for towards that I have been incessantly preparing."

"That God shall take thee to his breast, dear spirit,  
Unto his breast be sure; and here on earth,  
Shall splendor sit upon thy name forever."

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS: These are the words of the 'Zend Avesta':—

*"At the end of the third night, when the dawn appears, it seems to the soul of the faithful one as if it were brought amidst plants and a sweet-scented wind.*

*"And it seems to him as if his own conscience were advancing to*

*m in that wind, in the shape of a maiden fair, bright, white-armed, strong, . . . thick-breasted, beautiful of body, . . . as fair as the finest things in the world. And the soul of the faithful one addressed her, asking: 'What maid art thou?' And she answered, 'am thy own conscience.'*"

These are the words of Plato:—

*"Considering the soul to be immortal, and able to bear all evil and good, we shall always persevere in the road which leads upwards."*

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL: Again we, in the mystery of Life, are brought face to face with the mystery of Death. A great man, a great American, the most eminent citizen of this Republic, lies dead before us, and we have met to pay a tribute to his greatness and his worth.

I know he needs no words of mine. His fame is secure. He laid the foundations of it deep in the human heart and brain. He was, above all I have known, the poet of humanity, of sympathy. He was so great that he rose above the greatest that he met without arrogance, and so great that he stooped to the lowest without conscious condescension. He never claimed to be lower or greater than any of the sons of men.

He came into our generation a free, untrammelled spirit, with sympathy for all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick. He sympathized with the imprisoned and despised, and even on the row of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy.

One of the greatest lines in our literature is his, and the line is great enough to do honor to the greatest genius that has ever lived. He said, speaking of an outcast, "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you."

His charity was as wide as the sky; and wherever there was human suffering, human misfortune, the sympathy of Whitman went above it as the firmament bends above the earth.

He was built on a broad and splendid plan: ample, without appearing to have limitations; passing easily for a brother of mountains and seas and constellations; caring nothing for the little maps and charts with which timid pilots hug the shore, but giving himself freely, with recklessness of genius, to winds and waves and tides; caring for nothing as long as the stars were above him. . . .

He was the poet of Life. It was a joy simply to breathe. He loved the clouds; he enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when



the waves burst into the whitecaps of joy. He loved the fields, the hills; he was acquainted with the trees, with birds, with all the beautiful objects of the earth. He understood their meaning, and he used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellow-men.

He was the poet of Love. He was not ashamed of that divine passion that has built every home in the world, — that divine passion that has painted every picture and given us every real work of art, — that divine passion that has made the world worth living in, and has given some value to human life.

He was the poet of the natural, and taught men not to be ashamed of that which is natural. He was not only the poet of democracy, not only the poet of the great Republic, but he was the poet of the human race. His sympathy went out over the seas to all the nations of the earth. . . . He has uttered more supreme words than any writer of our century, possibly of almost any other. He was above all things a man; and above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all art, rises the true man. . . .

He was the poet of Death. He accepted all life and all death, and he justified all. He had the courage to meet all, and was great enough and splendid enough to harmonize all, and to accept all there is of life as a divine melody.

You know better than I what his life has been; but let me say one thing: Knowing, as he did, what others can know and what they cannot, he accepted and absorbed all theories, all creeds, all religions, and believed in none. His philosophy was a sky that embraced all clouds and accounted for all clouds. He had a philosophy and a religion of his own, broader, as he believed, — and as I believe — than others. He accepted all, he understood all, and he was above all.

He was absolutely true to himself. He had frankness and courage, and he was as candid as light. He was willing that all the sons of men should be absolutely acquainted with his heart and brain. He had nothing to conceal. Frank, candid, pure, serene, noble; and yet for years he was maligned and slandered, simply because he had the candor of nature. He will be understood yet, and that for which he was condemned — his frankness, his candor — will add to the glory and greatness of his fame. . . .

He was always willing and ready to meet and greet this king called Death; and for many months he sat in the deepening twilight waiting for the night, waiting for the light.

He never lost his hope. When the mists filled the valleys, he looked upon the mountain-tops; and when the mountains in darkness disappeared, he fixed his gaze upon the stars. . . .

And I to-day thank him, not only for you but for myself, for all the brave words he has uttered. I thank him for all the great and splendid words he has said in favor of liberty, in favor of man and woman, in favor of motherhood, in favor of fathers, in favor of children; and I thank him for the brave words that he has said of death.

JOHN BURROUGHS: \* When I saw the crowds of common people that flocked to Walt Whitman's funeral to-day, I said, How fit, how touching all this is! how well it would please him! . . . It is not the specially endowed or privileged few that elicit his enthusiasm, but the average man and woman of trades and occupations. . . . The atmosphere which his poems breathe is always that of common humanity, — never that of select, specially cultured, privileged humanity.

It may seem difficult at first to reconcile his atmosphere and attitude in this respect with our need at all times of keeping bright the ideal of a rare and high excellence. But there is really no discrepancy. The loftiest heroism, the deepest and purest spirituality, we know, can go with common-place, every-day humanity. "Charity and personal force," the poet says, "are the only investments worth anything." We are all under the illusion, more or less, of the cultured, the refined; yet we know that true greatness, true nobility, and strength of soul, are quite apart from these things. "The older one grows," says Goethe, "the more one prizes natural gifts, because by no possibility can they be procured and stuck on." Matthew Arnold, in whose essay on Milton I find this remark quoted from Goethe, thought that one danger that threatened us in this country was that we were inclined to make a religion of the "average man," and therefore of losing the saving ideal of rare and high excellence. Whitman would lift the average man to a higher average, and still to a higher, without at all abating the qualities which he shares with universal humanity as it exists over and under all special advantages and artificial selections. He says that one of the convictions that underlie his "Leaves" is the conviction that the "crowning growth of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic," — a prophecy, I confess, which, with Hillism and Quayism threatening to override us, does not seem very near fulfilment.

"I announce a man or woman coming — perhaps you are the one,  
I announce a great individual, fluid as nature, chaste, affectionate,  
compassionate, fully armed,

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\* Not uttered at Harleigh. Mr. Burroughs was present, but did not speak.

I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold,  
And I announce an old age that shall lightly and joyfully meet  
its translation."

Arnold said we had lost in the sense of distinction in this country, and found our great historical characters, like Lincoln, deficient in this quality. No doubt this is so; no doubt distinction — that something about a man and his work that is like cut glass — does not flourish in democracies, where there are no classes; it belongs to aristocracies. But there is another quality close akin which we cannot do without, and which such characters as Lincoln show. I mean elevation, — elevation of thought and sentiment. It is a quality which goes with seriousness and large views. It is very pronounced in both Whitman's poetry and prose. The spirit, especially in the prose writings, is lofty and uncompromising, — almost arrogant and dictatorial at times. In the poems, where he gives fuller play to his compassion and contentment, where he is less the critic and more the lover, the elevation is not of the kind that separates him from his reader; it is like that of Nature, in which we easily share. We feel that here is a soul whose range of thought and emotion are vastly beyond our own, and yet who in no wise stands aloof or apart from us, or from the lowest of his fellows.

— THE Lady Carlisle of 'Strafford,' Browning once explained, was "purely imaginary: I at first sketched her singular likeness roughly in, as suggested by Matthews and the memoir-writers — but it was too artificial, and the substituted outline is exclusively from *Voiture* and Waller." This remembered, the following translation from the French of *Voiture* is of especial interest. The letter is addressed "To Mr. Gordon, London," and is numbered xlix. in 'Letters and Other Works of *Voiture*.' Amsterdam, 1709.

I have had more leisure than I wanted to send you what you asked of me when you went away. And my promise is so far from being carried away on the breeze, that the breeze has made it possible for me to fulfil it.

The winds in fact have detained me here for eight days, and I should have been very much bored if I had not brought thoughts enough from London to last a much longer time. I assure you that you have had your share and that the pleasantest thoughts I had, have been of you or of the things I saw through your kindness.

You will easily guess that I do not mean by this the Tower, or the lions you showed me. In one human being you let me see more treasures than there are there, and even more lions and leopards. It will not be difficult for you to guess after this that I speak of the Countess of Carlisle. For there is nobody else of whom all this good and evil can be said. No matter how dangerous it is to let the memory dwell upon her, I have not, so far, been able to keep mine from it, and quite honestly, I would not give the picture of her that lingers in my mind, for all the loveliest things I have seen in my life. I must confess that she is an enchanting personality, and there would not be a woman under heaven so worthy of affection, if she only knew what it was, and if she had as sensitive a nature as she has a reasonable mind. But with the temperament we know she possesses, there is nothing to be said except that she is the most lovable of all things not good, and the most delightful poison that Nature ever concocted. My dread of her wit nearly decided me not to send you these verses, for I know she is a judge in all things of the good and the bad, and all the kindness that ought to reside in the will, with her is concentrated in the judgment. Still it hardly matters to me if she condemn them. I do not even wish them better, since I composed them before I had the honor of meeting her, and I should be very sorry to have praised or blamed anything to perfection until that occasion, for I reserve perfect praise and perfect blame for herself.

As far as you are concerned, Sir, I make no excuses to you if the lines are not good; on the contrary I assume that you are all the more indebted to me, that you ought to be not a little grateful to me for resolving to send you some bad ones.

Whatever they are I can assure you that they are the only ones I ever wrote twice over. If you knew how indolent I am, you could perceive that my obedience to your wishes in this matter, is no slight proof of the power you have over me, and of the deep feeling with which I desire to be

Your etc.

AT DOVER 4 December 1623.

—THE Boston Browning Society has recently become the possessor of some Browning first editions, which will make it the envy and admiration of all Browning societies and students, and of all bibliophiles everywhere. In this valuable collection of worn books, — lacking in the fresh gloss of their flaunting descendants, the brand-new last editions, but rich in that peculiar charm that

mellow time gives to a good book as to a good picture, — the curious eye rests first, perhaps, on the original issue of 'Sordello' (1840), in its green-cloth binding, with paper labels, whereon, besides "Sordello, by R. Browning," appears also "Price, 6s. 6d." Lucky is the buyer now who gets it for £4 and as many shillings. Here are the eight parts of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' "by Robert Browning, Author of 'Paracelsus,'" — the cheap little double-columned pamphlets published in parts, from 1841 to 1846, which represent the birth to the almost heedless world of such pieces of original art as 'Pippa Passes,' 'The Blot in the 'Scutch-eon,' the first, unfinished part of 'Saul,' 'The Lost Leader,' and 'The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's.' Their superiority over the imitative work that more easily takes the eye and has the price is, after the world's fashion, now signified by the sign of their market-value of £9 and 14 shillings.

Something of the same personal interest that belongs to the gallery of portraits of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning at various ages, collected by this fortunate Boston society, attaches to a little pamphlet of a few pages, a memorial now of the philanthropic impulses of two poets. It may be taken, too, as a sort of a symbol of the increment of a kindly intention, since its sixpenny worth of two poems written for the benefit of a London fair, — Elizabeth Barrett Browning's 'Pleas for the Ragged Schools of London' and her husband's quaint fable of Luther's twins, Date and Dabatur, — has become enough of an object of interest to quadruple its cost.

The first editions of Elizabeth Browning's poetry, of 'Aurora Leigh,' 'Casa Guidi Windows,' 'The Seraphim,' the 'Poems' of 1844, 1850, and the 'Last Poems' of 1862 may justly divide attention with the first editions of 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day,' 'Men and Women,' and all the rest of the long succession of remarkable work up to the issue of the last little magenta-covered 'Asolando' on that fatal day, — the day of its maker's death, — when its price rose at a bound from 6 shillings to £2.

A casual glance at the original pamphlet edition of 'Strafford,' of 1837, reveals some important changes made by the poet in the

close of the play, among which two new speeches of Pym and Strafford are most significant.

In their last interview, the Earl, about to die, urges his prayer for the King as in the present edition (v. 2, 320): "Oh my fate is nothing — nothing! But not that awful head — not that!" His entreaty grows frantic, continuing thus in the first edition:—

"Pym, save the King! Pym, save him! Stay — you shall  
For you love England! I that am dying, think  
What I must see!"

and then on as we have it now, but the lines just quoted as they stand in this first edition have since been cut out boldly at the salient point, and two speeches interpolated. Upon Strafford's wonderful prevision of Charles's destined death, "But not that awful head — not that!" Pym speaks, apparently understanding and accepting that prevision, "*If England shall declare such will to me;*" and Strafford breaks in as if suddenly overmastered by the "will" Pym represents, "*Pym, you help England!*" Such revisions as these are keen dramatic strokes that lay bare the heart of the play and the art of the playwright.

But this valuable packet of books, which forms the latest addition to the library of the Society, includes one or two books of comment of more than ordinary value, — the first edition of the 'Chief Poet of the Age,' by our Honorary Editor, Mr. William G. Kingsland, and Professor Nettleship's 'Essays and Thoughts of Robert Browning,' in which one may find another treasure lurking — an autograph letter of Browning to some unknown suppliant of the muses. Here it is:—

19 WARWICK CRESCENT,  
UPPER WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W.  
Apr. 27, '66.

DEAR SIR: I was not in London when your letter with its enclosures reached me, — let this excuse the delay in replying to it. I have read the poems you are good enough to care for my opinion about: and will at least deserve your kind feeling by plainness and truthfulness. You know I have given all my life to poetry, — not a short life, now: and I have observed the procedures of my contemporaries, great and small: the result is, — I distinguish markedly between the good of having the poetical

temperament, and the not-good of attempting to make poetry one's self, except in the extraordinary cases where there is original creative power added to the merely sensitive and appreciative, — valuable and distinguishing as these are. I have never seen an instance of success in verse; to the extent even of selling fifty copies; where something absolutely *new*, for good, or even for bad, was not prominent in it. I can hardly hope to please you by this frankness: and after all, I incline too much, perhaps, to severity in criticism, — alas, what is it worth else? At all events, my practical advice would be, to continue publishing in periodicals until something more decisive is effected: the amount of publicity obtained in this way, — which is, I suppose, the object in view, — will be immeasurably greater.

Let me say, in reference to your postscript, that the Chevalier and I have never interchanged a word in our lives: he lives next door to me, and has written more than once respecting translations &c.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very faithfully,

ROBERT BROWNING.

— WAS Shakespeare a Roman Catholic? A correspondent of the Stratford-on-Avon *Herald* believes in Shakespeare's indifference to Roman Catholicism on the strength of the ridicule Gloucester heaps upon the "miracle" related in '2 Henry VI.' ii. 1. The writer, Dr. James Macaulay, says: —

"Even in the early historical plays his English spirit breaks forth in indignant protest against the claims of foreign priest or potentate to meddle with the independence of this realm. And if he had any respect for the Church of Rome he would never have written that irresistibly comic scene in 'Henry VI.,' where a man said to be born blind is made to see by a popish miracle. This man, also being a paralytic, is brought into the Abbey of St. Albans to be cured in the presence of the Court and a vast concourse of people. On the parish beadle being summoned, instead of a bishop or priest, the first touch of the birch made the blind cripple jump over the stool and run off as fast as his legs could carry him, followed by the jeering crowd!"

Here, however, Dr. Macaulay places his foot upon a bog of conjecture and controversy. Who can swear to Shakespeare's certain

share in 1, 2, or 3 'Henry VI.'? If the youthful master's sign-manual be detected, it stands there in difficult entanglement with the work of Marlowe's pen, and Peele's, perhaps, or Greene's; and, undoubtedly, the elder plays of 'The Contention' and 'The True Tragedy' are the basis of the whole. Reasonable as the conjecture may be that Shakespeare was not a hot adherent of any Church, and probable as it is that his withers were unwrung by such a scene as this of the "miracle," still it is scarcely worth while to put much dependence on our pretended lame man, for if you beat him, he will run away.

— THE Lyceum revival of 'Henry VIII.' stirs up the old questions of authorship in this play, and a critic in the *Athenæum* considers that one of the unexpected results of Mr. Irving's last spectacular success "will be to convince those familiar with the English dramatists and capable of appreciating metrical forms that Shakespeare had practically no hand in the play."

The fire of which Stow writes, that destroyed the Globe Theatre in 1613, when it was full of people listening to Shakespeare's play of 'Henry VIII.,' and which, presumably, destroying the play-books too, made it necessary to write a new drama on the same general lines, explains very plausibly the Fletcher-like ring of the famous lines: "Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!" etc.

Mr. Irving thus appears, wittingly or not, in a new rôle, as corroborator of Mr. Fleay's ingenious theories; and although the writer of the *Athenæum* is not prepared to leap all ditches with him, he goes halfway with him on the authorship hunt, and he finds food for the theory in the contrast between the characteristically Shakespearian outburst of Constance, "Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace," etc., 'King John,' iii. 1, 1; and Katharine's "Sir, I am about to weep," etc., 'Henry VIII.,' ii. 4, 70.

— "Not a dull moment in its presentation!" is the cheering verdict generally yielded to the acting of 'Colombe's Birthday,' given June 16 and 18, at Smith College, with the following cast of Senior students:—



Colombe . . . . .	Sarah Storer Goodwin
Sabyne . . . . .	Margaret MacDougal
Adolf . . . . .	Helen Libby Wolcott
Guibert . . . . .	Florence Marion Barker
Gaucelme . . . . .	Wilhelmina Van C. Walbridge
Maufroy . . . . .	Etta Anne Seaver
Clugnet . . . . .	Etta Laura Miller
Valence . . . . .	Elnora Whitman Curtis
Prince Berthold . . . . .	Eleanor Evelyn Cutler
Melchior . . . . .	Winifred Ayers

Courtiers, attendants, etc.

Act IV. gave the climax in dramatic effectiveness, yet the close of Act V. was strong. Mr. G. C. Gow had written especial music for the representation, Miss Peck had put the ambitious students in elocutionary training, and the piece was staged by Mr. Alfred Young.

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## SOCIETIES.

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The Boston Browning Society, during its next season, 1892-1893, will carry out the following programme, prepared for it by the Editors of POET-LORE. The assignment of parts is not completed at time of writing; but among the essayists and speakers expected to take part are the Rev. C. G. Ames, Miss Heloise E. Hersey, Prof. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Dr. W. J. Rolfe, Miss Helen L. Reed, the Rev. G. D. Latimer, Mrs. C. G. Ames, Mr. W. H. Ladd of the Chauncy-Hall School, Mr. N. H. Dole, Prof. C. C. Everett, Miss Helen A. Clarke, and Miss Charlotte Porter.

### OUTLINE OF PROGRAMME, 1892-1893.

#### PART I.

#### BROWNING ON POETIC ART.

#### I. PORTRAITS OF POETS.

Oct. 25, 1892.

Aprile in 'Paracelsus.'  
Sordello.

READING from 'Paracelsus.'

PAPER. — The Democracy of Aprile.

PAPER. — The Poetic Limitations of Sordello.

*Topic suggested for discussion :*

Is Aprile a type of the Italian Renaissance ?

## II. EXPRESSIONS OF GENERAL POETIC PRINCIPLES.

Nov. 28, 1892.

'Transcendentalism.'

'Parleyings with Smart.'

'The Two Poets of Croisic.' (Its application.)

Passages in 'The Ring and the Book.' (See Parts I. and XII., illustrating relation of Artistry to Nature.)

'At the Mermaid.'

'House.'

'Shop.'

(See, also, Essay on Shelley.)

READING. — From 'The Two Poets of Croisic,' 'Transcendentalism.'

PAPER. — The Relation of Beauty to Truth in Poetry.

PAPER. — The Poet's Personal Relation to his Poetry.

*Topic suggested for discussion :*

Would it be a Sound Criticism to judge of a Poet's Genius by the Fact that he "led a Happy Life" ?

## III. THE POET'S RELATION WITH THE WORLD.

DEC. 27, 1892.

'Pambo.'

Epilogue to 'Pacchiarotto.'

'Popularity.'

'How it Strikes a Contemporary.'

The Popularity of the Poets in 'The Two Poets of Croisic.'

Passages in Parts I. and XII. of 'The Ring and the Book' addressed to the 'British Public.'

READING. — 'Pambo.'

'Popularity.'

PAPER. — What should be the Poet's Attitude towards his Critics ?

PAPER. — The Value of Contemporary Judgment.

*Topic suggested for general discussion :*

Should the True Poet sing to the Masses, not to the Few ?

## IV. THE POET AS A CRITIC OF POETS.

JAN. 24, 1893.

'Balaustion's Adventure.'

'Aristophanes' Apology.'

READING from 'Balaustion's Adventure.'

PAPER. — Balaustion's Opinion of Euripides.

PAPER. — Aristophanes' Philosophy of Poetry.

*Topic suggested for discussion :*

Is the Divergence between Aristophanes and Euripides more apparent than real ?

## PART II.

### THE POETIC ART OF BROWNING.

#### I. HIS LYRIC WORKMANSHIP.

FEB. 28, 1893.

EXAMPLES :

'The Songs in 'Paracelsus.'

'Meeting at Night' and 'Parting at Morning.'

'A Pretty Woman.'

'Love in a Life,' and 'Life in a Love.'

'Through the Metidja.'

'My Star.'

'Apparitions.' (Prologue to 'Two Poets of Croisic.')

'Natural Magic.'

READING. — 'Meeting at Night' and 'Parting at Morning.'

'A Pretty Woman.'

'Through the Metidja.'

PAPER. — Browning's Mastery of Rhyme.

PAPER. — The Poetic Structure of Browning's Shorter Lyrics.

*Topic suggested for discussion :*

Does the Distinction of Browning's Poetics consist in his never sacrificing Sense to Sound ?

#### II. HIS DRAMATIC PICTURES.

MARCH 28, 1893.

EXAMPLES :

'The Bishop Orders his Tomb.'

'My Last Duchess.'

'Andrea del Sarto.'

'Fra Lippo Lippi.'

'James Lee's Wife.'

'A Forgiveness.'

'Ivan Ivanovitch.'

READING. — 'Ivan Ivanovitch.'

PAPER. — Browning's Imagery the Key-note to his Subject.

PAPER. — The Monologue an evolved Form of the Soliloquy.

*Topic suggested for discussion :*

Does Browning's treatment of his Characters conform to his Doctrine of the Poet's Impersonality ?

## III. HIS PLAY CRAFT.

APRIL 25, 1893.

Exemplified in his first Stage Play, — 'Strafford.'

READING. — From Browning's 'Prose Life of Strafford,' or Cavalier  
Tunes Sung.

PAPER. — The Characterization of Lord Strafford.

PAPER. — Dramatic Motive in 'Strafford.'

*Topic for discussion:*

Is what is New in the Dramatic Structure of 'Strafford' adapted to Democratic Conditions, unknown, for example, in Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar'?

## IV. BROWNING'S DRAMATIC ART PUT TO THE TEST.

MAY 23, 1893.

DRAMATIC READING of 'Strafford.' — MR. HOWARD M. TICKNOR.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The Manuscript Music Society of Philadelphia, recently organized, has excited an interest among professional and amateur musicians of this city, which is a most gratifying surprise to Mr. Gilchrist, Dr. Clarke, and the others of the few who had the temerity to suggest the formation of such a society. Music interests in Philadelphia have suffered for many years from the lack of co-operation among both musicians and patrons. There have been many *cliques*, all more or less at odds; and I believe that the earnest effort which has been made to form this Society upon a basis of organization and membership broad enough to guarantee, as far as may be, its freedom from *clique* management, has been recognized and appreciated upon all sides, and has done more than anything else to arouse the enthusiasm which has welcomed its advent. The potent features of its constitution to which I refer are these: —

Membership may be sought as composer, performer, or associate.

An applicant for membership in the first class must present an original manuscript, under a *nom de plume* if desired, for approval by a committee of competent judges, appointed by the President; the second class is open to all professional musicians unable or not desirous to qualify as composers; while amateur performers, critics, lovers, and patrons of the art may find a place in the associate list.

With the desire to found the Society on as broad a structure as possi-

ble, the rules of the Society provide that a majority vote of the Board of Direction shall be necessary to refuse election to membership.

The organization is not intended to be in any sense a social club, but has been formed to encourage original composition, very much as a scientific or medical society is formed for the encouragement of original research.

The purpose of the Manuscript Music Society is certainly a high and worthy one, and has commended it to many, as is evidenced by the gratifying number of those seeking admission to its membership.

Among those in the composer class, which now numbers about twenty, are many of the best known of Philadelphia's musicians. Women, as well as men, have a place in all of the three classes; and readers of *POET-LORE* will be interested to learn that one of its editors, Miss Helen A. Clarke, is a composer member, and one of the organizers of the Society. Although the Society is but a few months old, and has had to undergo the trials and troubles necessarily incident to its birth and the experimental stage of its existence, it has nevertheless developed vigor sufficient to the holding of three very successful meetings, devoted exclusively to the performance of manuscript compositions. Dr. Hugh A. Clarke and Mr. Martinus Van Gelder have each contributed a sonata for violin and piano; Mr. W. W. Gilchrist, the President, a sonata for piano and string quartette; Mr. Hermann Mohr, movements for piano and two cellos; and Mr. M. H. Cross, compositions for piano and violin; in addition to which we have had songs from the pens of Mr. Frank G. Cauffman, Mr. Richard Zeckwer, and Mr. Massah M. Warner. Without exception, these compositions have been meritorious and interesting, and have had the good fortune to receive an adequate performance at competent hands.

Everything seems to warrant the confidence that upon the coming together of the Society in the Fall, the encouragement which has so auspiciously marked its beginning will be continued.

*Edward Garrett McCollin.*

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1892.



## ROBERT BROWNING AS THE POET OF DEMOCRACY.

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**B**OBERT BROWNING is *par excellence* the poet of democracy. His welcome in the New World was from the first that of one coming to his own. "In America," wrote Mrs. Browning, in 1859, "he is a power, a writer, a poet — he is read — he lives in the hearts of the people."

Democracy, let us agree, is a word of both spiritual and structural significance. Its fundamental idea is self-sovereignty. Association or federation is the working principle of self-rule. On the one hand, democracy is the introduction of personal responsibility to one's own nature; it is opportunity for the development of personality. On the other hand, it is a principle of unity, operating, however, within the spiritual nature of man. Democracy, both with respect to self and to society, begins and ends with the individual; the soul is seen to be supreme amid every environment of thought or matter. A bard of democracy is, then, one who ministers to personality, not one who merely sings odes to Freedom or to Humanity, but who is himself an emancipating power, who rightly adjusts the soul to itself and to the world.

In the literature of America, which is as yet the truest structural expression of the democratic idea, are contained two general principles of life. The idea of individuality took form during the early period of revolution and struggle for independence; of this principle Thoreau and Emerson are the literary exponents. The second great crisis in the American democracy was the Civil War. The war was a note of unity. For the first time The People, moving *en masse*, of their own accord, for their own idea, came to rational self-consciousness. Lowell and Whitman, while holding equally sacred the rights of the individual, sounded the wider call to brotherhood and love.

The essential democracy of a writer may be determined according to the completeness with which he fuses two equally sacred rights, — the rights of the One and the rights of the Many. The supreme bard of democracy is unquestionably Walt Whitman. A greater, all-comprehending, all-loving soul has not lived upon the earth; you who like him not, have you learned his lesson complete? In all really vital matters, in metaphysical, ethical, or scientific assertion, Whitman and Browning are in direct accord.

Browning's first thought on life is of the One. The Self, which gives meaning to all life, beauty, or love, is prior in importance. Every thought of Browning's poems has reference to the soul. The idea of personality is given supreme expression. The poet has faith in spiritual manhood. With Shelley he might say, "I am the friend of the unfriended poor." In 'Parleyings with Gerard de Lairesse' he matches the worth of the commonplace with Faustus' robe and Fortunatus' cap. Nothing is in vain. The world gathers about each of us to draw forth whatever may be latent within. Each person has importance in the general organic scheme of life. Browning portrays no character without relations to the Infinite. Not Pippa nor Ottima nor Fifine, not Paracelsus, the Grammarian, nor Halbert, not even Guido, is left unguided by the light of an interior motive and the hope of final attainment. Caliban is not content to sprawl in the mud complaining of the God. What is the event and who are the characters of Browning's masterpiece, 'The Ring and the Book,' that he should

lavish the resources of his mature genius upon them? A case dug out of a yellow-leaved record of crime, the incidents of which had long since passed from human memory! Pompilia, an obscure, commonplace girl! Guido, only great in crime! Spenser would have scorned to spend such pains; his songs were of "knights' and ladies' gentle deeds;" he loved the stately hall of nobles and the courts of kings. Shakespeare, too, is a natural aristocrat, a poet of feudal forms and processes. What commonplace character is thought worthy of a fate? Like the Greek drama, Shakespeare exhibits an aristocracy of woe. Iago is, however, given tragic meaning; he is perhaps a greater compound of crime than Guido. But the difference in their treatment amounts to a revolution of dramatic thought and purpose. Browning is the dramatist of the Whitman principle. He justifies the pride of man in himself which Whitman announces by showing in dramatic processes men and women, various in being and action, under every condition of evil or error, but never without the leading of the spirit's true endowments. The *crux* of a democratic philosophy is plainly the outcast and the soul-hardened criminal. How can such be included in the creative scheme? In some way the existence of Fifine must be justified, else is she created in vain, "which must not be." Browning's trial of strength was his defence of Guido Franceschini. The main monster of 'The Book' is painted in his natural blackness, set in a suitable environment of subsidiary crime, and permitted to wreak his worst. When brought to trial, "one half of Rome" condemns, "Out with you from the common life and air and life of man." The "other half" finds for Guido much excuse. "He is noble, and may be innocent," suggests another. Judgments which are honest enough, but failures. Caponsacchi, in a speech of awful earnestness, condemns the man to eternal silence and dusk, with Judas, "out of the ken of God or care of man forever and ever more." But Pompilia has all along sent prayer like incense up that Guido may touch the shadow, if not the face, of God and be healed. The wise Pope has light, nor fears the dark at all. God is Love, eternal and universal. The Pope has faith in the completeness of the universe, that therefore evil and sorrow have their purpose in evolving the moral qualities



of man. He despatches the order of death, but hopes for Guido the suddenness of fate; or if the truth be not flashed out at that instant there is a "sad, obscure sequestered place where God unmakes but to remake the soul He else made first in vain; *which must not be.*" Hate was the truth of Guido. He sought evil with his whole energy. This was his terrible choice. But the soul cannot rest in sin. He had waged his war of hate in vain. The spiritual flash is struck out of his soul's midnight. "Pompilia!" — it is the cry of the soul, a hope of deliverance, a realization at the last of the love of God, which is revealed in its pure and perfect form in the life of woman.\*

In Browning's universe thought is the ultimate reality. Nature outside of man is complete; with man begins a tendency to God, — man only is sacred. The thought of Nature is like all other thoughts in process of development. There is a vast distance between the pretty descriptiveness of Thomson, Dyer, and Cowper, and Whitman's 'Song of the Redwood Tree,' or Browning's presentment of the evolution of Nature and of man as the end of Nature. The whole gain is on the side of personality. Byron saw only weakness in man in presence of the roll of ocean. Wordsworth, with a "sense sublime" of the divine element in the world, was yet unable to rise to Browning's assurance of the presence of God amid the seeming chaos of the life of man. Coleridge, in his ode 'Dejection,' asserts, almost alone, the superiority of the soul over Nature. Browning is never indignant at man, like Shelley, nor sorrowful, like Wordsworth, nor despairful, like Carlyle. With Whitman, he fights for freedom and the souls of men. In the streets of the city, among every-day affairs, the fight is fought and won, — not in Nature's solitudes.

Unity is the dominant factor in Browning's philosophy. He

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\* For a somewhat similar use of the principle of saving love, compare Wagner's 'Der Fliegende Holländer,' 'Tannhäuser,' and 'Der Ring der Nibelungen,' and Goethe's 'Faust.' The wandering mariner finds rest in the love of Senta. Tannhäuser sinks lifeless by the side of Elizabeth with the cry, "Heilige Elizabeth, bitte für mich!" In the postlude of 'Die Götterdämmerung' the violins of the closing harmonies proclaim the redemptive love of Brünnhilde. The "Chorus Mysticus" of 'Faust' sings at the very close, "Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns heran." The whole construction of Browning's poem is indeed allied to 'Faust.' But in each case Browning requires a more strenuous moral effort from his character. Salvation is never by grace.

believes in the whole man, — the body no less than the soul. The premise is the same which William Blake stated so strenuously long ago, and which Whitman repeats with added emphasis, — the unity of matter and spirit. With Browning the “value and significance of flesh” is a characteristic phrase. He regards the flesh as being, in a sense, a barrier to the spirit, but he does not write in the temper of the old moralists who divided the being into parts, labelling one activity right and another wrong. The only dualism in his writings is a separation within man’s spiritual nature, — between knowledge and love, never between the soul and body. For by the body the soul attains identity, — only by the false can we know the true; only by the flesh can we reach the soul; only through man can we find God. This contains the sum of Browning’s practical philosophy. He is ever an uncompromising realist, — “Here is a thing that happened.” He trusts life and the world in which the man must live. Life indeed is more than art, — this he often shows, — for the law of life is love. Success in living is obedience to the natural impulses of one’s nature. Browning thus asserts the naturalism of Paganism upon the higher plane of Christianity. The flesh is not denied because the love which he sings includes and exalts the flesh. Love conquers lust, — use, not atrophy.

“Let us not always say,  
‘Spite of this flesh to-day  
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!’  
As the bird wings and sings,  
Let us cry, ‘All good things  
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!’

“. . . This world’s no blot for us,  
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good.”

Life is for the individual an episode in the history of an immortal being. It is the period of probation or opportunity for identity, character-building, and self-realization with reference to eternity. The present and the future are thoughts inseparably blended. The present proves the soul worthy, and all things are at work moulding the soul into finer forms for purposes beyond. As a condition of probatory education, stress is laid upon the presence

of evil in the world. Evil blends with good in a manner proportioned to the education of a free, rational, and religious being who is kin to God, and intended to yield him praise. While never blind to the actual results of error, Browning yet holds that good is the heart of all. The thought, suggested in the Scriptures, set forth by the German idealists, was recognized in English literature by Blake, and adopted by Whitman as the basic ethics of democracy, for the soul is thus proved ultimately to prevail.

The two essential conditions of the earth-life are battle and progress. Man is a war, and must go forward. Browning, like Whitman, takes the soul out on the "open road." There is no rest, no tarrying. To be idle is to cease to live. "Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping." Apparent failure may be in truth success. "On earth the broken arcs, in heaven the perfect round." Toward the last Browning sought to establish a dualism between knowledge and love; but in 'Paracelsus,' 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' and 'The Ring and the Book' the human life is regarded as undivided in its progressive activity. Browning is a man of will and action. The contrast is with Wordsworth. When we need rest we may turn to Wordsworth, and lose ourselves in the quiet of Nature; but when the time comes for the strife of democracy it is the conception of Browning we need.

The meaning of life is constructed with reference to immortality. Immortality is the supreme word in democracy, for by it the soul governs absolutely. Browning, resting in the fundamental facts of God and consciousness, reasons that life is intelligible only when considered as a probation. By future life the universe becomes a harmony. Death is then no longer a thing to be feared, but the "holiest minister of heaven." Youth merges to age, which is but an estuary opening joyfully into the great sea. Very characteristic of Browning is the song at the end of 'Parleyings with Gerard de Lairesse.' The old poet sings, —

"Daisies and grass be my heart's bed-fellows  
On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellow:  
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows!"

The character of a future life Browning cannot know, but he is satis-

fied that it is something good. Once or twice his faith falters, — “What if all be error.” But he returns from the doubt with a surer hope. In the dialogue between Fancy and Reason it is pleaded that uncertainty is needful, lest the soul, abandoning its struggles upon earth, fail of its probation. After all, —

“You must mix some uncertainty  
With faith, if you would have faith be.”

Thus far Browning is the poet of the individualistic side of being. To recapitulate, he believes in the value and dignity of personality, each created different from his fellows for a purpose, given his own centre and own government. He regards man as the end of the evolution of Nature, and appointed to progress beyond Nature to the goal of Infinite Spirit. He recognizes, not scorns, the uses of the body, and of the world, in which the body must exist. Lastly, he has faith in the good purposes of the present, and hope of the ultimate perfection of the soul.

Browning is by no means entirely individualistic. His greatest thought is of love. Love must become the unifying force in any society where the external bonds are relaxed. In democracy the State and society are in a sense distinct, the State being but the mechanism of self-government, while society is the living unit whose principle of union must be internal and spiritual; in other words, society is not a unity because of the federation of States, but federation is a statement in political terms of the organic compact of society. Men are not free because they have representative legislatures; they have the institutions of freedom because they were first free. He who ministers to society by love is your true federalist and democrat. In making love the permanent motive of all men, Browning is of course more individualistic than socialistic, as must needs be the case, for we seek in society the realization of the self. The self culminates “when the world beats in the pulse of the individual, and the joys and sorrows, the defeats and victories, of mankind are felt by him as his own.” And this again is the highest socialism; for only by love between individuals can the solidarity of society be conserved. The word “hu-

manity," in its collective sense, hardly once occurs in Browning's poems, the most notable instance being the words of Paracelsus, —

" When all mankind alike is perfected,  
Equal in full-blown powers — then, not till then,  
I say, begins man's general infancy."

The art of the modern world is instinct with the passion of love. Love is the key which interprets both the thought and the method of the century's greatest artists, among whom I number Browning, Wagner, and Whitman (a juxtaposition of names not surprising if one "deeper dive by the spirit sense"). The chief characteristic of the writings of each is the deep emotional element. The intellectual is held subordinate, the thought being borne upon the wings of the emotions. Browning is apparently less emotional than either. Professor Sharp speaks of Browning's "fatal excess of cold over emotive thought." But to this opinion I venture to demur. We have to deal to-day with an art which is all-inclusive. It is true to say that Whitman and Wagner are as profound thinkers as Browning. Our creed declares Browning — in the words of Mrs. Browning, said of Shakespeare — "most passionate and most rational — of an emotion which casts us into thought, of a reason which leaves us open to emotion." It is, of course, a matter difficult to argue, for the appeal is to the personality; and for myself the emotive element in Browning's poems is their most dominant quality. Emotion predominated in the poet's nature. He was a lover of music, the most emotional of the arts, "which leads us," said Carlyle, "to the verge of the infinite." The processes of his thought are more often passionate than logical. Intensity and concentration are the warp of the passions. If he fail, it is in attempting to justify his spiritual experiences to his conscious philosophy; but his analyses, as in 'One Word More,' are those of a man filled with emotion; and a vital imagination rescues, at the last, his most prosaic questions. The obscurity of his poems is more often emotional than intellectual; for feelings more often than thoughts lie too deep for words. Such, for instance, is the obscurity of 'O Lyric Love,' which demands an inner spiritual adjustment of phrase to phrase rather than grammatical, — a synthetic, not analytic, vision.

Again, Browning's method is inner, psychological, having to do not with logical, but with psychical consistency. At worst, poetry and philosophy are near akin, and it becomes a question of moment whether Browning in appealing to philosophy has really stepped upon alien ground. Poetry and philosophy seek the same truth and the same kind of truth, philosophy proving what poetry assumes, — the unity of the universe; and probably never before have serious thoughts taken such possession of first-rate art. The real antithesis of art is not to philosophy, but to science. The whole effect of any given one of Browning's poems is, moreover, to arouse the whole personality. Browning is almost unique in the manner in which he frees the entire human faculties. Like Luria to the Florentines he brings —

". . . fresh stuff  
For us to mould, interpret and prove right, —  
New feeling fresh from God."

There can be, at least, but one opinion as to his teaching. His highest theme is love. He, if ever poet did, calls the harp back to the heart. In his old age he wrote the sweetest love-song he ever penned. Professor Drummond, in treating of the great theme of Saint Paul, quotes centrally after the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians a few lines from 'A Death in the Desert,' —

"For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,  
And hope and fear, . . .  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is."

In democracy, let me repeat, the emotional must be the solvent, the unifying force, for the intellectual too often divides men. Despotism may govern without love, but Liberty cannot. The work of fusion is assigned by Whitman to the poet. Looking to England, he questions, "Is there one that is consistent with these United States or essentially applicable to them as they are and are to be?" But thinking of the long line of English poets who have passed from lifted hand to lifted hand the light of English hope and freedom; thinking especially of Shelley, whom we celebrate, with his passion for reforming the world, and of Browning, whose message,

in its emphasis given first to the self and secondly to love, is, I submit, the very creed of emancipation and democracy, — I am inclined to quote the lines of Whittier on the Child's memorial window to Milton in St. Margaret's Church at Westminster, —

“The New World honors him whose lofty plea  
For England's freedom made her own more sure,  
Whose song immortal as the theme shall be  
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.”

The New World? — “how little the New, after all,” says Whittier; “how much the Old, Old World!”

*Oscar L. Triggs.*

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## DANTE'S CLAIM TO POETIC EMINENCE.

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**B** FEW years since, a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* wrote as follows: “The late lamented ‘Matthew Browne’ held that Dante had no real claim to the lofty place accorded him among the poets. He was small-souled, revengeful, cherishing memories of small slights or wrongs, and, because of them, condemning to inexpressible bodily torture to all eternity those who had so crossed his prejudices or his path. He was in fact the embodiment of the jealousy, party spirit, and stunted inhuman scholasticism of the Middle Ages, and remains its voice, instead of being the voice of any nobler element it may have had — Catholic or other. His imagination was harsh and personal with no light relieving touch of phantasy any more than his genius was genial and attractive.”

The severe judgment thus boldly passed upon the illustrious Florentine at first surprised me, and then set me to considering whether I had in fact ever derived any real satisfaction from reading the ‘*Divina Commedia*,’ and especially the ‘*Inferno* ;’ and I finally came to the conclusion that Mr. Browne (or rather Mr. Rands) was right in his estimate of Dante as a poet.

A fertile and fantastic imagination is not necessarily a poetical one; for poetry does not consist of imagery only, — that is, of

shapes and colors, however fashioned and combined, — or of merely physical relations, however strange and startling. It must have a divine soul, as well as a fair and graceful form, in order to possess the charms of life and beauty. There is surely no place in art for bodily mutilation and torture. The æsthetic value of such an element, if it could possibly have any, would be completely lost in the deeper feeling of pity or disgust, and so in either case the effect would be offensive, and not pleasing. But the special function of poetry is to please, and not to offend.

Now, subtract from the 'Inferno' its revolting pictures, some of which the art of Doré has so vividly realized to our actual vision, and it will be seen that little or nothing of interest remains, — little, at all events, that would be recognized under the name of poetry, however it might have passed in former times for theology or philosophy. And even the interest inspired by the horrid realism of the pictures is not such as would attract and captivate a healthy mind in search of entertainment or instruction.

This, perhaps, may be partially accounted for. With all proper allowances for the rude age in which Dante lived, it must also be remembered that his life was a peculiarly miserable one, and it naturally imparted some of its bitterness and gloom to his feelings and imagination. His first love, the beautiful Beatrice, was taken from him by death; the woman he afterward married proved to be a virago, in comparison with whom Xantippe was an angel; the part he took in the political affairs of his native city led to his perpetual banishment and the confiscation of his property, and he never again knew the blessedness of rest and peace until he found it in the grave. Moreover, his natural temper was not one of the most amiable. Indeed, he seems to have been identified with that wretched class of beings described in the seventh canto as the Sullen, or Gloomy (*Tristi*), who, as they had refused to enjoy the sweet air and glad sunshine of this upper world, were doomed to be buried under black mud forever in the lower. Byron was unhappy, and withal "a thing of feelings," but he wrote genuine poetry nevertheless; whereas Dante was so powerfully controlled by the sense of his misery that what he designed for poetry



was simply the dismal reflection of his own harsh and joyless spirit.

Most of us have read the eleventh book of the 'Odyssey' and the sixth of the 'Æneid,' and still remember something of what Ulysses and Æneas saw and heard in that mysterious region where the souls of the dead are kept; but there is an element of humanity and delicacy, and even of pathos, and an engaging liveliness of manner in the descriptions of Homer and Virgil which we find wholly wanting in the narrative of Dante; for with all its hideous variety of brutal violence and superhuman suffering, and in spite of the cruel jesting which sometimes mocks the agonies of a victim, still it is monotonous and wearisome. Dante knew nothing of Greek, and no translation of Homer had yet appeared; but we cannot help wishing that he could have made even a distant approach to the exquisite taste and animated style of Virgil; for then it is certain that the 'Inferno' would not have been so thoroughly infernal. That, however, he utterly failed to do; and yet, with singular self-complacency, or rather self-deception, he tells Virgil,—

" Tu se' solo colui, da cui io tolsi  
Lo bello stile, che m'ha fatto onore."

It is probable that the responsibility for such a production does not rest entirely on Dante; for a commentator says, " His pretensions to originality have not been wholly unquestioned. It has been supposed that he was more immediately influenced in the choice of a subject by the 'Vision of Alberico,' written in barbarous Latin prose about the beginning of the twelfth century." During a trance which lasted nine days, Alberico had a vision in which he seemed to be "carried away by a dove and conducted by Saint Peter, in company with two angels, through Purgatory and Hell to survey the tortures of sinners — the saint giving them information as they proceeded — after which they were transported together through the seven heavens, and taken up into Paradise to behold the glory of the blessed." As Dante had evidently read the 'Vision,' there would be little doubt that *there* was the source of his inspiration, if such visions had not been so common in that age; but he is still

responsible for adopting, if he did not originate, the diabolical brutalities of the Abyss.

Various reasons have been suggested for naming this more than tragic work a *comedy*; but the author thought that such a question would be readily answered, "for," he says, "if we consider the subject, at the beginning it is horrible and fetid, being Hell; at the end prosperous, desirable, and grateful, being Paradise." Possibly, then, as he so well understood the character of "the beginning," he intended, as a "grim joke" on his readers, that they should not wholly escape the punishment inflicted on the more direct objects of his malevolence; and consequently the very perusal of the 'Inferno' excites a feeling not a little suggestive of what is going on in the place itself.

"The horrible imagery of Dante's Hell," says Mr. Jarves, "is based upon the faith of his age in physical torment as a system of divine retribution. The Almighty avenged himself—why should not man? Artists and poets but did that in their paintings and verses, which their fellow-citizens, if angered with one another, did in deeds. All classes put unmentionable indignities and sufferings upon their foes. Hence it was that the artistic imagination, stimulated by theology, revelled in pictorial delineations of the fate of sinners with every possible variety and aggravation of suffering, such as now would not be tolerated in art anywhere."

Now, the fact that Dante was imbued with the cruel and superstitious spirit of his age, and unconsciously transferred it to his writings, certainly does not convert into poetry what in other respects is not poetry. It is rather a persuasive argument, if not conclusive proof, that he was unfitted to write poetry. No doubt he did the best that could be done with such material; but then there are subjects which are no more adapted to poetical treatment than Caliban would have been to assume the dress and manners of Ferdinand. He would have been a monster still, and not a prince. Speaking of another matter, an accomplished English author says: "After reading such horrible tragedy as this, one asks, Is it a fit subject for poetry? is it right to deal with such scenes? The answer is simple, It is not right if they be told simply to harrow our

feelings with idle and fruitless emotion." This view is from the standpoint of morality; but the principles of art and the laws of taste alike forbid the exhibition of what is merely painful to the feelings. The Horatian canon,

"Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,"

though referring specifically to scenic representation, is not less applicable to certain kinds of description; and if Dante was familiar with the 'Ars Poetica,' it is little to his credit that he did not take a hint from its suggestions.

Let us now take a glance at the 'Inferno' in the light of these principles, and see if we can, honestly and without affectation, unite in the exuberant praises which it was once fashionable to bestow upon it. As for the 'Purgatory' and 'Paradise,' the *quantum* of poetry is so small in proportion to the aggregate mass of matter contained in them that the effort to find it would be but feebly illustrated by looking for a needle in a haystack.

Ulysses and Æneas had each an object in visiting the region of the dead; but Dante seems to have blundered into it by accident.

At the opening of the poem he unaccountably finds himself in a gloomy forest, and in seeking a way out of it he comes to the foot of a hill, which he undertakes to climb. He has hardly begun the ascent when his progress is opposed successively by a leopard, a lion, and a wolf, — all of which is allegorical; but at this juncture he is joined by the shade of Virgil, who has been sent from the unseen world by Beatrice to conduct him on his way. They finally arrive at the gate of Hell, over which these terrible words are written:—

"Through me is the way into the city of mourning; through me the way into the eternal pain; through me the way among the people lost. Leave all hope, you that enter."

Here, as elsewhere, it may be considered unfair to the poet to strip his thoughts of their artistic dress, and present them in the plain garb of commonplace prose; but I answer the objection by requesting the reader in all cases to compare the original with

Cary's or Parsons' translation in verse, or with that of Dr. Carlyle in prose, and then determine if there is any more poetry in the one than in the other, except the single matter of versification. Rhythm and rhyme do not convert unpoetical matter into poetry.

Having passed through the gate, the poet—attended by Virgil, as he always is in the 'Inferno'—hears such sighs and lamentations and wailings wafted through the starless air as make him weep; and the sounds are uttered by those who had gone through life without infamy or honor. He next encounters an innumerable throng of "people," naked, and sorely stung by wasps and hornets, that cause their faces to stream with blood, which, mingled with their tears, is gathered at their feet by loathsome worms. Among these Dante quickly recognizes an old enemy, as he never fails to do, and "forthwith feels assured that this is the crew of wretches hateful to God and his enemies;" in other words, those who had taken no part in good or evil, but had lived for themselves alone.

And now they reach the shore of the river Acheron, over which, after some parleying, they are conveyed by Charon. On reaching the other side, Dante, overcome by the appalling phenomena that surround him, falls into a swoon, from which he is aroused by heavy thunders, and finds himself on the brink of the Abyss.

"The general form of the Abyss," says Dr. Carlyle, "is that of an inverted cone. The sides of it, over which Dante's road lies, are occupied by a series of horizontal circles, or circular stages, mostly separated from one another by precipitous descents and gradually diminishing in size like the rows of an amphitheatre. The circles are nine in number with various subdivisions in the lowest. The souls of the 'lost people' are sent down to depths corresponding to their guilt, the greatest sinners falling into the lowest and smallest circular spaces nearest to Lucifer or Satan."

Having now conducted the reader to the edge of the Abyss, I might yield him precedence, and leave him at liberty to enter whichever circle he might deem most suitable to his degree as a sinner, reminding him that in that locality the lowest circles rank the highest; but that is not my purpose; and since it would be ex-

ceedingly tedious to follow Dante step by step through that dreary region, it will be sufficient to make a few more selections in order to show the grossness of the poet's fancy, as well as his estimate of the punishment due to certain classes of evil-doers. I have chosen the following examples with a view to brevity, and not because others, still more terrible, could not be found :—

In the second circle are those who had subjected reason to sensual pleasures. They occupy a place devoid of all light, which bellows like a sea in a tempest when fought by warring winds. The hellish storm, which never ceases, takes the spirits in its sweep, whirling and smiting and vexing them, and they have no hope of rest or lessened pain.

Epicures and gluttons are confined in the third circle, where an unvarying eternal storm of heavy hail, foul water, and snow pours down upon them as they lie prostrate on the ground, and Cerberus is constantly barking at them and tearing them.

In the seventh circle are the usurers. They are sitting all crouched up on the hot soil, each with a purse hanging from his neck. Through their eyes their grief is bursting forth, and with their hands they keep warding off the flames and burning sand.

Horrible and cruel as these suggestions of bodily suffering may appear, there are other descriptions far more shocking; for example, that of the peculators (*barratieri*),— those who had made traffic of their official positions for money. They lie covered in filthy pitch, and get rent in pieces by horrid fiends whenever they show themselves above the surface. As Dante, preceded by ten demons, under Barbaricia, their leader, goes along the edge of the chasm, he sees the peculators lying in the pitch, like frogs in ditch-water, with only their muzzles out, and instantly vanishing at the sight of Barbaricia. Presently a demon hooks one of them, who had been too slow in hiding under the pitch, and hauls him up like a freshly speared otter; whereupon the other demons gather round, and set one of their number to flaying and mangling the unhappy wretch. The twenty-second canto is full of such sickening spectacles; and yet the poet introduces one of the most fearful scenes by saying, "O reader, thou shalt hear new sport" (*nuovo ludo*).

Or take another example from the thirty-second and thirty-third cantos, substantially as condensed by M. Sismondi. In the last circle of the infernal world Dante beholds those who had betrayed their native country, entombed in everlasting ice. Two heads not far apart raise themselves above the frozen surface. One of them is that of Count Ugolino, who by a series of treasons had made himself absolute master of Pisa. The other head is that of Ruggieri, archbishop of that State, who by means not less criminal had effected the ruin of the count, and having seized him and his four children or grandchildren, had left them to perish by famine in prison. Dante does not at first recognize them, and shudders when he sees Ugolino gnawing the skull of his murderer, which lies ready to his mouth. He inquires into the motive of this savage enmity, and the count "from that fell repast raises his mouth, and, wiping it on the hair of the head he had been devouring," proceeds to answer the question.

These desultory selections may possibly serve to furnish some conception of the general character of the 'Inferno;' and if this be poetry, then Caligula and Alva may be classed among the "mute, inglorious Miltons," and poetic inspiration be found in slaughtering an ox, performing a surgical operation, or executing a criminal in the most barbarous manner ever known to the penal code of England.

About three years ago Mr. W. T. Harris published a little volume entitled 'The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia,' of which I have seen only a short review. The horrors of the 'Inferno' had led him to suppose that a deeper meaning and purpose might be discovered by a careful study of the work as a whole, and he there gives the results of his labors, which seem to me satisfactory to himself and creditable to the poet. But if it is solely or mainly in the character of an abstruse philosophical treatise that the 'Divine Comedy' has merit, then it is time to stop calling it a poem, and to erase from Dante's tomb the words 'Inferno,' canto iv. 80) which he himself had dedicated to nother.

*Samuel D. Davies.*

## THE ETHICS OF 'AS YOU LIKE IT.'

**T**HE deep truths that may be gathered from the play of 'As You Like It' \* are the innate dignity of the human soul, before which every conventionality of birth, of rank, of education, and even of natural ties, must give way; the development of self, equal and many-sided, obtained only through the double activity of passion inspiring reason and reason guiding passion; the aim of true self-fulfilment in the good, not of each individual, but of society. The broad foundation on which the many-sided structure of thought is raised is the reality of a man's own soul, — the one thing which is certain and secure in this life, and the only thing whose certainty and security matters to him. This is the rock upon which the waves of circumstance may beat as they will, provided a man has a firm footing upon it. But if he has not so made good his footing, he will be tossed hither and thither, the sport of Fortune.

Fortune may be defined as that element in a man's life which lies outside his own will, — the environment of his organism, to apply a scientific term to the moral world. Nature makes him, and "the good housewife, Fortune," bestows the world's gifts, out of which he has to make what he can. "Here, good people all," she says, "do not look for a general and equal distribution of benefits, but each of you take what falls to his share, and remember that my gifts are good or bad *according to your use of them*. It remains for you to make of each gift a benefit or an injury, — *as you like it*." And we have the injured, exiled Duke declaring, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and finding "good in everything;" we have the usurper, in full possession of his desires, miserable as the most unfortunate; we have Orlando's manly pride and "true faith" converting his stubborn fortunes into honor and joy; we have Oliver ruined by his success, and led by his

\* For the two preceding parts — I. The Plot; II. The Characters — of this inductive study of 'As You Like It,' see *POET-LOVE* for June-July, 1891, and January, and February, 1892.

ruin to forgiveness and love ; we have old Adam acting upon the conviction, —

“ Fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.”

Therefore we find no exaggerated estimate of Fortune, either in her favor or against her. To Shakespeare the accidental things of life are not of paramount importance, that a man should either cling to or repudiate them. The good Duke in adversity does not hug his misery, and renounce the world ; and in recovering his power he is neither elated nor does he repine at giving up the life of ease. It is the smaller and ill-controlled natures who rail at Fortune, or “ put on a religious life.” The importance of these accidental things is purely relative ; the grand question is, Do they minister to or do they choke that inner life in which are summed up the only true realities, the only things that are not accidental, but of essential, of vital importance ?

How does Shakespeare represent to us, from this point of view, the life of the world and the life out of the world ? Regarded as means to the real ends of life, as a medium of expression for the spirit, as the material on which the soul, like a workman, spends its effort, the quiet life with Nature and the busy life of the world have each their drawbacks and advantages. Neither is set before us as the *sine quâ non*. The unruffled ease of the one has in itself no more attraction than the showy glitter of the other. “ Stone walls do not a prison make,” nor does the peace of Nature make contentment in the breast. Men are not sinners because they live in the ambitious, stimulating world, nor saints when surrounded by Nature's innocent loveliness. We see what her peace can do for those who have already the secret of peace in their hearts,—in the Duke, Orlando, Rosalind, and Celia. In Jaques we have a study of the philosopher “ far from the madding crowd ” that completely reverses that dictum of the pastoral poets, that in Nature is a salve for all the wounds inflicted by the world. The world which the melancholy Jaques found so miserable he carried about with him under his hat, — the nature-life, by its absence of distractions, did but enable him to do the fuller justice to the misery of things in



general. Placed in the same circumstances as the Duke, though without his wrongs, he feeds his bitterness with what the Duke finds sweet. Touchstone, placed in contact with the wholesome simplicity of the rustics, finds his amusement in drawing over it the impure trail of his artificiality. There are very few reflections given to our characters,—the action and conversations bring out the moral truths in the light manner suitable to the general style of the comedy; and perhaps the most profound bit of wisdom in the whole play, embodying its root-idea, is put into the mouth of the Fool, in words which on the surface look like a parody of philosophy:—

“Truly, Shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd’s life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.”

No life in itself is good; its goodness consists in the way we take it. The life of the world has one great advantage over the secluded life of the country; it presents a larger field for activity. Again and again, in many a different way, does Shakespeare teach us that activity alone can give strength, and in action only lies our safety. We are here to *progress*,—not to stand still, asking wherefore or whence we should move; still less are we here to shut ourselves within some absorbing passion, even the purest, or give ourselves away to one interest, even the noblest. That nature which is stationary is in danger; that nature which except on one side is inactive is in danger no less. Activity is the only way in which we can secure an “all-round” development, and avoid being “damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.” The life of seclusion has its peculiar dangers; it makes stagnation of the spirit easily possible, and it induces that self-absorption in one interest which is fatal,—injurious even in purest love. Rosalind, coming in contact with Silvius and Phebe, is like a strong breeze blowing away the dead leaves of morbid self-esteem, uproot-

ing the light growths of sentimentalism, tearing away the loose, luxuriant offshoots that result from a too tender nurture of the tender passion. The world provides trials which change a man's virtue from the negative to the positive condition; in its school of experience he learns to know himself and his own faults; under its yoke of work his powers will be called out even while they are restrained.

Shakespeare turns with no ascetic's frown from the pleasures of the world because it holds pains as well, nor shuns its possibilities of good because they may be abused. The world must be faced as it is. Repose is not the best life, if indeed it be any life at all. Energy is virtue. Therefore he shows us all his good characters cheerfully taking up the full burden of the world once more. We are not left to the contemplation of "the careless life of the golden world" as the highest good; the consummation of happiness is not in green fields and retirement from temptation, but in the power to play a true manly or womanly part in the Universal Drama. He knows the world well and the evil thereof; he knows the evil too well to believe in the patent cure of a Jaques's philosophy, yet he is as unembittered by it as his calm-souled Duke. He can tolerate with patience all that his deep and wide experience reveals of human injustice, suffering, crime, and failure, because he never dwells on the shadow-side alone. The world is to him no vale of tears, because he can always laugh with those who laugh as well as he weeps with those who weep. He is never betrayed into a sweeping condemnation of the world by the mouths of his best characters, or by the mute eloquence of the action. He gives the world the credit of prizing worth and loving virtue. Orlando is "so much in the heart of the world" that his brother is "altogether misprised." "The world esteemed thy father honourable," says the usurper to Orlando; and Rosalind declares, —

" My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind."

Adam is speaking in the unreasonable warmth of indignation when he says, —

" O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!"

He is crediting the world with the injustice of one man, as is the way of hasty thinkers. He has just said how the love and praise of men is given to his young master.

The lowest views of the world's worldliness are put into the mouth of Jaques in the parable of the stricken deer, and in the description of the ills he would cure if he might play the Fool. The censure of the melancholy philosopher must not be mistaken for the verdict of the large-hearted poet himself; for that censure represents and deals with only half the truth; the other and the better half is to be found in the general drift of the comedy, which shows us simple faith and virtue outweighing "man's worsenature."

The morals with which Lodge adorns the conclusion of his tale are set forth with quaint copy-book exactness, — "that such as neglect their fathers' precepts incur much prejudice; that division in nature as it is a blemish in nurture, so 't is a breach of good fortunes; that virtue is not measured by birth but by action, that younger brethren, though inferior in years, yet may be superior to honours; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amity betwixt brothers more forcible than Fortune."

Shakespeare shows us that something higher than mere ties of blood, which while it sanctifies them is always superior to them; he shows us that "division in nature" does not consist in subordinating these ties to the higher law of individual fulfilment, but in violating them by wilful selfishness. He gives us the brotherly relation distorted by jealous hatred, and perverted by infliction of wrongs; he also gives us friendship exalted into something nearer and "dearer than the natural bond of sisters," and fulfilling itself at the expense of the natural bond of father and daughter. He seems to tell us clearly that even these natural ties, as soon as they cease to be living realities, and become mere hollow conventionalities, a dead letter from which the spirit has fled, must give way to the commanding realities of the inner life, which reign supreme, and constitute man's worth. The ties of kinship in spirit are stronger and holier than the ties of kinship in the flesh. "Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners," says Le Beau, of Celia's

and Rosalind's relation to the suspicious, harsh, and envious Duke. Adam sees the mockery of the conventional ties between Oliver and Orlando, —

“Your brother — no, no brother; yet the son —  
Yet not the son, I will not call him son —  
Of him I was about to call his father.”

Celia says, “Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine,” with that touch of humor that Shakespeare often uses to send home to our hearts the deepest, saddest truths. And when the cousins plan their flight, it is not Rosalind who has the most reason to feel a prisoner at the worldly court and most to gain by escaping to her father, but Celia, who welcomes their flight as “liberty, not banishment.” We have seen Orlando's true nature rising superior to the peasant's education, and Adam, the servant, showing a fine sense of duty and a generosity which would have done honor to the truest gentleman. We have seen how each honest and good character controls his or her fortune, keeping a steady front and an unruffled heart through every change, laughing at poverty and banishment.

Besides the changes of the outward life, there are also the vicissitudes of the inner life, — the passions which the will must control if it would not be controlled by them. Love, more than all the rest, provides a trial of the inner nature, —

“In all other things, wherein we show ourselves to be most drunken with this poisoned cup [the cup of error] it is in our actions of love; for the lover is so estranged from all that is right, and wandereth so wide from the bounds of reason, that he is not able to deem white from black, good from bad.”

“We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers,” says the Fool, with much truth. But there is such a thing as reasonable love; and the way in which mortals deal with the attacks of the wicked little god will more than anything else reveal their true character. Self-mastery sustains itself against the shock of passion in Rosalind and in Orlando. Love has its own way with Silvius, and teaches the proud, presumptuous Phebe to stoop for favors; it brings out the self-assertion of Oliver, and makes him and the practical Celia “no sooner know the reason” than they “seek the

remedy" of their sighing. Falling in love, like everything else which Fortune offers, is in itself neither good nor evil; men will be fed by love or poisoned by it, according to their ruling of that moral kingdom wherein each self is supreme.

The principle by which Shakespeare balances this supremacy and dignity of each individual soul is that its development is not to be sought for its own good, but for the good of society. Every form of selfishness,—that which seeks to grasp material good; that which desires inordinately the praise and esteem of others; that which cherishes its passions for their own sake; that which can get a certain satisfaction out of evil in general because of the evil in its own heart; that which finds its advantage in the stupid, honest simplicity of others,—all these varieties of selfism are held up to condemnation. Without any reflections, or drawing of morals, this hatred of egotism is made plain. The strongest feeling of fellowship with human nature *as it is*, the keenest sense of responsibility toward and sympathy with others in this life, where no man standeth or falleth to himself alone, breathe through every line of Shakespeare. Here is the safeguard against the danger that lurks behind that other principle which he enforces: Nothing in itself is good or evil; for unselfishness in the highest sense—in Shakespeare's sense—limits the freedom of each man's choice by consideration of the true freedom of society at large. Perfect liberty is perfect justice; and a man is only free when free from the dominion of self: these truths are "writ large" in all Shakespeare has written, and nowhere more distinctly than in 'As You Like It.'

*C. A. Wurtsburg.*

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### THE ESSENCE OF GOETHE'S 'FAUST.'

UNDER the Teutonic Walhalla, in the weird, picturesque, and rugged land of the Rhine, with its wild forests and fragrant fields, the soaring lark, and the nightingale's song, and its happy, tearful humanity,—there, in the shadow of the awe-inspiring, majestic ruins of a castle resting like a broken crown upon a rocky pedestal,

stands a Gothic edifice. Its heaven-pointing lines rise above a solitary cell, shut in whose dark and dingy gloom, sits a scholar. Skulls and skeletons surround him ; fossils, — a few links of the endless geologic chain ; rocks reaching to the very nucleus of time ; the mystical instruments of the alchemist ; and books and parchments, many worm-eaten as the brains that bore them, — a bewildered record of the subtleties of the human mind. The moonlight streams through a narrow window into the black gloom, as if reflected from some ghastly corpse of the skies. That scholar is Faust, a giant mind, a marvel-creation of the immortal Goethe.

Faust has studied philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, all the Teutonic lore at the close of the eighteenth century. He has labored with patience and hope, denied himself the pleasures of life ; in poverty and solitude he has studied — words, all words. Chaos heaped on chaos, the confusion of sophism, scepticism, and scholasticism is his reward and happiness, — all the universe but “a fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.” Deceived in his earnestness, Faust denies all possibility of knowledge. He destroys the content of conscious intelligence, — all the creation of mind ; the “beautiful world” of art, philosophy, religion ; the State and all its institutions ; all love, virtue ; all that is sacred. A black gulf of yawning darkness glaring with lurid flashes remains. He bursts upon society with a curse no human lip had ever dared to utter. The defiant spirit of his ancestors breaks forth in him again, of whom the Roman historian said, “they fear not god nor devil.” Having destroyed the content of intelligence, its objective manifestations lose their validity. Overwhelmed by folly, he strikes at the rational and irrational alike. Unable to grasp the All, which his inner being whispers *is*, he denies the possibility of the Infinite to exist in the form of the sensuous. All form is a delusion, a millstone on the neck of mind. This is the conviction he arrives at after listening to mere authority and from the study of books. He yet hopes in his despair, and with Nostradamus's magic volume seeks to grasp the spirit of the microcosm, of the macrocosm ; but those are only spectacles, phantoms of mysticism and cabalism.

Ha! on that mantel stands a crystal vial, whose mouth is licked by the very flames of hell. Its dark liquid will free him from his bounds, waft him on ethereal paths to a sphere of new and unbounded action. But, hark! what is the message of those bells? What memories of childhood return? What sing those voices across the centuries? Christ is risen, good-will and joy toward men. Christianity lives, and Faust is saved.

Called back to life by the pæan of angels, Faust returns to the world, destined to work out his salvation and to experience *reality*. He has drunk the bitterest draught of error, but rather than drain the cup to the dregs, he had sought the unbounded punishment of hell. Saved, he rushes upon the world bent on its destruction; but reality is the soul's teacher of truth, and lends a hand to whoever will. Inspiration, too, must at last find revelation and confirmation in Nature. Reality touches the faculties of mind and gives birth to the ideal world.

Faust set out to destroy; he returns conquered, yet triumphant in spiritual freedom. In his career the cosmological principle of Neoplatonism works in harmony with the theologic principle of Christianity. In Christianity man is redeemed through Christ; in Neoplatonism he is redeemed through Nature, — for Nature is the unfolding of the divine powers, and pilots man to a union with God. The great theme Faust proclaims to the world is that of self-culture and self-discipline by the agency of free-will, as the only way to happiness. More and more he brings his physical personality into harmony with the conscious, and with universal, reason. It is a process and a growth, the ever-changing and augmenting of the relations of the individual to reason, the subjection of the individual will to the universal will, and finally to that of the Great Cause. It is a process genetic and evolutionary. He began life wrapped in himself, despairing in abstraction; he seeks happiness in material freedom, ascends to universality, finally is snatched to the bosom of his God, — the evolution continuing even beyond the spheres, amid the shades of the departed.

Faust is accompanied through life by his sarcastic and demoniacal companion, Mephistopheles, — the negative element; the self-cen-

tring tendency; the withering blast of the soul opposed to aspiration; a part of the negative principle of the universe; a part of Faust, but, in the humor of the poet, moving objectively to him. He can be thought of without Faust, but Faust cannot be thought of without Mephistopheles. Being a part of self, Mephisto is manifest in every work of man, in every objective expression of mind, in the objective form meeting in harmony with the negative element of all creation.

With Mephistopheles Faust enters society to find happiness in sensuality. Understanding leads him now. Can he not touch and feel the sensuous? Will not that yield a tangible pleasure? Yes; the price of his soul he will give for this promise of happiness; he will sign the compact, bartering his soul with his life-blood. He enters Auerbach's cellar and the witches' kitchen, yet happiness is not there, not in the satiation of appetite and passion. His spirit refuses to be drawn down by the gross chains of matter. Error stares him in the face again. He retreats e'er the last link in the dooming chain is welded by the diabolic forges; but the clutches of Mephisto hold him. He hopes to find heaven in the clasp of Margaret; the transient joy is gone, the purity of Margaret soiled, yet happiness he has not found. In rectitude of heart she throws her arms of love around his neck; she throws them in a clasp that time and eternity cannot sever.

Led now by woman's love, Faust's upward course is rapid. Although he plunged into the depths of the corruption and misery of society, carrying destruction with him; although he had prowled in the slums of evil on the Brocken, — he had also seen the beautiful side of life, especially in the episode with Margaret. Pity touched his heart; the fountain of sympathy began its flow. The world, after all, is a reflection of the Infinite, as the bow on the rising mist of the cataract is a reflection of the glory of the sun, although the ghosts of the storm dance beneath its arch. To every new resolution Nature prompted him; her zephyrs sent him on new voyages of discovery. Again and again he bursts into ecstasies of joy, — among the mountains withdrawn on whose peaks sits the winter; in the valleys re-echoing with the terrifying fall of the avalanche;



on the meadows ringing with the laugh of silvery brooks drunk with the verdure of spring. From such retreats sprang Liberty. There Mohammed and Buddha received the inspirations of truths which swayed millions. There Christ triumphed over the Tempter. Faust now seeks to replace wrong by right; injustice by justice. He enters the political life of the State, which is in a delirium of corruption, unable to cast off the relics of feudalism and monasticism, or to loose itself from the "dead past's" spectral forms, without the joint aid of Genius and the People pouring from the wild domains of the great Pan. The reformer, statesman, teacher, plies his magic wand. He touches the rocks, and the wealth of Plutus flows in abundance.

Intellectual progress is founded on material prosperity. The action of the two is reciprocal. Wealth implies more than possession of the golden ore; its use must be learned. A people must have its Mississippi schemes and financial crashes. Nor is perfection reached in solitude. The noble mind, separated from society, dies like an Æolian strain pulsing across Nature's unpeopled paradise. The perfection of man is gained by the aspiration of man, by the concentration of the labor of the race. The Montezumas cannot attain it, nor the lonely inhabitant of the Pacific's paradisiac isles. The *kios* of Athens must thrill the ages; the ivy rooted in the Alhambra must climb beyond the Pyrenees; the marble walls of the Taj Mahal must whisper through the corridors of civilization. Evolution is the law; its conditions environ the earth. The wants of advancing man follow in a regular gradation; but in his early development failing to find a response to his spiritual wants in his immediate surroundings, or finding a response only to one phase, he follows the golden thread of Beauty, or takes his flight to dizzy sublimity.

The State in which Faust began his labor as reformer, having a material basis and having its physical wants supplied with abundance, cried for intellectual food and for amusement. Thus ever the solution of one problem presents a new one. The people cry for Beauty, though at first but for the sensuous form. The first problem of the world, — that of matter, — exemplified in the philoso-

phy of Thales, in the philosophy of Hegel ascends to the spiritual. Faust's aspiration leads him to undertake the new Herculean task.

In the nature and the art of Greece, where all tends to concord and harmony, predominates the beautiful to which the harsh North stands opposed. This form and principle of the beautiful, symbolized in the Grecian Helen, Faust strives to bring into the Teutonic world, where spirit has turned upon itself amid its rugged home. Beginning with enthusiasm, he attempts to grasp the object of his transport in its entirety at first sight, but the crash of a thunderbolt hurls him back. He must dive to the depths of antiquity, and not hug a misty superficiality. He becomes a specialist, a Homunculus, with his little flame of imagination flashing to break its confines, finally bursting into a happy union with Galatea. He passes through the classic Walpurgis Nacht, from Ant to Griffin, from the Sphinx to the Sirens, to Helen,—Beauty in its consummation, stretching its tender fibres far into the antiquity of the Orient. He has now passed from the genesis through the unravelling to the realization of beauty. The offspring from the marriage of Faust and Helen—the beauty and freedom of Greece with the revived Teutonic individuality of character, the essence of law from the Romans and the scientific spirit from the Caliphs having been incorporated—is a product that surpasses the highest art of any poet: it is the unrestrainable Euphorion, who strikes his impatient wings almost against the doors of heaven.

Utopia is not yet reached. For Faust there is no such elysium. The finite is in incessant expansion. He passes from form to thought, from thought to deed; he has learned, now he must act. He joins the onward movement of nations, and is their leader, under the ever-increasing conviction that man *can* know Truth, that if sorrow mingles with joy, justice with injustice, folly with reason, it remains a duty to strive in overthrowing the irrational and enthroning the rational,—that conservatism must go with evolution. The fatal gloom cast over him by the sphinx of time is dispelled, and the assurance of the freedom of the will springs from the fountain of his soul. He has sucked “the true, the good, and the beautiful” from all the ages; he sees the future's possibilities in

Progress is without limit. The submarine  
parks of nations, the earth their trumpet,  
their messengers. They read the hieroglyphics  
of the mountains, the handwriting of the  
Orion.

He is a wonderful creation of a master-mind. — a crea-  
tion whose every pulse-beat is an answer to a throbbing of the indi-  
vidual, to a pulsation of the universe. To understand  
his knowledge of Nature, man, and the marvellous, — a  
knowledge that mingled the lonely being of the cave who mingled  
with those of the beast, and the last word which dropped  
from the lips of a Kant. He takes upon himself the work of centu-  
ries, completes it and casts an eye far into the future. He is  
at the same time the race in all its life. What  
human energy did in all the cycle of years, he does  
in a day. Nature out of despair to "infinite hope," from  
pessimism to love and sympathy with all humanity, from pessi-  
mism, remorse delays him not, for bemoaning the past  
and the future. "He who aspires incessantly,  
as the song of the angels that accompany Faust's  
flight to eternity. Faust gives aspiration rein, tears  
the routine of a Wagner, yet chases not the whirling  
of the negative spirit of Mephistopheles cannot  
break away from petrified forms and seeks the  
bound by no habit but the habit of overcoming  
to no authority but the authority of reason.

lamented over the loss of worldly goods; Solomon com-  
pares the vanity of wisdom; Faust searches the thesis of the  
his life justice rules; love and labor meet in the kiss  
shows us the victory of love in reconciling the con-  
the divinity of Nature, the triumph of reason,  
the mission of woman, the immortality of the soul, the

*Philip H. Erbes.*

## NEWTON'S BRAIN.

BY JAKUB ARBES.

*(Continued.)*

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BUT lo! what is that?

Does it not seem to me as though I were listening to gentle sounds of music, and as though a clear stream of light had flitted before me? I rub my eyes, and try to get up. In a few moments I succeed.

I see that I am standing in an arched corridor; there is a door, only half shut, in front of me, and a stream of light comes in through the opening. I really hear music. I advance staggering toward the door. Through the opening I look into a brightly illuminated hall. But my eyes are so dim that I cannot distinguish anything in the hall. But my consciousness is returning. I try to advance, but I stagger again, and have to lean against the wall. In that position I remained about five minutes; then I opened the door a little more, and glanced into the hall.

I now first became fully satisfied that I was standing at the secret door so well known to me, and that the music I heard was coming from the hall, where I saw a considerable number of guests. But how it could have happened that I had wandered for about three hours, as it seemed to me, in the simplest labyrinth of four corridors forming a regular parallelogram; that I had been unable to find the door which was so near,—this I could not explain. At that time, however, I did not trouble myself about solving the enigma; my unusual excitement had not yet ceased, and I was curious, too, to learn who was in the hall, and what would happen next. Putting off my overcoat, and throwing away my hat, I slipped through the door, and remained standing on the sill, leaning against the door-posts.

The large, high hall was splendidly decorated, and illuminated with numberless lights, so that a person could find a grain of poppy-seed on the floor. The first look convinced me that there

was a large and rare company assembled, but a company of men only.

There may have been about two hundred persons in the hall. They sat at tables which were so arranged in a half-circle that a person could easily walk around each table, and from each one could see a black curtain, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, and dividing off a part of the hall. A number of servants were waiting on the guests; others were busy bringing the most varied meats and drinks on silver plates. I was unable to discover where the band of music was placed, but I heard distinctly the soft sounds of a melancholy piece. The band was undoubtedly either in a recess or in some adjoining room. The hall was full of a gentle noise; I heard the murmur of the guests, and the half-stifled calls of the lackeys; but to me all this was one unintelligible rustle, as when a distant waterfall disturbs the silence of the night.

No one seemed to notice me at first, and I was at full liberty to observe the guests. Though I did not know, except by name, a great many of the prominent citizens of Prague, yet I soon found out that the company assembled was a choice one.

Recollecting that the Kinskýs were co-operating with the father of my friend, I was not surprised to see a number of noblemen at one or two of the tables. I recognized one of the Princes Lobkovic, two Waldštýns, a Count of Thurn and Taxis, two Kaunices, the old Count Hanuš of Kolovrat, the Rohans, etc., — noblemen nearly all of whom had frequently been guests of the Kinskýs in the past. All these, and others whose names I did not know, were seated at one end of the half-circle of tables.

Neither was I surprised to find, at the opposite end of the half-circle, Prince Schwarzenberg, the Archbishop of Prague, two canons, the Abbot of Strahov, the generals of the Knights of the Cross and of the Maltese order, the Provost of Vyšehrad, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries; at the next table I saw the parsons of St. Nicholas and of Smíchov, and several other divines whom I did not know.

Next to the tables of the noblemen there were two or three tables where civil and military officers, Bohemian and German

deputies, and governmental and city officials of various sorts, were sitting. Then followed other guests, whom I classed as *savants* and university professors; for I had recognized some of my former teachers among them.

In the Bohemian literary world I knew — at that time — only Pflieger, who was related to my friend, and our beloved poet Neruda, who had been my teacher and my friend's. Both of them, and many others, I found among the guests, engaged in a lively discourse.

Our friends who failed to come to the inn when I invited them were also present, and sat at a table near by that of the men of letters.

I might perhaps have recognized many other prominent personages, had I not been interrupted in my observations. One of the lackeys, passing by, stopped before me. I recognized an old acquaintance of my early years, when I used to be almost an every-day guest in the castle or in the park.

"Come, at last!" he said, in a low voice; and his gray, deep-set little eyes glittered with a peculiar flame. "I must instantly announce that you have arrived. Please step down into the hall, and take a seat at the middle table." He pointed to the table where our friends were seated.

"Why at that table, exactly?" I asked.

"Because it has been so ordered," answered the poor fellow, who had been doing nothing else during all his life but obeying orders.

"But why?"

"I do not know, and I need not know. But it cannot be otherwise. Look how the guests are seated. There noblemen sit in a group; opposite them are the divines; here are the officials, and so forth. 'Each to his fellows,' was our motto. Thus there are seated in separate groups the physicians, lawyers, philosophers, architects, sculptors, actors, opera-singers, painters, musicians, authors, and so on; even the people that have no calling are seated together."

"But why all this? No such ceremonies have ever been observed here!" I remarked.

"They were not, that is true; this time, however, it has been so ordered," the lackey retorted. "Please," he added, in the pleading tone in which only a nobleman's servant knows how to beg without expressing his request in words. While speaking, he pointed again to the table where my friends were sitting.

"Well, I shall obey the order, and take my seat accordingly, to spare you trouble," I said, softened, and walked to the table assigned me, while the lackey went through the hall and quickly disappeared through the main entrance.

The guests paid little or no attention to me. Some turned their heads; others glanced at me; but not having seen me coming in by the main door, they probably thought that I had left the table before and was now returning. Some shook hands with me; others greeted me with a kind smile or a bow of the head.

But before I sat down the gentle music had changed into a deafening *fanfare*. A few moments later the flourish ceased, a greater part of the lights were turned out, and as the black curtain was being drawn, we heard a sonorous voice, saying, —

"The performance begins!"

The eyes of all present were fixed upon the curtain. When the curtain was fully drawn I beheld a platform covered with a black cloth. On the platform stood a low catafalque, supporting a metallic coffin. Around the coffin there was a multitude of beautiful exotic flowers. Large candles were burning on both sides of the coffin. At its head there lay a large laurel wreath; farther down was an officer's hat and sabre; and at the foot, in front, was this simple epitaph: —

FREDERICK WÜNSCHER,

IMP. ROYAL FIRST LIEUTENANT.

BORN ON THE 7TH OF JULY, 1841.

DIED ON THE 7TH OF JULY, 1866.

There was a general surprise.

A stillness so great that the least whisper could have been easily heard spread over the hall. After a few moments the silence was broken by sad, touching voices singing the well-known song of

'*Salve Regina*,' seemingly coming from afar, perhaps from some of the adjoining rooms.

No one spoke a word as long as the singing lasted. Even after the singing ceased, and a dead stillness filled the hall again, no one moved or stirred. Doubtless, for the moment there was no one in the hall, except myself, who was conscious that all this was nothing more than an original opening of an *escamoteur's* performance.

The archbishop rose first of all ; evidently he was the most impatient. But at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew up with a din, and remained hanging in the air between the floor and the ceiling, just as they say the lid is hovering above Mohammed's coffin.

In the uncovered coffin I saw a dead body in the uniform of a military officer. Standing too far off, however, I could not distinctly see the features of the face.

The hall was still buried in silence.

First, after several minutes, one of the guests arose at the table where the physicians and men of science were seated. I at once recognized the expressive face of Dr. Sperlich, of Smíchov.

"Let us examine the corpse!" he said, and walked briskly to the catafalque. His colleagues followed. Then the engineers and the architects arose, then others,— the philosophers and the divines were the last. In a few moments the catafalque was surrounded by nearly all the guests. Only a few of the physicians stood close to the coffin ; all the others looked on from a safe distance, hence it was not difficult for me to get near. Standing at the head of the corpse, I fastened my eyes upon the pale, set face.

It was the same face which I had seen at Nechanice after the battle of Königgrätz. Its likeness to the face of my friend was so striking that after looking awhile at the cold features, I could not help believing that I saw the dead body of my friend.

(To be continued.)

*Translated from the Bohemian by Josef Firi Král.*



A STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE'S 'WINTER'S TALE.'  
CONSIDERED IN CONNECTION WITH GREENE'S 'PANDOSTO' AND  
THE 'ALKESTIS' OF EURIPIDES.

THE following outline for a comparative study of 'The Winter's Tale' consists of suggestions of subjects for papers and hints for the preparation of the papers, together with propositions for discussion, intended to evoke controversy, and to be debated *pro* and *con*.

I. SHAKESPEARE'S INDEBTEDNESS TO GREENE.

*Hints:* The story of 'Pandosto' falls into two distinct divisions: first, the story of Pandosto and Bellaria; second, the story of Dorastus and Fawnia. Compare each of these two stories with the two stories interwoven in the play, noting all the analogous passages and the use Shakespeare has made of them. (Greene's 'Pandosto' or 'History of Dorastus and Fawnia' is to be found in part i. vol. iv. of Collier's 'Shakespeare's Library'.)

*Proposition for Debate:* Shakespeare's borrowed and additional anachronisms and his confusion of names and places show carelessness, and his continuation of the story is merely a playwright's device to join the two parts of the plot and make a good stage piece end happily.

II. THE RESEMBLANCES TO THE 'ALKESTIS' OF EURIPIDES.

*Hints:* In Greene and in Shakespeare the King wishes the Queen's death because he is uncomfortable so long as she lives, and he prefers his comfort to aught else, taking it as his conjugal right and royal prerogative. (See ii. 3, 1 and 204.) The Queen, understanding this, says, "My life stands in the level of your dreams, which I'll lay down." To her she says, "can life be no commodity" when love, "the crown and comfort of her life," is gone. So Alkestis (see any translation of Euripides, in Bohn edition, literal prose translation, vol. i. p. 223) says she "was not willing to live bereft" of Admetos, therefore she did not spare herself to die for him, "though possessing the gifts of bloomy youth

wherein" she "delighted." This point of correspondence may have occurred to Shakespeare and suggested his continuation of Greene's novel. Admetos' image of his wife, that he would have made by the cunning hands of artists, is possibly a prototype of the statue of the Queen in 'The Winter's Tale,' the piece "newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano." Compare, also, Herakles' trial of Admetos with Paulina's trial of Leontes (act v. scene 1); and Herakles' restoration of the unknown Alkestis to her husband with Paulina's bringing the statue of the Queen to life.

*Propositions for Debate:* Shakespeare's use of a striking incident from the 'Alkestis' is too close not to have been suggested by it, and it shows his intention to portray in Hermione a new Alkestis.

### III. SHAKESPEARE'S ORIGINALITY IN WORKING OVER HIS MATERIAL.

*Hints:* Note Shakespeare's departures from Greene and their significance. Do they serve two ends, — make the play more effective for stage representation, make the characters stronger? Does he make Leontes more attractive than Greene does in the first part of the play? Does he make him worse or better than Pandosto in the second part? What is the sole trace left in Shakespeare of the father's guilty passion for his daughter? Garinter, in Greene, dies without any cause. See Shakespeare's explanation of this, also his use of the news of Mamillius' death to strike shame to the king's heart. Greene makes the king relent as soon as he hears the oracle. Contrast Shakespeare's conduct of the scene at this point.

Notice the differences in his treatment of the character of the cup-bearer. Does he make it his chief care to enhance the character of the Queen? Note the new characters introduced, — Paulina, Antigonus, Autolycus, the clown (in place of the wife in Greene). Conjecture any reason for his different names. The introduction of Autolycus makes the play more amusing on the stage, but is his part as well planned as Capnio's for leading up to

the *dénouement*? Greene lets his mariners off alive after they set Fawnia afloat. Shakespeare wrecks his, and makes a bear eat Antigonus, to what end? What does Shakespeare gain by prolonging the life of Hermione?

*Proposition for Debate:* Shakespeare's remodelling of Greene's story shows chiefly a higher ideal than Greene's of womanhood and of love.

#### IV. THE ALKESTIS STORIES IN LITERATURE.

*Hints:* The sacrifice of the Queen to ease her husband, and the final restoration, being the two main points of contact with Euripides' version of the story, compare with these the stories of Alkestis told by William Morris in 'The Earthly Paradise,'—'June;' 'The Love of Alcestis,' by Emma Lazarus, in 'Admetos,'—'Poems,' vol. i.; by Robert Browning in 'Balaustion's Adventure;' by Longfellow in 'The Golden Legend.' See also articles in *POET-LORE*,—'The Alkestis of Euripides and of Browning,' July, 1890; 'Old and New Ideals of Womanhood;' 'The Iphigenia and Alkestis Stories,' May, 1891; 'Longfellow's Golden Legend and its Analogues,' February, 1892. In comparing, note first general resemblances, then slighter points of resemblance and of difference.

*Proposition for Debate:* Development in literature of the ideal of womanhood is away from self-sacrifice and toward self-development.

#### V. THE OUTCAST CHILD IN CULTURE-LORE AND FOLK-LORE.

*Hints:* A few of the outcast children in culture-lore are Krishna, Zeus, Paris, Œdipus, King Arthur, Claribel's child in the 'Faerie Queene' (canto xii.) etc. For the stories in folk-lore, see the English *Folk-lore Journal*. For the solar theory of the origin of this story, see Cox, 'Mythology of the Aryan Nations.'

*Proposition for Debate:* Collier says that Shakespeare changed Greene's pretty description of turning Fawnia adrift in a boat because he had used much the same incident in 'The Tempest.' Shakespeare's new treatment of Greene's "pretty incident" adds dramatic force and moral purpose to the play.

## VI. THE ORIGINALITY OF SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOLYCUS.

*Hints:* For suggestions see POET-LORE, April, 1891 ('Notes and News'). Compare the Hermes of the Homeric Hymn with the Autolycus and Sisyphos of mythology, also the folk-lore tales of the master-thief (Cox).

*Proposition for Debate:* To discuss the probable originality with Shakespeare of a conception which is one of the universal inheritances of the Aryan race is futile; the type existed, and Shakespeare's part was to make an individual of the type.

## VII. a. CHARACTER STUDIES: PAULINA; LEONTES; HERMIONE.

*Hints:* Note Paulina's likeness to Emilia in 'Othello.' Jealousy in Shakespeare: Resemblances in Leontes to Posthumous ('Cymbeline'), and to Othello. "The jealousy of Leontes," says Dowden, "is not a detailed dramatic study like the love and jealousy of Othello. It is a gross madness, which mounts to the brain and turns his whole nature into unreasoning passion." Is Hermione more highly developed than others of Shakespeare's suspected wives,—Desdemona, Imogen? Likeness or superiority to Alkestis. Compare with Queen Katharine in 'Henry VIII.' Is she hard, having made her husband do penance for sixteen years? "Deep and even quick feeling never renders Hermione incapable of an admirable justice," writes Dowden, "nor deprives her of a true sense of pity for him who so gravely wrongs both her and himself."

## VII. b. CHARACTER-STUDIES: THE YOUNG LOVERS.

*Hints:* The high and pure character of their love as shown in the fact that Florizel did not find it fitting to buy pedler's "knacks" for Perdita,—a trait not in Greene. Her independent and uncringing nature as shown in another little touch of Shakespeare (see iv. 4, 453). Compare with Ferdinand and Miranda in 'The Tempest.'

*Proposition for Debate:* Leontes' jealousy is not too gross and unfounded to be likely; Hermione is not hard, but slow to be satisfied, because her love is noble; and Mamillius is not too precocious to be natural.

## VIII. A STUDY OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PLOT.

*Hints:* Has Shakespeare welded the two parts of the story together in such a way as to unify the plot? Does Autolycus contribute anything to the development of the plot? How does it compare with 'Julius Cæsar' or 'Macbeth,' for example, in the construction of the plot? Is the movement more rapid in the last half of the play or in the first? Note the expedient introduced by Shakespeare to bridge over the lapse of time between the first part and the last part; compare with other examples of the same sort in Shakespeare.

*Proposition for Debate:* The dramatic interest of 'The Winter's Tale' suffers because the plot is of less importance than the incidents and characters.

## IX. SHAKESPEARE'S WORKMANSHIP IN 'THE WINTER'S TALE'

*Hints:* The versification is that of Shakespeare's latest group of plays. Dowden says, "No five-measure lines are rhymed and run on lines, and double endings are numerous." Give examples of the construction of the lines from 'Love's Labour's Lost' as an earlier play, 'Merchant of Venice' as a riper play. It has been said that the difficulties of style in the play are accounted for by the endeavor of the author to reflect the changing moods of Leontes. Give examples of this.

*Proposition for Debate:* The lawlessness of poetic workmanship in 'The Winter's Tale,' together with the looseness of the dramatic construction, shows a deterioration from the ripe power of Shakespeare's middle period, rather than that practised artistic mastery which is free from art by means of perfect art.

## X. PERDITA'S GARDEN.

*Hints:* The flower-imagery of 'The Winter's Tale' compared with other flower-scenes in Shakespeare,—in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Hamlet.' The classic and folk-lore allusions. The pastoral element in 'As You Like It' and 'Winter's Tale.'

*Proposition for Debate:* The rustic scenes have little bearing on

the play and yet are necessary to Shakespeare's art in order to throw a clear light on the character of his protagonists.

XI. THE ETHICS OF 'THE WINTER'S TALE.'

*Hints:* 'The Winter's Tale' gives examples of meritorious actions losing their virtue with the progress of ideas; for example, the civic virtue, allegiance to the king, is what Leontes depends upon in his talk with Camillo, with Antigonus, and the other lords. Note Camillo's reason for not poisoning Polixenes to order, — that it is risky to kill a king even at command of a king. That such a reason would be considered small moral support to-day appears, for example, in the indignation or amusement expressed in the newspapers on the young German Emperor's address to his army on the soldier's duty of obedience. In Shakespeare's day a king had taken matters in his own hands in the trial of his wife, much as Leontes did (see 'Henry VIII.'). The moral significance of Hermione's patience under accusation appears in the long reparation she requires. Paulina is made to speak for her during her seclusion. What are the "secret purposes" which Shakespeare makes her subserve? Observe that if the fulfilment of the oracle and the restoration of the child were all Paulina anticipates, there would be no use in her remonstrances against a second marriage and in her goading the king to remorse.

*Propositions for Debate:* 1. Shakespeare's ideal of love and constancy, as revealed in 'The Winter's Tale,' implies that second marriages are offences against the first.

2. His way of telling 'The Winter's Tale' indicates the passing away of aristocratic and the formation of democratic ideals, and the dawning change in the *status* both of woman and the commoner.

P. A. C.

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A NIGHT-SONG OF INVENTION.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF — — — AND \* \* \*.

Do you know, dear \* \* \*, those tall tin ventilators, whose whirring tops sing exasperating songs o' nights as they catch the breeze

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on Boston roofs, — I mean those metal cylinders, to be more exact, set up on Beacon Hill house-tops? Round heads have they, cut in slits to let the air in. Frequently they creak as they turn their noddles, — no doubt you know the sound well.

These domestic organ-pipes haunted my dreams the other night with their vacant chant. Having no mouths, yet spake they; and with naught to say, yet whizzed they in their hollow brains with a ceaseless repetition of resonance. They entered into my doze in the shape of buzzing phantasms, and proceeded to hum out an odd bit of talk wrapped about with an appearance of meaning something vague, yet nothing much after all, I dare say, — nothing but a sermonizing fancy floating loosely about in the restless heat of a summer night.

But, empty morality as it may be, I will tell you what they said, or what they made me dream they said: —

“The wind rolls landward in its sea-car, breathing landward its intimate intelligence of boundless coolness and refreshment; but it awakens in our empty pates only a shrill and purposeless activity. Yes; we receive all the coolness and refreshment of the ocean-message, but we smother it in torridity and irritation. Is it our fault that our purpose is so much smaller than our opportunity? We are as big as the plan of man made us. Commonplace domestic contrivances are we, destined to the convenient and harmless, — only our voices are a little dismal. But we have more terrible brothers, — artificial deflectors, like us, of the good natural voice of the wide world.

“Great forces seethe abroad, and they come sweeping into men’s ken every day, every night, in the sunlight of the market-places, in the watches of the laboratory; wonderful power, refreshing peace, is the breath of their being. Like the summer night-wind, they ride from afar, from the fountains of universal power, and they call and persuade to the joy of the future. Ay; so would they do, these forces of matter and light, potencies of mechanics, chemistry, electricity, hidden properties of the physics of the universe, — so will they do when man is big of purpose as they. As yet the little master somewhat painfully plans a creature of our family, and

conducts the enormous capabilities of the round world through a toying, inadequate invention intended to bring a piece of the greatness down to his sole use. Dreary as ours, through such instruments, is the petty voice of the complaining cheapened force. Its half-accommodated leaking largeness moans discordantly along the trolley wires and rails, vexing with its continuous whizzing plaint the ears and the nerves of the civilization it serves. Yes; thus your brothers frame me and mine to do you a good that you clumsily make half an ill.

“And in a grimmer fashion do you devise deflectors of cosmic force which harass the flesh and weaken the spirit and blight the delight of the senses. Outraged is the beneficence of its power when two races of men employ its impartial service of both to war against each other.

“At a lever's touch, the armored turret revolves and deals destruction; at the throb of a pulse the endless discharge of the Maxim guns flows out in continual death; the smoke-grenades obscure the path of the stealthy troops who prowl along unseen under the malevolent clouds; through the fog the search-light darts its wicked eye; under the harbor the war-serpent dives to undermine the fleet; over the helpless city the war-balloon floats to shower down annihilation. The obedient power that might save the laborer his overstrained body and bitter mind is misappropriated; the quick messenger that might flash genius the world over is thwarted; divided against itself is the potency whose whole fire and music are due to the ends of life and happiness. Force enough, ingenuity enough, to make a heaven of earth is here, only the good-will is lacking and the lofty loving vision.

“Shall the best always lie latent in the inventions of you mortals who make me and mine? Shall the purpose be widened whose small design makes the ingenious invention wasteful of force,—partial where it might work for perfect justice, malignant where it might ease and bless all men forever?

“My little creak disturbs your doze; but behold! it points the way to big visions. I, the ridiculous phantasm of nothing more than a ventilator, figure forth to you in your dreams the lament and



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the desire of all my famous family, — sprites of the Cosmic Force shaped out by the Invention of Man.”

Would you have thought a ventilator had so much moral in him, dear \* \* \* ?

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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— IN an article entitled ‘Browningese’ in the May number of the London *Monthly Packet*, Mr. Arthur D. Innes gives an instance of the literature-learned allusions in Browning, which make the poet really doubly rich, although they sometimes appear to leave the reader doubly poor. Admitting that Browning is not always easy to follow at first sight, Mr. Innes yet adds, —

“It is easy to make too much of the difficulties, and easy also to forget that we do not always take in exactly what Shakespeare, or Milton, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson means, without thinking about it pretty hard. Ruskin, for instance, examines in ‘Sesame and Lilies’ a bit of ‘Lycidas.’ From this what problems and what solutions might have been extracted if only Browning had written it! Of course there are allusions, and reminiscences of other writers, which convey a quite erroneous impression until we have detected what was in the poet’s mind. For instance, in ‘Old Pictures in Florence,’ Browning calls Margheritone of Arezzo

‘You bald old saturnine poll-clawed parrot,’

which I will venture to say that every one misinterprets — not that it matters much — until he remembers ‘Henry IV.,’ Part the Second, —

‘Look if the hoary elder have not his poll clawed like a parrot.  
Saturn and Venus in conjunction.’

Speaking broadly, however, it may fairly be said that the difficulties of style and expression are nothing like as great as they are often made out to be; and, in view of the good you can get by setting them at defiance, it is positively foolish to be daunted by them.”

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## LONDON LITERARIA.

THE republication of Forster’s ‘Life of Strafford,’ under the title of ‘Browning’s Prose Life of Strafford,’ opens up an interest-

ing if somewhat debatable topic. Did the poet write the whole, or almost the whole of the book, or did he simply amplify, rearrange, and annotate Forster's rough manuscript? Dr. Furnivall and Professor Gardiner assert the former; Mr. Charles Kent and others, the latter. Of course, if Dr. Furnivall's memory serves him correctly, there is an end of the matter; for he tells us that on one occasion the poet told him he had "written almost all" of it, — though in a previous conversation Mr. Browning had said, "Forster had begun the life of Strafford, *for which he had made full collections and extracts*; but illness came on, and he could n't work." And Professor Gardiner had also seen a letter of Browning's (now, we are told, no longer extant) in which the poet "claimed his part" of the 'Life of Strafford.' It is a pity this letter cannot be produced, for it might possibly reveal the extent of the poet's "help," and would set the whole question at rest. Of course great weight must necessarily attach to the verdict of critical and technical students; but to the ordinary mind the balance of probability would rather seem to lie in this direction: that Mr. Browning, finding his friend too ill to work, took away the "full collections and extracts" he had made (that is, Forster's *first rough draft of the 'Life'*), rearranged, and annotated them, possibly interpolating sentences here and there. On the face of it, it does seem highly improbable that Browning should have written the whole of the 'Life,' and allowed it to be published and known as Forster's; equally improbable is it, on the other hand, that Forster should have allowed his friend's work to have been palmed off as his own, with no prefatory or other acknowledgment! Again, Dr. Furnivall's theory — that the passage on page 7 of the 'Life,' where we read, "His pen infallibly waddled off from it," read in connection with the "goose critic letter of 1877," where the poet says, "no amount of goose criticism shall make me lift a heel against what waddles behind it," proves that Browning's portion of the work starts from the preceding paragraph — will hardly hold water; for, after all, the "waddle" may have been Forster's, of which word the poet may have retained a lively recollection, even after the lapse of forty years. Then, too, as Mr. Charles Kent has significantly pointed

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out, there is the preface affixed to the first edition of Browning's tragedy of 'Strafford,' in which the poet writes, —

"The portraits are, I think, faithful; and I am exceedingly fortunate in being able, in proof of this, to refer to the subtle and eloquent exposition of the characters of Eliot and Strafford in the Lives of Eminent British Statesmen now in course of publication in Lardner's Encyclopædia by a writer I am proud to call my friend."

Now, it is hardly conceivable that Mr. Browning would have spoken of his own work as "subtle and eloquent;" the rather would he have omitted any reference at all to the matter, — more especially when we consider that, had he written the whole of the 'Life,' the fact would surely have been known to his and Forster's more intimate friends. However this may be, most Browning students will be desirous of obtaining this well-printed and handsomely got-up volume, — if only for the purpose of comparing its "style," for themselves, with, say, Forster's 'Eliot,' or the poet's own 'Essay on Shelley.' It is especially interesting to note that the present reprint is partly due to the generosity of Mr. Dana Estes, of Boston, U. S. A., who offered to share the expense of its republication, which offer was accepted by the London Browning Society.

After a career of something like ten years, *the* Browning Society of London has at length written *finis* upon the record of its work. Some further 'Transactions' are, I believe, to be issued; but for all practical purposes it has now ceased to exist. Whether a complete history of the society and its work will ever be given to the world is doubtful; but a faithful record of its proceedings would prove a not uneventful chapter in the annals of literature.

The society inaugurated a great work; and had it been possible for the original working members to have remained in association (and it is but bare justice that at length a full meed of praise should be measured out to these earlier members, and especially to the first honorary secretary, Miss E. H. Hickey) the result achieved would have been still greater. It hastened by at least five years the somewhat sudden recognition of the poet's genius by the "British public," and it made tardy amends for the apathy and neglect

of a generation of readers. It has now died a natural death ; but it has left behind no inconsiderable body of critical work and annotation, and merits, to say the least, kindly acknowledgment from all students of English literature.

The centenary of Shelley's birth was celebrated with all due ceremonial at Horsham, on August 4, when a public meeting was held in the Albion Hall of that town. Mr. Gosse delivered an excellent address on the poet ; while Shelley lyrics were sung, and a portion of the 'Cenci' read. What may be termed the centenary memorial, however, is somewhat of an ambitious character, the issue of which must be regarded for the present as doubtful. It is proposed to establish at Horsham, the birthplace of the poet, a Shelley Library and Museum, for which a sum of about £10,000 will be required. It may perhaps be questioned whether the little Sussex town is the most fitting *locale* for a Shelley Museum and Library ; but the committee having so willed it, it is to be hoped the necessary amount will in the end be forthcoming. A mural tablet is to be placed in the parish church of Horsham, with the simple inscription of the poet's name, with date of birth and of death. Is the time not yet ripe, however, for a bust or statue in Poet's Corner ? Surely this singer should have a niche in the national Walhalla ; or is clerical intolerance too great a factor in our England of to-day ? By all means, let there be a library and museum at Horsham, and a statue at Oxford ; but until a fitting memorial is placed in Westminster Abbey, due recognition will not have been afforded the memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

*William G. Kingsland.*

LONDON, ENGLAND, September, 1892.

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#### CONTINENTAL LITERARIA.

BJÓRNSTJERNE BJÓRNSON'S 'A Glove,' which was concluded in the June number of *POET-LORE*, is now being published in London and in Paris. The French translation, published in the *Revue d'Art dramatique*, is in the hands of Count Prozor, who has also translated Ibsen's dramas.

Besides these, there is a Spanish and a Russian translation, and a German version by Morio Klingefeldt.

*Morgenbladet* quotes the following from "a London newspaper" :—

"Jonas Lie, at present the most popular of Norwegian novelists, is represented in a late number of Heinemann's International Library by 'The Commodore's Daughters,' translated by Mr. Brækstad and Miss Gertrude Hughes."

Jonas Lie's 'Tobias the Butcher' has been translated into Russian, and is being sold for the benefit of the famished. 'Et Samliv,' by the same author, will also soon be published in the Russian language.

Henrik Ibsen's 'A Doll's House' was given this summer at The Khedive's Theatre in Cairo. Nora Helmer's part was played by the English actress, Janet Achurch. A local paper says that "the house was packed, the performance excellent, and the applause lively." A telegram to *Dagen's Nyheter* (the *News of the Day*, Stockholm), dated St. Petersburg, April 24, says,—

"Ibsen's 'A Doll's House' was given here last night under the title of 'Nora.' Agnes Sorma, of Berlin, had the title rôle, and received ovation upon ovation. The house, seats and standing-room, was completely 'sold out.' Björnson's 'En Hanske' ('A Glove') is still the talk in society. The author's name is on everybody's lips; his portrait and scenes from the play are to be seen in the shop windows and the periodicals."

*Thyge Søgård.*

—BOOK INKLINGS.— "WORK? The quantity of done and forgotten work," says Carlyle, in one of his fine outbursts, "that lies silent under my feet in this world, and escorts and attends me, and supports and keeps me alive, wheresoever I walk or stand, whatsoever I think or do, gives rise to reflections!" The forgotten work, lying not so silent, but rising ever alive and strong in the thoughts of the ages, and giving ever-renewed rise to reflection, offers plain sign of itself in Mrs. Silsby's 'Tributes to Shakespeare.' This pretty little book encompasses a wide span of Shakespeare elegy, and stretches further along the line of contemporary admiration of this dear son of memory than Dr. Ingleby's 'Centurie of Prayse,' or than the anthology of homage given by

Mrs. Stopes in her 'Bacon-Shakespeare Question Answered.' It rescues many verses from scattered nooks in modern newspapers, magazines, and books, as well as from old folios, and a few occasional modern prose passages too, giving a word of Thackeray or Dickens or Emerson or Webster, on the unforgotten work of the favored heir of fame which so eternally "gives rise to reflections." Carlyle's dictum of a grumbling mood — this, namely, which Mrs. Silsby did not quote, "'Her Immortals!'" Scarcely two hundred years back can fame recollect articulately at all; and there she but maunders and mumbles. She manages to recollect a Shakespeare or so; and prates, considerably like a goose, about him" — is gain-said out of his own mouth by an eloquent passage that not even Carlyle himself could call goose-prattle; and Lowell adds confusion to Carlyle's rebutting evidence by furnishing a motto for the whole well-chosen collection which may well recommend the volume to the reader's consideration: "It is really curious that almost all the poets who have touched Shakespeare seem to become inspired above themselves." ('Tributes to Shakespeare.' Collected and arranged by Mary R. Silsby. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892. pp. xvi and 246. \$1.00.) — It is pleasant to find any one so well qualified to speak on the subject as Mr. Walter Fairfax expressing the opinion that Robert Browning is first and foremost a dramatist of the highest order. In his little pamphlet entitled 'Robert Browning and the Drama,' he says, "As far as English literature is concerned, — setting aside Shakespeare, Shelley's 'Cenci,' and Milton's 'Samson Agonistes,' — a selection from its whole wide and opulent range would not furnish a body of eight (or nine) plays equal in combined poetic, dramatic, theatric, and ethic value to the like number with which Browning has enriched the world." Mr. Fairfax has not come to this decision without a profound consideration of the numerous objections which have been urged against the dramas. The objectors, he is convinced, have "touched nothing which concerns the vitals of the drama." In fine, with actors and actresses who can grasp the subtleties of Browning's marvellous character-delineations, and an audience which can bring itself up to a Sophoclean ideal of drama, instead of holding its present pitifully frivolous attitude, the dramas of Browning would be unqualifiedly successful. Thus one more voice, and that one in authority, is added to the voices of those crying in the wilderness; and let us hope with Mr. Fairfax that the imminent change inevitable in the histrionic art of not only England, but America, may be heralded by "the productions of those plays of Browning's which yet await their trial on the stage."

(London: Reeves and Turner. 1891. pp. 20.)—“TRUE thoughts, good thoughts, thoughts fit to treasure up,” is the apt quotation on the titlepage of a daintily gotten-up Browning year-book, from which day by day one may sip a draught of Browning’s “strong brew.” The selections are happily made; but why not have added to the usefulness of the book by giving the citations? Many a layman might be led to read a whole poem a line or two of which had caught his fancy by this simple means; while the thought of hunting through six goodly volumes for the poem containing the lines which had charmed would deter him forever from making the poet’s closer acquaintance. As it is, the initiated will find it an interesting exercise to place the quotations where they belong. (‘Browning Year-Book: Selections for Every Day in the Year from the Prose and Poetry of Robert Browning.’ By C. M. T. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1892. pp. 179. \$1.00.)—IN a pamphlet—‘Tennyson’s Life and Poetry, and Mistakes concerning Tennyson’—Mr. Eugene Parsons has been at infinite pains to correct those errors which somehow creep into the infallible pages of cyclopædias and biographies, and gives a sketch of the poet’s life which it is to be presumed is absolutely trustworthy. The account is meagre enough, and might serve as a proof that the private lives of poets have little in them, as a rule, with which the world at large need concern itself. All that the world is entitled to, the poet generally himself gives in his poetry. The most valuable portion of the pamphlet is the Introduction, which gives a fair bibliography of Tennyson criticism. The corrected list on page 29 of the titles and dates of first publications of all of Tennyson’s works will be found useful, though it would be an improvement if the contents of the volumes containing miscellaneous poems had been added. There is also at the end a list of the translations made from Tennyson into other languages. These include translations into German, Dutch, Danish-Norwegian, Swedish, French, Spanish, Italian, and Latin. The chapter devoted to a review of Tennyson’s work contains some novel criticisms, which, with an intent to be discerning, slights that portion of the poet’s work in which his own especial qualities are paramount, and exalts that in which he struggles with qualities which he only possessed in a secondary degree. It is something like admiring a rose when it looks most like a poppy. (Chicago: Eugene Parsons, 3612 Stanton Ave. pp. 29.)—THE proper procedure furthers actions far more important than itself; and in the lesser yet convenient knowledge of the expedient way to an end, the world of men has been training itself through the centuries until an unfriendly critic

might say the "how to do it" has put the "what should be done" quite absurdly in the shade, as politics and business, the hitherto essentially manly pursuits, sufficiently show. This being so, it becomes the world of women, untrained in the ways and means through the same centuries, to learn how to use, if merely as a weapon of defence, the tactics of corporate engineering. The president of the "Boston Political Class" has made a small book that is really a little arsenal of organization with the principles of parliamentary usage set down, and lessons in drill clearly put forth, — the very manual of all experienced and needful advice for club or committee, or other social organized work. ('The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law. With Practical Illustrations especially adapted to Woman's Organizations.' By Harriette R. Shattuck. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1892. pp. 248. Cloth, 75 cents.)

#### SHAKESPEARE'S "CHILDIRG AUTUMN."

"The Spring, the Summer,  
The childing Autumnne, angry Winter change  
Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed worlde,  
By their increase, now knowes not which is which."

UPON the above passage from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' act ii. scene 1, Mr. Hudson thus comments, "*Childing* here is *teeming* or *fruitful*. In the second line below, *their increase* is the *produce* of the several seasons which is supposed to have become so mixed and confounded that mankind are *bewildered* or in a *maze*."

Shakespeare is here depicting the gradual progress of the seasons, — changes so gradual that the amazed world by their increase now knows not which is which. Spring is followed by summer, the summer by childing autumn merging into angry winter. The change from fruitful autumn to angry winter is hardly the sense intended to be conveyed. Indeed, the explanation of Hudson most forcibly illustrates the remarks of a recent writer that "invention at present is far less busily employed in concocting new readings by conjecture than in squeezing new senses out of old reading by forced interpretations." No passage has yet been produced from any writer to justify the definition of "childing" as "fruitful," and it is to be presumed that none fairly can be.



Mr. White, while rigidly adhering to the text of all modern editors in this passage, writes, "But I am so sure that 'childing' is a misprint for 'chiding' (in allusion to the lowering skies and harsh winds of autumn, as the next epithet figures the increased inclemency of winter), and that Shakespeare wrote, —

'The Spring, the Summer,  
The chiding Autumn, angry Winter, change  
Their wonted liveries,'—

that I wonder that the suggestion has not been made before. 'Childing,' as it is synonymous with 'fruitful,' is directly at variance with the intent of the passage; whereas 'chiding' is as directly in accordance with it." Inasmuch, however, as the conjecture "chiding," first suggested by Pope, was adopted by Capel and Hanmer into their texts, Mr. White's coy claim of the conjecture as original reflects upon his candor, or his mastery of historical criticism. However much we may deem "chiding" superior to "childing" as synonymous with "fruitful," we must acknowledge the phrase to be very tame when followed by "angry winter."

I believe the word "childing" to be a corrupt spelling of the ignorant compositor, a vulgar and strong form of the true reading "chilling." Edward Coote, in 'The English Schoole-Master,' fifteenth edition, 1624, p. 19, writes, "But it is both unusuall and needlesse to write *bibbl*, and *chilld*; to make them differ from *bible* and *child*." It therefore seems extremely probable that "childing" or "chilling" is simply a corrupt spelling of "chilling," formed in the same manner as "oilde" from "oile," and "beholds" from "behowls," which corrupt spellings are found in the folio text of this play. Other instances from old authors are "canvast" for "canvas," "clift" for "cliff," "and" for "an," "hold" for "hole," "talent" for "talon." A passage from Robert Greene's 'Orphanion,' 1599, p. 20, would seem to dispel any lingering doubt as to the proposed emendation, "for the childing cold of winter makes the summer's sun more pleasant."

In this passage, even Mr. Hudson would hardly define "childing" by "teeming" or "fruitful."

A corrupt spelling of a word in the first folio should not be retained in the text to the detriment of its real import. All misunderstanding of the passage is obviated by reading, —

“The Spring, the Summer,  
The chilling Autumn, angry Winter change  
Their wonted liveries, and the amazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which.”

Shakespeare himself seems to sanction the proposed emendation when he writes in 2 ‘King Henry VI.’ ii. 4, —

“And after Summer *evermore* succeeds  
Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping cold.”

*John B. Noyes.*

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## SOCIETIES.

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The Browning Society of the New Century Club, Philadelphia, during its next season, 1892-1893, will carry out the following programme prepared for it by a special committee, of which Mr. Francis Howard Williams is chairman.

### OUTLINE OF PROGRAMME, 1892-1893.

#### ROMANTICISM.

##### FIRST GENERAL MEETING, Nov. 10, 1892.

READING. — Selection from ‘Old Pictures in Florence.’ Browning.

READING. — ‘Ode to a Nightingale.’ Keats.

PAPER. — Ideals of the Beautiful as illustrated in Keats and Browning.

DISCUSSION. — Is Browning consistent in developing his Theories of Art?

##### FIRST STUDY MEETING, Nov. 23, 1892.

READING. — ‘There’s a Woman like a Dewdrop.’ Browning.

READING. — ‘Ode on a Grecian Urn.’ Keats.

READING. — ‘The Blessed Damozel.’ D. G. Rossetti.

READING. — ‘The Garden of Proserpine.’ Swinburne.

DISCUSSION. — Are the Poets of the Pre-Raphaelite School indebted more to Keats than to Browning?

## SONG IN YOUTH.

SECOND GENERAL MEETING, Dec. 8, 1892.

READING. — Selection from 'Pauline.' Browning.

READING. — 'Nothing will die.' Tennyson.

READING. — 'A Balade of Charitie.' Chatterton.

PAPER. — Public Indifference to the Early Utterances of Poets.

DISCUSSION. — Was the Tragedy of Chatterton's Life due to the Lack of Public Appreciation?

SECOND STUDY MEETING, Dec. 22, 1892.

READING. — 'A Toccata of Galuppi's.' Browning.

READING. — 'The Voyage of Maeldune.' Tennyson.

READING. — 'The Eve of Saint Agnes.' Keats.

DISCUSSION. — Do Poets exhibit any Constant Relation between Certain Colors and Certain States of Mind?

## CLASSICISM.

THIRD GENERAL MEETING, Jan. 12, 1893.

READING. — 'Up at a Villa. Down in the City.' Browning.

READING. — 'The Rape of the Lock.' Pope.

PAPER. — The Influence of the Era of Classicism upon the Development of English Poetry.

DISCUSSION. — Has Browning's Work any Relation to the School of Pope?

THIRD STUDY MEETING, Jan. 26, 1893.

READING. — Selection from 'Bishop Blougram's Apology.' Browning.

READING. — Selection from 'The Dunciad.' Pope.

READING. — Selection from the 'Essay on Man.' Pope.

READING. — 'The Good Parson.' Dryden.

DISCUSSION. — Are Pope and Browning entitled to rank among Poets of the First Order in English Literature?

## ELEGY.

FOURTH GENERAL MEETING, Feb. 9, 1893.

READING. — Selections from 'When Lilacs last in the Dooryard bloomed.' Whitman.

READING. — Selection from 'In Memoriam.' Tennyson.

READING. — 'Lycidas.' Milton.

READING. — Selection from 'La Saisiaz.' Browning.

APER. — On the Difference between the Earlier and Later Poets in the Treatment of Death.

DISCUSSION. — Do the Later Poets exhibit Greater Spirituality than their Predecessors in the Treatment of Death?

FOURTH STUDY MEETING, Feb. 23, 1893.

READING. — 'Adonais.' Shelley.

READING. — 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' Gray.

DISCUSSION. — Is 'Adonais' to be ranked spiritually and artistically above the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard'?

DIDACTICISM.

FIFTH GENERAL MEETING, March 9, 1893.

READING. — 'Prospice.' Browning.

READING. — 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.' Wordsworth.

APER. — Browning as Moralist and Lyrist.

DISCUSSION. — Can Poetry become Didactic without losing its Artistic Quality?

FIFTH STUDY MEETING, March 23, 1893.

READING. — Selection from 'Pompilia' ('The Ring and the Book'). Browning.

READING. — 'Overhead the Treetops meet' ('Pippa Passes'). Browning.

READING. — 'In a drear-nighted December.' Keats.

READING. — 'Faustine.' Swinburne.

DISCUSSION. — Is Beauty the Sufficient End of Poetry? Should Poetry be written without a Conscious Ethical Purpose?

SONG IN OLD AGE.

SIXTH GENERAL MEETING, April 13, 1893.

READING. — From 'Parleyings with Bernard de Mandeville.' Browning.

READING. — 'To the Sunset Breeze' ('Good-by, my Fancy'). Whitman.

READING. — 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets' (Part I. Nos. i. xiii. xviii. xxix. and xxxv.). Wordsworth.

APER. — The Correlation of the Poet's Age and the Poet's Work.

DISCUSSION. — Do the Poet's Faculties improve after Middle Life? Is the Notion of the 'Wisdom of the Old' true or false?

## SIXTH STUDY MEETING, April 27, 1893.

READING. — 'Rephan' ('Asolando'). Browning.

READING. — Kate's Song (act i. sc. i. 'The Foresters'). Tennyson.

READING. — 'Crossing the Bar.' Tennyson.

READING. — 'Shah Abbas' ('Ferishtah's Fancies'). Browning.

DISCUSSION. — Were Browning and Tennyson Wise in continuing to sing so late in Life?

The Woodland Mutual Club studies the evolution of Literature as reflected by the most eminent writers of a period, and it has taken for its theme during the session of 1891-92 the literature of the last part of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century, its outline of study being as follows:—

I. Proemial Subjects. 1. French Revolution: General Political Status, Mrs. S. E. Peart. 2. Chief Influences of the Age bearing upon Literature: (a) Preponderance of German Literature; (b) Journalism; (c) Social Status, Mrs. Wallace.

II. History. 1. Niebuhr, Mr. G. P. Hurst. 2. Prescott, Miss Maxwell. 3. Schlosser, Notes by the Club.

III. Biography and Memoirs. 1. Irving: (a) Biography; (b) Travels; (c) Fiction, Mrs. Phillips. 2. Madame Roland, Mrs. Walker.

IV. Poetry and Criticism. 1. Byron, Miss Grant. 2. Coleridge: (a) Poetry; (b) Criticism, Mr. M. Hurst.

V. Poetry. 1. Goethe: (a) Dramatist, Dr. Elizabeth Yates; (b) Poet; (c) Novelist, Mr. Bush. 2. Béranger, Notes by the Club.

VI. The Novel. 1. Jane Austen, Miss Welsh. 2. Balzac. 3. Nicolai Gogol, Mrs. Lawson.

VII. Criticism. 1. Hazlitt, Mrs. Blake. 2. Sismondi: (a) Critic; (b) Historian, Dr. Lawhead.

VIII. Criticism. 1. Macaulay: (a) Critic; (b) Historian, Mrs. Lawhead. 2. Hallam: (a) Critic; (b) Historian, Mr. Simpson.

IX. Philosophy. 1. Fichte, Mr. Hotaling. 2. Hegel, Mrs. S. E. Peart.

X. Philosophy. 1. Schelling, Dr. Lawhead. 2. Comte, Notes by the Club.

XI. The Novel. 1. Charlotte Brontë, Miss Louguenour. 2. Madame de Staël, Mrs. Hurst. 3. Jean Paul Richter, Mrs. Wallace.

XII. Science. 1. Audubon, Notes by the Club. 2. Humboldt, Miss Dick. 3. Hugh Miller, Mr. Crutcher.

XIII. The Drama. 1. Schiller: (a) Dramatist; (b) Historian, Dr. H. M. Fiske. 2. French Drama, Mr. G. P. Hurst.

XIV. Essay. 1. Lamb, Mr. M. Hurst. 2. De Quincey, Miss Vivian.

XV. Poetry and Romance. 1. Scott: (a) Poet, Mrs. Lawhead; (b) Novelist, Mr. Bush. 2. Wordsworth, Mrs. Phillips. 3. Heine, Mr. Simpson.



## IS CHAUCER IRRELIGIOUS?

**T**HE thought of Chaucer as religious, in the accepted sense of the term, is a pleasing absurdity. Mr. Lounsbury's recent monograph, however, has raised a query about the relation of Chaucer to the religion of his time. It is the work of a profound student. No stone has been left unturned to prove Chaucer irreligious. For my own part, although I agree with Mr. Lounsbury in most particulars, I should like to lay the stress a little differently. I shall try to restate the whole question more briefly, from a less scholarly standpoint, to prove Chaucer, in a special sense, religious. This is begging the question. Mr. Lounsbury has declared Chaucer pre-eminently a man of letters and an artist in his profession, and he has explained the poet's philosophy; but in support of Chaucer's twofold ability as critic and as artist, I would dwell even more forcibly, if possible, upon a twofold influence of historic significance; namely, contemporary art in Italy, and the development of rationalism in religion.

Readers of Chaucer are familiar with the religious figures of Monk, Friar, Pardoner, and Summoner of the 'Canterbury Tales,'

and also with the religious plots of the tales told by the Second Nun, the Prioress, and the Man of Law ; but such plots and such characters, drawn from the fourteenth century, proclaim nothing specific of the religious views of Chaucer. He was a literary artist, employing them as elements in his landscape. A train of pilgrims winds over the greensward of the fourteenth century as suitably as the whizzing electric car dashes over the pavements in a busy metropolis to-day. From the theatrical standpoint, the Monk's hood and the Knight's "habergeoun" are merely significant "properties" of a picturesque age. Religious subjects and religious characters in literature were photographed from the life of the times. In the days when the pupils and followers of Giotto in Italy were painting religious subjects with consecrated fervor ; when Andrea Orcagna was painting the walls of Campo Santo ; when Simone Memmi was painting the portrait of Petrarch's Laura ; when Taddeo Gaddi was combining the skill of an architect with that of a painter, — in those days art itself was distinctly religious. Art was religion, and religion was art.

"As yet the purposes to which painting was applied were almost wholly of a religious character. No sooner was a church erected than the walls were covered with representations of sacred subjects, either from scriptural history or the legends of saints. Devout individuals or families built and consecrated chapels ; and then, at great cost, employed painters either to decorate the walls or to paint pictures for the altars." \*

So it becomes easy to understand how a different sort of religious zeal in England stamped the age of Chaucer the Poet and Wycliffe the Reformer.

Before turning to the English Reformation, however, I wish to touch upon a historic fact of great importance in discussing the religion of Chaucer ; namely, the development of rationalism in religion throughout Europe. For three centuries the sense of the miraculous had been declining steadily in Europe. This was shown in Italian art by a growing movement from the worship of an object of art for religion's sake to the worship of the object for its

\* Mrs. Jameson's 'Early Italian Painters,' p. 55.

own sake. Fetichism was giving place to idolatry; and, finally, idolatry itself was yielding to the inpouring revival of learning. Greek ideals were coming to take the place of loathsome and painful religious subjects. But side by side with this advance in art was a growing immorality among the Italian people. Religion, no longer the mistress, became subservient to art, until Savonarola came with "scathing invectives against the artists who had painted prostitutes in the character of the Virgin, who under the pretext of religious art had pandered to the licentiousness of their age, and who had entirely forgotten their true dignity as the teachers of mankind." \* A century earlier than this came Dante, who, Mr. Lecky says, "may be regarded as the most faithful representative of that brief moment in which the renewed study of the pagan writings served only to ennoble and refine, and not yet to weaken the conceptions of theology." † Dante succeeded in fusing religious imagery with belief itself, thereby contributing in verse a sombre grandeur to Christian art; yet his poem was "the last apocalypse." From that time on, various seeds of rationalism continued to sprout in the fields of art and literature. The study of ancient authors, what Bacon calls "delicate learning," was being inaugurated. Such an age of enthusiasm in religious art and of revival in learning produced Chaucer. Chaucer in England, following close upon Dante in Italy, may be regarded as moulded by this twofold influence of Italian art and of growing rationalism in matters of belief.

Without seeking further, the purely historical influences at work explain Chaucer's sceptical views, his lack of profound reverence in treating religious subjects, and his "interest in doctrinal theology" ‡ (such as it may have been). I cannot believe that Chaucer's interest in "doctrinal theology" was anything but superficial; yet at the same time I believe him to have been profoundly ethical in our modern sense. I shall leave this phase of rationalism for later illustration from Chaucer's writings, and turn now, for

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\* Lecky's 'Rationalism in Europe,' chap. iii. p. 260.

† Ibid., p. 248.

‡ Lounsbury's 'Chaucer,' vol. ii. chap. vi. p. 531-533.



further external evidence, to Mr. Lounsbury's very original treatment of Chaucer's attitude toward Wycliffe.

After marking out several religious poems wrongly attributed to Chaucer, Mr. Lounsbury says,—

"Much did the worthy Fox, in his 'Acts & Monuments of the Church,' marvel at the folly and blindness of the bishops in suffering the poet's works to be read and circulated. Much did he praise the skill, in which, veiling his meaning under shadows, he succeeded in so suborning truth that privily, we are told, it profited the godly-minded, and yet was not espied of the crafty adversary. Much was he disposed to believe the report, though it came to him in a roundabout way, of certain persons who had been brought to the true knowledge of religion by reading the works of Chaucer."\*

Fox claiming Chaucer as endowed with "the true knowledge of religion,"—how striking a statement! What modern reader can imagine Chaucer a Puritan? This question must be answered later. It is essential, first of all, to dispose of the implication contained in Fox's premise of Chaucer's hostility to the Church; namely, that he was a Wycliffite. I can do no better than to summarize, as briefly as possible, Mr. Lounsbury's course of argument.

In the first place, any dissident from the Established Church would have been careful to speak guardedly upon matters of faith. Since Chaucer was not a professed religious reformer, he might attack, under the guise of irony, certain orders in the Church, but never the faith itself. Still, even if Chaucer painted Wycliffe in the character of the good parish priest in the Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' this fact does not proclaim the great poet that Protestant whom the Reformers of the sixteenth century desired to make him. In their zeal to claim him as a Wycliffite, they even attributed to him certain poems which were particularly bitter in the denunciation of practices prevalent in the Church of Rome; such as the 'Pilgrim's Tale' and the 'Plowman's Tale,' and also the prose piece, 'Jack Upland.' Modern advocates who insist upon Chaucer's hostile attitude to the Church of Rome rate him as

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\* Lounsbury's 'Chaucer,' vol. ii. chap. vi. p. 463.

a follower, not as a leader, of Protestantism. Amid so much conjecture the only possible evidence is to be found in Chaucer's genuine writings, and here it is very much mixed.

“Chaucer, in describing the misdoings of his clerical characters, used only the commonest of commonplaces about them. It is a strained inference to make him a Wycliffite because his genius enabled him to use them with more skill and effect than others. If attacks in particular upon the avarice and immorality of the friars prove a man a follower of the great Reformer, there were many Wycliffites before the Reformer was born. The satirical literature of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is full of the grossest charges against their character. It does not take the shape of vague insinuation, but of direct assertion.”\*

Again, Chaucer is so little of a Reformer “that he has not even the Reformer's belief in the necessity of uttering his beliefs.”† He is, first and foremost, a man of letters. Through him “we know the inner life of his times as we know no other period in early English history.”‡ His views about subjects other than religious are declared in the same indirect way. Whenever he moralizes at all, he is careful to remove all sting of reproof. He speaks with contempt of “the gentility that is based upon position and descent, and not upon character. But his contempt is invariably good-humoured, and little calculated to provoke resentment.”§ Chaucer could not be caustic, because there was nothing bitter in his nature. His literary cloak of calmness has effectually concealed his precise attitude toward the burning questions of his day; but the temper of the poet is obvious. “He lived and moved in the dry light of the literary atmosphere, free from the passions that stirred the hearts of his contemporaries and the prejudices that warped their judgments.”|| Intellectual clear-sightedness, rather than emotional intensity, lay at the source of his creative power. Still, he may have agreed with some of Wycliffe's religious tenets, especially as “he was a soldier, and his sympathies [Mr.

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\* Lounsbury's 'Chaucer,' vol. ii. chap. vi. p. 467-468.

† *Ibid.*, p. 471.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 473.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 475.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 478.

Lounsbury says] lay naturally with the military order," though he was no reformer himself.

"Chaucer's views accordingly, so far as they are connected at all with those of Wycliffe, can easily be summed up in a few sentences. He sympathized with the military party in the state, as opposed to the ecclesiastical. In the divisions prevailing in the church, he sympathized with the secular clergy as opposed to the regular. In the case of the two principal bodies constituting the latter, his hostility was greater towards the friars than towards the monks — so far, at least, as we are justified in imputing to him any feeling of the nature of hostility. Upon all these points he doubtless approached Wycliffe and all those who shared in Wycliffe's sentiments. This agreement in opinion, however, is very far from making him a follower of the Reformer." \*

If Chaucer's sympathies lay with the military party in the State as opposed to the ecclesiastical, I can explain it only on grounds of rationalism; for certainly Chaucer's sympathies as an artist dealt alike with all his pilgrims, whether Monk or Friar, Knight, or Sergeant of the Law. I think, however, that the Knight, who may be deemed a military figure, is drawn with a peculiarly affectionate touch. The man of letters admires this man of action; and after recounting his "mortal batailles," he is glad to say of him, —

" And though that he were worthy, he was wys,  
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.  
He nevere yet no vileyne ne sayde  
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.  
He was a verray parfit gentil knyght."

Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales': 68-72.

This extreme rationalism in Chaucer — a rationalism which Fox detected, but did not fathom — created, perhaps, the impression of hostility to the Church. Yet this apparent sympathy with Wycliffe's cause was not sufficiently marked to condemn Chaucer's works to the general proscription of literature; for, as Milton says in his defence for the liberty of unlicensed printing, "about that time Wicklef and Husse growing terrible were they who first drove

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\* Lounsbury's 'Chaucer,' vol. ii. chap. vi. p. 484.

the Papall Court to a stricter policy of prohibiting." \* In this connection, it is interesting to read that before the downfall of the Roman Church in England, Fox and the Reformers of the sixteenth century were surprised "at the blindness of the bishops in suffering the poet's works to be read and circulated." † In an open Parliament, the antiquary Thynne reports, "when talk was had of books to be forbidden, Chaucer had there forever been condemned, had it not been that his works had been counted but fables." ‡ That Henry VIII. "exempted by name" § certain productions of Chaucer and of Gower "from the operation of the act of parliament of the 34th and 35th" || is also interesting. Evidently Chaucer's writing was not deemed consequential in matters of faith; his rationalism was merged in his art.

Just as Dante's religious fervor made the mystical religious magery of his faith a living reality, so Chaucer's rationalistic sanity presents human life in its growing changes. He is sequential where Dante is consequential. Chaucer's special message is the doctrine of change, or of evolution, as we call it now. Again and again he repeats the same sentiment under different forms. Internal evidence is not lacking. Take any of the following passages as examples:—

"But litel whyl it lasteth, I yow hete,  
Joye of this world, for tyme wol nat abyde;  
Fro day to nyght it changeth as the tyde."

'Man of Law's Tale': 1132-1134.

"Ther nys no newe gyse, that it nas old."

'Knight's Tale': 1267.

"The brode ryver somtyme wexeth dreye.  
The grete townes seen we wane and wende.  
Then may ye see that al this thing hath ende."

'Knight's Tale': 2166-2168.

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\* 'Areopagitica.'

† Lounsbury's 'Chaucer,' vol. ii. chap. vi. p. 476.

‡ Ibid., vol. i. chap. iv. p. 463.

§ Ibid., vol. ii. chap. vi. p. 476.

|| Ibid., p. 476.

" He moot ben deed, the kyng as schal a page ;  
Som in his bed, som in the deepe see,  
Som in the large feeld, as men may se."

' Knight's Tale : ' 2172-2174.

" Joye after woo, and woo after gladnesse."

' Knight's Tale ' : 1983.

Chaucer's whole art is sequential. Quite simply, with the simplicity of highest art, it is as sequential as Nature herself. Who can fail to detect the quaint charm of such lines as the following ?

" The norice of digestioun, the slepe,  
Gan on hem winke, and bade hem taken kepe,  
That muchel drink and labour wol han reste."

' Squire's Tale ' : 347-349.

The poet's keen sense of fact, together with his simplicity of style, at times produces a semi-comic effect, as, indeed, he seems to have intended. His great perfection in detail, his careful metres, and his exquisite choice of words, reveal a studied simplicity which an imitator finds far from simple. The greatest difficulty in all imitation is the reproduction of the personal note ; and this personal note in Chaucer's case would seem to be a certain expression of rationalism, or a tincture of practical philosophy. Take as specimen this monosyllabic line, " He moot ben deed, the king as schal a page." It is perfectly simple and perfectly imitable. In the Prologue of the ' Nun's Priest's Tale,' he writes facetiously, —

" Wher as a man may have noon audience  
Nought helpeth it to tellen his sentence." 3991, 3992.

Two lines in the ' Clerk's Tale ' express a very modern sentiment : —

" For though we slepe or wake, or ronne, or ryde,  
Ay fleeth the tyme, it nil no man abyde." 118, 119.

Such maxims merely serve to indicate the philosophic bias of a *hauteur* ; for he carefully avoids " great disputisoun." In one instance, in the ' Nun's Priest's Tale,' where he actually has touched

upon the doctrine of "fre choys" (free will) and the conflicting theory of predestination, he suddenly concludes that he —

" . . . ne can not bulte it to the bren,  
As can the holy doctor Augustyn,  
Or Boece, or the bischop Bradwardyn —" 419-421;

and so he breaks off with two extremely characteristic and very significant lines : —

" I wol not han to do of such mateere ;  
My tale is of a cok, as ye schul here." 430, 431.

The artistic instinct in Chaucer suddenly asserts itself and dismisses grave philosophy with a mock. Yet Chaucer is philosopher as well as poet, and the joy of living is his constant theme. Is this, then, the poet's only religion ?

Since Chaucer, if religious at all, has concealed the fact so scrupulously that the internal evidence afforded by the extracts already quoted is insufficient to prove him so, it may be possible, at least, to prove him irreligious. The first method which naturally suggests itself would be an investigation of his religious poems. His poems upon religious subjects are numerous. Those ' Canterbury Tales,' already mentioned, the tales told by the Second Nun, by the Prioress, and by the Man of Law, deal with themes distinctly religious ; but here, as usual, Chaucer is concerned with draping and painting his characters to appear upon the stage, rather than in inventing unusual motives to direct their action. Saint Cecilia and Dame Constance are ready-made characters. Chaucer's only business is to see that they make their entrances and exits properly on this mediæval stage of religious mythology. Like the great dramatic poet not yet born, Chaucer does not scruple to avail himself of ready-made plots ; and he also avails himself of ready-made characters. His whole function is that of the artist. He uses the material at hand ; but he knows how to reject what is useless for his art. True artist as he is, he watches his times and represents them accurately. He has no intention of surrendering to the intense religious fervor of his brother Reformers. They have their work ; he his. He is the

great scene-painter of the fourteenth century, the narrative-poet, the consummate artist : for the height of art is to recognize limitations. Chaucer attempted nothing which he could not perform ; and so he was master of what he did. The man is so completely merged in the artist that, to prove Chaucer either religious or irreligious, one must catch him unawares ; and the poems distinctively religious yield no such possibility. As a good example of a poem distinctly religious in tone, take Chaucer's 'Orisonne to the Holy Virgin,' or, better yet, his 'A. B. C.' The ingenuity of this latter poem might seem to cast a certain suspicious doubt upon the genuineness of the piety which it clothes ; yet there is no departure from a proper expression of conventional religion. It is markedly conventional, however ; and it is characteristic of the "nothing too much" of the poet. His absolute self-control in such matters of belief would seem to argue indifference, rather than to prove him either religious or irreligious. Certainly it is impossible to convict him of irreligion through any investigation of his religious poems.

May it then be possible to catch him off guard in some poem not distinctly religious? The indirect evidence of certain passages which seem like bursts of personal conviction will carry far more weight than any dissection of his various religious poems. Mr. Lounsbury thinks he has detected a growing change in Chaucer's religious philosophy. He has admitted already, however, that there is absolutely no proof of Chaucer's religion, even in his writings ; that it must all be conjecture, or, at best, *a priori* judgment. As negative proof, Mr. Lounsbury quotes two very interesting passages. He thinks that they may be taken to prove Chaucer a thorough-going agnostic. The first, from the 'Legend of Good Women,' opens that poem as follows : —

" A thousand tymes I have herde telle  
That there ys joy in hevене, and peyne in helle,  
And I acorde wel that it ys so ;  
But, natheles, yet wot I wel also,  
That ther is noon dwellyng in this countree,

That eythir hath in hevene or helle ybe,  
Ne may of hit noon other weyes witen,  
But as he hath herd seyde or founde it writen;  
For by assay ther may no man it preve."

Here indeed is the spirit of "search all things," combined with an almost reckless irreverence in handling sacred things. Nothing about the future life, Chaucer says, must be believed without proof positive; one man knows as much about it as another; and, meanwhile, this is a very interesting world to live in. The other lines, taken from the 'Knight's Tale,' seem to Mr. Lounsbury very "important" as attesting the poet's lack of belief in things divine. To many readers, I fancy, they are less significant than those just quoted. After describing Arcite's death, Chaucer makes the following comment:—

" His spirit changed hous, and wente there,  
As I came nevere, I kan nat tellen wher.  
Therefore I stynte, I nam no divinistre;  
Of soules fynde I nat in this registre,  
Ne me ne list thilke opinions to telle,  
Of hem though that they writen wher they dwelle." 2809-2814.

These lines are simply the further expression of a sentiment announced by Chaucer time and again,—his doctrine of change. He recognizes the mysterious element of change in earthly things, and he assumes its existence in spiritual things also; but he cannot tell how: he is "no divinistre." In the same inconsequential manner Chaucer touches the subject of astrology, which really was a matter of religion in those times. The following passage from the 'Man of Law's Tale' is, in this connection, particularly significant:—

" For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,  
Is writen, God wot, who so coude it rede,  
The deth of every man, withouten drede." 194-196.

Chaucer accepts the popular faith in astrology as he finds it; but he continues, —

In sterres, many a winter ther-biforn,  
Was writen the deth of Ector, Achilles,  
O. Pompei, Julius, er they were born;



The stryf of Thebes ; and of Ercules,  
 Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates  
 The deth ; but mennes wittes ben so dulle,  
 That no wyght can wel rede it atte fulle." 197-203.

What significant lines ! Here Chaucer plainly implies the insufficiency of the astrological faith, and ascribes that insufficiency, not to astrology itself, but to man's understanding of it. "But mennes wittes ben so dulle,"—here speaks Chaucer the man. People in the world are too stupid, too befogged by passion and prejudice, to *see clearly*. Chaucer gives the best possible exposition of his own clear-sightedness by painting a picture of his world exactly as he found it, without severe complaint or undue approval. Such an attitude cannot prove him irreligious.

If the internal proof afforded by Chaucer's genuine writings is insufficient to prove him either religious or irreligious in the usually accepted sense ; if he was merely the apostle of the gladness of life, *la joie de vivre*, as Mr. Lounsbury depicts him ; if he was pre-eminently a man of letters, with no thought beyond his immediate art,—how can he be deemed "religious" in any special sense? I shall return to his twofold aspect as artist and as critic.

Chaucer as a critic of life was peculiarly sceptical, delicately ironical, and ostensibly irreverent. This latter trait, it may be, has led Matthew Arnold to accuse our poet of lack of "high seriousness." Otherwise it would seem an incapacity on Mr. Arnold's part to distinguish between the poetry of spring and that of ripe summer. Apple-blossoms are more evanescent than June roses. Chaucer loved the spring. He was, moreover, a poet of the spring-time of the English people, in the days when every one went a-maying. He was content to leave a more autumnal philosophy to develop "high seriousness" in Robert Browning and the philosophers of the nineteenth century ; and the summer of Shakespeare's genius had not yet come. Chaucer was naïve, but he also was shrewd. His sanity seems absolute. How remote he was from monomania, how keenly observant of this effect of religious zeal in others, may be seen in five lines of the 'Clerk's Tale':—

“ But ther ben folk of swich condicion,  
That, when they have a certein purpos take,  
They can nat stinte of hir entencioun,  
But, ryght as they were bounden to a stake,  
They wol nat of that firste purpos slake.” 701-705.

Chaucer, say his critics, always seems to be “laughing in his sleeve.” This means, I think, that he is heart-full of a sort of provoking humor which gives no room for bitterness or sadness. He is sceptical, as a good artist should be; but his cynicism is only skin-deep. His temper is remote from that of the cynic, who, with a bitter heart, has resolved to find life an enormous joke. He preaches a happy rationalism,—if such a poet may be said to preach at all. He is, however, a literary man; a spectator, not an actor. He describes life as he sees it; but his clear-sightedness is too kindly to permit him to describe the foibles of his fellow-mortals without tempering his criticism with some show of sympathy. This line, for instance, from the ‘Knight’s Tale,’ may be termed “Shakespearian”: “For gentil mercy aughte passe right.” Who does not recognize this as Shakespeare’s, “The quality of mercy is not strained,” etc.?

In another place, Chaucer, who usually is most earnest in his praise of women, has been indulging in a little sly banter at their expense; but he takes pains to put it all in the mouth of the cock, adding as further qualification,—

“ These been the cokkes wordes, and not myne;  
I can noon harme of no womman divine.”

‘Nun’s Priest’s Tale’: 444, 445.

He never allows himself to become brutally frank. He wishes to enjoy his corner of observation in peace, not to be dragged thence by insulted fellow-beings. This should justify his seeming hypocrisy in stating in the Prologue to the ‘Canterbury Tales’ that “Purse is the archdeacon’s hell,” and then qualifying such a statement by a *double-entendre* about the slaying power of a curse and the saving power of absolution. From the frequent occurrence of just such contradictory sentiments, one must conclude, either that Chaucer held no serious views of morality at all, or that he was ethical in an unusual degree. I prefer the latter solution.

In a way, both of these conclusions are correct. As an artist, Chaucer has no use for the moral element. As an artist, he is obliged to examine live issues and to note their effect upon his fellow-beings. In consequence of such observation, his keen intelligence might amuse itself by playing with theories, setting them forth in opposing lights; and this is precisely what Chaucer has done. But the fact remains, he never plays long with any one theory. His attack upon celibacy, as Mr. Lounsbury terms it, is perhaps more nearly a personal indorsement of a theory than anything which Chaucer has touched. What Mr. Lounsbury says of "his interest in doctrinal theology," however, seems too far-fetched. His interest is purely intellectual, not personal nor emotional. His mind is like that of a growing child who asks, "Who made God? Did another God make Him? And if another God made Him, who made the other God?" Then a sunbeam falls across the floor; and the child rushes out-of-doors to see what caused *that*, and the earlier question is forgotten. So with Chaucer. His intellect was searching and questioning, not formulating. He was clear-sighted in the interests of art, not of morality. Though his interests were ethical in a degree unusual in those days, he did not formulate for himself a complete moral theory of life. He was too purely an artist for that.

Let me illustrate by a few lines from the Clerk's Prologue, where Chaucer expresses his impatience at long prefaces. The Clerk has been sounding the praises of "Fraunceys Petrark, the laureate-poete," who taught him this tale. Then he gives the following reason for omitting to follow the example of "this worthy man," Petrarch, in writing a rambling preface:—

"And trewely, as to my Jugement,  
Me thinketh it a thing impertinent,  
Save that he wol conveyen his mateere,  
But this his tale is, which that ye may here." 53-56.

Chaucer then presents his judgment that the display of Petrarch's scholastic knowledge is a clog to the actual story; and so, after his own fashion, he deliberately simplifies the tale by omitting such a preface. It may be suggested, in passing, that Chaucer's critical

judgment, combined with his poetic art, tends toward confirming the theories of Oscar Wilde and the modern school of critics, to whom the supreme critic is also the supreme artist, the artist embodying the dual personality of critic and creator. This is specifically true of Chaucer. His insistence upon the form of his work; his sharp recoil from each philosophical digression, and his expurgation of everything "impertinent" to the subject,—these are tokens of the careful criticism to which the poet subjected his own work.

To-day we are apt to say that religion is putting oneself in line with the universe; that faithful observance of natural law, together with earnest devotion to some special pursuit, constitutes morality; that this is religion in a special sense. Chaucer's philosophical inquiry, which, though often masked in irony, keeps breaking out in all his writings, shows him in line with the most advanced thinkers of his time,—if not far ahead of them. His philosophy may seem of the material order, especially in such a comment as this:—

"And whyl we seken thilke divinitee,  
That is yhid in hevene privily,  
Algate ybrend in this world shul we be."

'Second Nun's Tale': 316-318

But he is not a thorough-going evolutionist; for he says elsewhere:

"For God it woot that children ofte been  
Unlyk her worthy eldres hem bifore;  
Bountee comth al of God, nat of the streen  
Of which they been engendred and ybore."

'Clerk's Tale': 155-158.

Chaucer believed in his art: he lived in it and perfected it. The morality of such devotion is indisputable. In a different way from the Italian painters who were his contemporaries, he yet made a religion of his art. Let me apply the epigram of a modern ethical writer,\* to prove Chaucer religious in a special sense, since "religion is poetry believed in."

*Eleanor Baldwin.*

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\* C. C. Everett in 'Poetry, Comedy, and Duty.'

## THE POETS-LAUREATE.

**I**N the olden days when gods walked upon earth and made love to mortal maidens, Delos' rocky isle blossomed with golden flowers in honor of the nativity of Apollo; and the earth, we are told, smiled at his coming. As was natural from the circumstances of his advent and his office as God of Light, Prophecy, Poetry, and Music, Apollo was occasionally pretentious; and on one of these occasions he ridiculed the archery of Cupid. Whereupon the dangerous little god took from his quiver two arrows, — one of gold, the other of lead, and as different in their effects as in their material. With the golden arrow he wounded Apollo, who was immediately inflamed with an ardent affection for Daphne, a maid of Thessaly. The leaden arrow found lodgement in the tender breast of the maiden, who at once evinced the strongest dislike toward her divine lover, and at his approach darted away like a hunted deer. He called upon her in the most endearing accents, he implored her to listen to his wooing; but she stopped not, she listened not, until, faint with fatigue, and realizing that she could hold out no longer, she called on the gods for aid. Hardly had the prayer left her lips, when a heavy torpor seized her limbs; and as Apollo threw out his arms to embrace her, a laurel-tree stood in her stead. He sorrowfully crowned his head with its leaves, and vowed that in memory of his love it should remain ever green and be held sacred to him.

“T is sung in ancient minstrelsy,  
That Phoebus wont to wear  
The leaves of any pleasant tree  
Around his golden hair;  
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit  
Of his imperious love,  
At her own prayer transformed, took root—  
A laurel in the grove.  
Then did the Penitent adorn  
His brow with laurel green;  
And 'mid his bright locks, never shorn,

No meaner leaf was seen ;  
And poets sage, through every age  
About their temples wound  
The Bay."

So wrote one, himself a poet sage, himself a Laureate, William Wordsworth.

Every schoolboy who has groaned over Ovid's version of ancient things knows that the coronation of poets was customary before the days of Homer, and is coeval with poetry itself. Daphne's disappointed lover was the first Poet-Laureate.

In the matchless days of the Augustan era, it is said that both Virgil and Horace received the envied distinction of the laurel crown. As the Sibylline books were consulted for indications of the divine will, so the poems of Virgil, in early times, were opened at random for instructions. It is said that the Emperor Alexander Severus was encouraged by happening upon the passage in the *Æneid* which bids the Roman "rule mankind and make the world obey." If all his poetic efforts before the imperial audience proved as profitable as his lines in memory of Augustus (bk. vi. 868-886), he had no cause to complain of non-appreciation. The Emperor's sister Octavia (the mother of Augustus) was so overpowered by the pathetic tributes to her son, and the poet's effective manner of reciting them, that she swooned away, and when she recovered, ordered ten thousand sesterces (about \$500) to be paid him for each line. The laurel not only crowned the brow of Virgil when living, but stood, a constant mourner, at his tomb near Naples, — a Mecca for poets and travellers, who brought away as priceless relics leaves from the fadeless sentinel. It was said that Saint Paul wept over the ashes of the heathen poet, grieving that he came too late to convert him to Christianity.

Through the influence of Mæcenas primarily, and afterward for his own qualifications, Horace was admired and favored by Augustus. In a letter to Mæcenas the Emperor tenders Horace the post of private secretary, — "Ante ipse sufficiebam scribendis epistolis amicorum; nunc occupatissimus et infirmus, Horatium nostrum a te cupio abducere."

The Fourth Book of Odes seems to have been Horace's special work as Poet-Laureate. In it he celebrates the triumphs of Augustus over the Gauls, his return to Rome, the victories of the Emperor's step-sons, Drusus and Tiberius, the conquest of Lollius, etc. In the last-named Ode he reasserts that the only path to immortality is through the poet's art, and this immortality he promises to Lollius. "The memory of those whom they celebrate," he says, "descends to after ages with the numbers of the bard, while, if a poet is wanting, the bravest of heroes sleeps forgotten in his tomb." Kings, wise and powerful, may have lived and ruled before Agamemnon, but they are forgotten.

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi ; sed omnes illacrimabilis  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.  
Paulum sepultæ distat inertię  
Celata virtus."

Some authorities assert that the *title* of Poet-Laureate originated in Germany in the twelfth century. Henry V. is said to have crowned his historian Poet-Laureate ; and Frederick I. honored Gunther, the monk, in a similar way for having celebrated his deeds in verse. Be this as it may, no great importance was attached to the title or ceremony anywhere until the year of 1341, when Petrarch was crowned in the Roman capitol, by order of the King and Senate and with the sanction of the people, "in especial recognition of his quality as poet." The inspirer of Petrarch's verse, if we may trust to his frequent lamentations over her coldness, was Laura by name and Daphne by nature. Critics have pronounced her a myth, a poetical abstraction, a something dwelling only in the vague recesses of the poet's imagination, and evolved to give the appearance of substance to his verse. But the Sonnets seem clear enough on this point ; they evidence a love refined, but not spiritual, entirely earthly, but removed from grossness. In the same fashion, the guiding star of Dante's genius, Beatrice, has been pronounced an incorporeal substance, a vision of theology, though in his 'Vita Nuova' the author tells who she was,

where and when he first met her, and the year, day, and even hour of her death.

Tasso died the day before his proposed coronation (1595).

There is no record of the coronation of a Poet-Laureate among the French, though it is probable they had court poets.

The Spanish had the title of Poet-Laureate, though their authors tell us little about the office or its holders. Cervantes makes Sancho Panza speak to his donkey in the following consoling strains, when they had both fallen into a ditch, "I promise to give thee double feed and to place a crown of laurel on thy head that thou may'st look like a Poet-Laureate."

There seems no doubt that the Poet-Laureate of England is the same in duty and position as the King's Versifier of the thirteenth century. The subject has been thrown into confusion by the Degrees in Grammar, which included Rhetoric and Versification, given during the Middle Ages by the English universities, especially Oxford, to those graduates who would undertake the composition of one hundred verses in praise of the University or on some stated topic. On these occasions a wreath of laurel was presented to the new graduate and he was styled *Poeta Laureatus*. The King's Laureate or Poet was at that time only a graduated rhetorician in the service of his Royal Majesty.

Certain it is that royalty has ever been susceptible to flattery, and equally certain is it that men — writers of rhyme — have never been lacking who were ready to gratify the royal weakness in this direction. The office of Court Poet has been associated with monarchical institutions from very early times; and a worthy office it has ever been considered, though not infrequently held by men of low degree, — the office having no power to make the man, though unfortunately the man may degrade the office.

It is highly probable that the good and great King Alfred, whose own royal fingers used to sweep the strings of the harp, and whose voice, tender and true, loved to chant the legends of his land, encouraged the presence of the ancient Saxon gleemen and harpers at his court and compensated them liberally for the entertainment they afforded.



Even the stern Canute, the representative of Danish supremacy, had some music in his soul, and was known to improvise songs now and then, as, for instance, when his boatmen were rowing him down the tranquil waters of the Ouse, his love for the monks broke out in rhyme as he listened to their chant at Ely, — “Merrily sang the monks in Ely when Cnut King rowed by.”

No *trouvères* followed from fair France in the wake of the Conqueror to gladden the stern work of war or to celebrate his triumphs in stirring song. In the Doomsday Book, mention is made of Berdic, who is styled “Joculator Regis.”

The favorite melody of William Rufus was the sound of the horn that called him to the chase, nor is it recorded that there was in his heart room for loftier recreation.

During the reign of the first Henry, we find mention of a royal rhymmer, — “a versificator,” so called, — Walo by name. Henry of Huntingdon speaks of his having written “a panegyric on Henry I.,” which was well received; but of its merit as a poetical composition, or its truth as a historical narration, nothing is known.

In the days of Richard I. — the man with the lion’s heart — there was a royal versifier, Gulielmus, who fashioned into harmonious verse the many vicissitudes of this daring and romantic prince. Certainly the versifier was spared the necessity of inventing material for his song; doubtless he was staggered by the vast array of incident — the Crusade, the quarrels in Sicily, the conquest of Cyprus, the victory at Jaffa, the Jerusalem march, the truce with Saladin, the imprisonments in Germany.

King John managed to array the poets as well as the barons against himself, and throughout his inglorious reign they hurled their lampoons freely and fiercely at him.

Henry III. had a versifier who was also called “Versificator Regis.” This man, Henry d’Averanches, wrote the rhyme of flattery in dulcet strains and most acceptable to the royal ear, and in return therefor received the sum of one hundred shillings yearly. The meagreness of the compensation is somewhat condoned when we reflect that the currency of those days had not fallen into its present disrepute.

According to Bishop Bale, Robert Baston, a Carmelite monk, was versifier during parts at least of the next two reigns. He had been Poet-Laureate and Orator at Oxford. Edward I. took Baston to Scotland with him in 1304, that he might be on hand to celebrate his victories. Hardly had the good monk finished chanting one heroic in honor of Edward's triumph at Stirling, when he was captured by the Scots, who, having discovered his office, by a strange irony of fate compelled him to pay his ransom by chanting the praises of his captors. The best evidence seems to indicate that Baston survived Edward I. only about three years, though it is asserted with some show of authority that he accompanied the next Edward also on his invasion of Scotland, was taken prisoner at Bannockburn, and commanded by Robert Bruce "to write as he saw in sithement of his ransom." Baston wrote almost entirely in Latin, and it is doubtful if any of his English composition is still in existence. The rhyme, *Baston*, takes its name from him.

Chaucer does not appear to have been specially appointed Poet-Laureate; but he was high in the royal favor and probably assumed the title. He held various lucrative appointments under Edward III., and was sent on several diplomatic missions. Handsome and accomplished, with graceful diction and poetic imagination, it is impossible to conceive a more suitable incumbent of the elegant office than the Father of English Poetry. A checkered career was his; basking in the powerful favor of Edward III., imprisoned by Richard II., restored to a position of esteem by Henry IV., at one time the favorite of a brilliant court, at another an exile and a prisoner, he knew well the lights and shadows of life. But change found him unchanging, and even in old age a joyous face shone out from among his silver locks, and a merry heart lighted up the sunset of a troubled life.

Bishop Bale makes Gower "equitem auratum et poetam laureatum." Winstanley insists that he was neither *hederated* nor *laurcated*, but only *roseated*, — having a chaplet of four roses on his monumental stone. Gower was a man of birth and fortune, and probably lived in the best society of his day; but as a poet, he was sadly lacking in originality and humor, and suffers much from

comparison with Chaucer, whose intimate friend he was. His 'Vox Clamantis,' a Latin elegiac poem in seven books, was suggested by the rising of the commons under Wat Tyler. The 'Confessio Amantis,' he tells us, was begun at the command of Richard II., who, meeting him one day on the Thames, called him into his barge and bade him "boke some newe thing." Thus directed, Gower began a work —

" Whiche may be wisdom to the wise,  
And play to hem that list to play."

In his 'Cronica Tripartita,' a poem in three books, he recounts the political incidents in England from 1387 to 1399.

Even more shadowy than Gower's claim to the Laureateship is that of Henry Scogan, a graduate of Oxford, Master of Arts, and jester to Henry IV. Shakespeare, in the second part of 'Henry IV.,' speaks of Scogan as a mere buffoon, but Ben Jonson is disposed to regard him more favorably, —

" A fine gentleman and Master of Arts  
Of Henry the fourth's time, that made disguises  
For the King's sons, and writ in ballad royal daintily well. . . .  
In rhyme, fine, tinkling rhyme, and flowand verse,  
With now and then some sense; and he was paid for it —  
Regarded and rewarded."

During the reigns of the three successive Henrys — a period of about sixty-two years — we find no mention of court poets or royal versifiers. Musicians were plentiful about the court of Henry IV. Henry V. was fond of minstrels, and encouraged them, but there seems to have been no royal versifier. Henry VI. ordered that a certain number of boys should be instructed in music and singing, so that they might contribute to his entertainment.

John Kay, or Caius, "Hys Majesty's Humble Laureate," dedicated to the first King of the House of York, whom he styled "his mighty royal Highness, King Edward IV.," a translation of the History of Rhodes; and it is with Kay that we find the first authentic mention of the title of Poet-Laureate.

The dread din of the Wars of the Roses drowned the voice of the poet, and we hear of no Laureate for a time; but with the advent of

peace, the office again sprang into prominence. In 1486, the year following the coronation of Henry VII., he granted to Andrew Bernard, by means of an instrument, "Pro Poeta Laureato," the office of Laureate and an annual salary of fifteen marks, which his Royal Highness, ever inclined to be liberal when not at his own expense, paid from the general coffers. He also bestowed ecclesiastical honors freely upon Bernard, — an example which was followed by his son and successor. Bernard was a native of Toulouse, an Augustine monk, and held the office of Royal Historiographer as well as Laureate. He wrote in Latin an address to Henry VIII. for "the Most Auspicious Beginning of the Tenth Year of His Reign;" "A New Year's Offering for the Year 1515;" "Verses wishing Prosperity to His Majesty's Thirteenth Year." As historiographer, he left a considerable number of official records.

Some of the lists of Poets-Laureate assign the next place to John Skelton, who was tutor, it appears, to Prince Henry (afterward Henry VIII.), and who may probably have volunteered his gifts as poet on several occasions. Skelton was the Laureate of three universities, and the friend of Caxton and Erasmus, the latter of whom described him as "Litterarum Anglicarum lumen et decus." He was laureated at Oxford about 1498, three years after the grant to Andrew Bernard. He was noted chiefly for his coarse and vigorous sarcasm, which was directed largely against the clergy, and so powerful were his assaults that even Wolsey, the Magnificent, was forced to resent them. 'Colin Clout' is a general attack on the ignorance and voluptuousness of the clergy. His verse, though often rude and intemperate, is terse and stinging. He says of it himself, —

" Though my rime be ragged,  
Tattered and jagged,  
Rudely raine-beaten,  
Rusty and moth-eaten ;  
If ye take wel therewith,  
It hath in it some pith."

In 1512 Robert Whittington was laureated at Oxford, and this is the last instance of the degree being conferred by an English university.

Edward VI. had no Poet-Laureate ; nor did Queen Mary, though learned and accomplished, indulge in such an intellectual luxury. Among the poets of her time, Haywood was unmistakably her favorite ; he had flattered her in the days when it was the fashion to neglect her, and through life she cherished a grateful affection for him. After she wore the crown, he used to stand by her side at supper and amuse her with his jokes, — poor enough they were! — and during her last illness he was often sent for to entertain her by his recitations.

To Edmund Spenser belongs the distinction of having been Laureate to great Queen Bess, though no title of Laureate is given in his patent or in those of his two immediate successors, Ben Jonson and Daniel. His pension of £50 per year, which was continued until his death in 1598, was but a portion of the emolument he received. The castle of Kilcolman, “ by the green alders of Mulla’s shore,” was situated amid surroundings fair enough to enchant the eye and fire the heart of any poet. Here he fashioned the greater part of his masterpiece ; hither came Sir Walter Raleigh, and went into ecstasies over the first three books of that marvellous creation, not leaving until he persuaded the author that they made “ a dish to set before a queen.” Elizabeth’s majestic bosom was as vulnerable when “ self the wavering balance shakes ” as were her masculine predecessors ; she accepted the poem and along with it the poet’s adulation, though it is probable that Spenser owed his share of her favor more to Sir Walter’s introduction and Sir Philip Sidney’s friendship than to her insatiable appetite for flattery or to his inexhaustible ability to supply it.

Whether Samuel Daniel’s verse was volunteered or not, it was evidently very acceptable to James I., and bountifully rewarded by him. Daniel’s language is remarkably pure and well-chosen ; and the critics of later centuries — notably Lamb, Coleridge, and Hazlitt — have been surprised at his felicity of expression and grace of imagery. According to the judgment of his contemporaries, he *did* better work as a prose historian than as a poetic annalist. Drayton said of him, —

— “ too much historian in verse.  
His rhymes were smooth, his meters well did close,  
But yet his manner better fitted prose.”

His 'History of the Civil Wars' is scarcely readable as a whole, though there are some fine passages, as on the Death of Talbot, and the tribute to the Countess of Cumberland. He was on terms of social intimacy with Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Chapman, was known and admired by many persons of distinction, and was tutor to the Countess of Pembroke, who erected a monument to his memory in his native town. He died in 1519.

Next comes Rare Ben Jonson. Nothing in literature is more varied or more interesting than the life-history of this man. From his very birth the world seemed arrayed against him, and with weapon after weapon he carried on the struggle. A few terms at Westminster and probably a month or so at Cambridge constituted his school-days; then he was apprenticed to a brick-mason, but the boy's soul soon rose above bricks and mortar, and he exchanged the paraphernalia of the hod-carrier for the accoutrement of the soldier. Wearying in a short time of this life, he returned to London and joined the great army of unsuccessful theatrical workers. A duel with a fellow-actor led to young Jonson's imprisonment for twelve months; soon after his release, we find him held by the chains of matrimony. When about twenty, he began to settle down to literary work. 'Every Man in his Humor' brought him some money and considerable fame; and when it was put upon the stage at the Globe in 1598, the illustrious Shakespeare was one of the actors. Some allusions to the presence of the Scotch in England excited the wrath of the King; and Jonson was again compelled to languish behind prison-bars. He regained his freedom, however, and was made Poet-Laureate in 1619, with an annual pension of one hundred marks, which Charles I., "in consideration of services of wit and pen done to us and to our father, and which we expect from him," increased to £100 a year and a tierce of Spanish Canary from the royal cellars at Whitehall. Profuse generosity and unstinted hospitality, together with his frequent attendance at the "Mermaid" kept him impoverished even unto death; and to the charity of a passer-by we owe his only epitaph, "O Rare Ben Jonson!"

*Charlotte Newell.*

(To be concluded.)

## THE MUSIC OF LANGUAGE,

AS ILLUSTRATED IN SHAKESPEARE'S 'VENUS AND ADONIS.'



MONSIEUR JOURDAIN was greatly astonished to hear that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it; and many people would be equally surprised to learn that they had been every day unconsciously uttering music. Yet, as I shall proceed to show, the elementary sounds of language are an undeveloped music. Words partake of the nature of musical chords; and the harmony of sentences, even in prose, often admits of elaborate analysis, like the works of great composers.

The distinction between music and noise is that the vibrations in the former are regular and capable of measurement. The different notes in a chord or in a musical phrase bear a certain proportion to one another. How is it with the sounds which constitute articulate speech? The clearly sonant portion of language consists of vowels and diphthongs; and between the chief vowels which are common to most languages, *ee, ay, ah, o, oo*, Helmholtz ascertained that there exists an invariable ratio of vibrations. The pronunciation of *oo* involves about 450 vibrations per second, *o* 900, *ah* 1,800, *ay* 3,600, *ee* 7,000, the number continually doubling in arithmetical ratio.

Professor Willis has shown that by setting a reed in vibration, and gradually elongating the tube which augments and governs its vibrations, a series of sounds closely resembling in their timbre the vowels *ee, ay, ah, o, oo*, is produced. This is readily intelligible when it is observed that the above-mentioned series of spoken sounds are produced by gradually narrowing the oral cavity, or rather, making it oval in shape.

Between these chief vowels there are an infinite number of intermediate sounds; but the vowels and diphthongs practically distinguishable in English are sixteen in number. The purest, openest tone is that represented by the letter *a* as heard in *father*,

letter occupies the first place in all European alphabets. The other sounds may be regarded as modifications of this, produced by contracting the oral cavity at different points, in different degrees and in different ways.

The vowel sounds may each be said to have a timbre of their own and with very little exercise of fancy may be associated with any musical instruments; thus: drum, *uh*; trumpet, *ou*; clarinet, *ay*; violin, *ee*; violoncello, *ah*; fife, *i*; flute, *eu*; horn, cornet, *oi*; oboe, *o*; bass viol, *oo*. The three sizes of the strings, with the increasing length of string and therefore slower vibrations, are fitly connected with the three degrees in the order of vibrations in the vowel sounds. The very names of other instruments suggest the appropriateness of their application.

Now, I am prepared to prove that there is an association to the cultivated English ear — in great measure natural and rational, but, no doubt, conventional — between certain sounds and certain ideas. I say the cultivated ear, because susceptibility to such associations is especially promoted by the study of the finest English poetry. To commence with the softest sounds. These are in number, — *ee* and *oo*, produced respectively by the almost closed throat and lips, and the diphthong *eu*, which is the union of two simple vowels. It is only natural, I think, that ideas of softness, softness, refinement, grace, and beauty should be associated by these same sounds. This, at any rate, we find to be the case in the English language. I could give a long list of words containing these vowels and suggestive of such ideas; these vocables would be found to recur continually in all our poetry of a specially sensuous character, like Spenser's, Keats', and Byron's. The following words, for instance, occur in 'Venus and Adonis': "woo," "smooth," "soothe," "droop," "plume," "fruit," "sweet," "feel," "weak," "weary," "weep," "sleep," "breathe," "peace," "cease," "yield," "dew," "hue," "cure," "mute." Let us look at some of these in their proper place. Here is Venus's lament over the death of Adonis: —



“ Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !  
 What face remains alive that 's worth the viewing ?  
 Whose tongue is music now ? What canst thou boast  
 Of things long since, or anything ensuing ?  
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim ;  
 But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.”

Each line here contains some soft word. We have “ poor,” “ view,” “ music,” “ sweet,” “ ensuing,” and in the last “ true-sweet,” “ beauty.”

The sonorous vowels and diphthongs are, I maintain, suggestive of power and grandeur, and are found in words which express ideas that exercise the deepest and widest sway over the heart and mind. The full sound of *o* is the most sonorous of all. It is contained in such words as the following in ‘ Venus and Adonis ’: “ gold,” “ bold,” “ glow,” “ snow,” “ woe,” “ foe,” “ throne,” “ boast.” The diphthong *i*, the most brilliant of all the vocal sounds, is curiously present in almost all terms connected with light and its attributes ; as, “ white,” “ bright,” “ fire,” “ shine,” “ eye,” “ sight,” etc. I turn again to our poem for illustration.

“ O, what a sight it was, wistly to view  
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy !  
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
 How white and red each other did destroy !  
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.”

In these lines “ note,” “ sight,” “ white,” “ fire,” “ light,” “ sky,” are noticeable.

I have said nothing as yet of the consonantal element of our language, which is even richer in significance than the more sonant portion of it. There are, for example, single letters or combinations of letters which obviously indicate motion of various kinds, — rapid, indistinct, continuous, or arrested. There is the junction of *s* with *t*, which, not in English only, but in most of the languages of Europe, is suggestive of strength or resistance. Other combinations indicate discord or deformity. We have also representatives of form and physical quality, height, extension, points, and precision, — to say nothing of the hundreds of generally recognized

topœans or naturally significant words, denoting sounds and of every kind.

Venus and Adonis' contains a large number of words significant of motion: rapid, indicated by *f*, *r*, and *w*, as seen in the words "fly," "flow," "flash," "fleet" (which, by the by, apperceive the four elements); the force of *r* is felt in "run," "ride," etc.; indistinct motion is expressed by *le* final, as in "man-trample," "mingle," "struggle;" and arrested motion is indicated by the final gutturals *k* and *g*, as in "dig," "knock," "strike," and the like. The force of these significant words is always increased by alliteration, which abounds in every part of the poem. I shall now cite three or four stanzas and give the illustrations they afford of my theory. Venus is on her way to discovering Adonis slain by the boar.

" Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

" When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;  
Another and another answers him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

" Look, how the world's poor people are amazed  
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;  
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath  
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

" ' Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love,'— thus chides she Death,—  
' Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean  
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,  
Who, when he lived, his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?  
. . . . .

“ ‘ Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.  
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;  
 They *bid* thee crop a weed, thou pluck’st a flower :  
 Love’s golden arrow at him should have fled,  
 And not Death’s ebon dart, to strike him dead.’

“ Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
 She veil’d her eyelids, who like sluices stopp’d  
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp’d ;  
 But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,  
 And with his strong course opens them again.”

Here are more than fifty words strikingly significant, according to my theory. I will only call attention to a few of them. Among those containing sonorous vowels and suggestive of power and poetical ideas are “golden,” “mourner,” “voice,” “power,” “proud,” “signs,” “eyes.” Soft vowels associated with grace and beauty are heard in such words as “cease,” “weary,” “fear,” “sweet,” “bosom,” “beauty.” Motion is denoted by “flash,” “flap,” “flood,” “fled,” and words with short vowels, like “clap,” “drop ;” arrested motion in “strike,” “break,” “shake ;” strength or resistance by the *st* in “strong,” “stop,” “stroke,” and “stifle.” “Stifle” is also an illustration of indistinct action in *le* final, and it is accented by alliteration, — “To stifle beauty and to steal his breath.” Discord or deformity is symbolized by *cr*, *gr*, or *scr*, in the words “scowl,” “scratch,” “grim,” “grin,” “curse.” Form or physical quality is indicated by the initial *l* in “long,” “lose,” “lived,” “lean.” Of onomatopœans we have “lick,” “howl,” “sigh,” “clap,” “sluice,” “mouth,” “worm.” Why “worm,” it may be asked. Before answering the question, I would say compare “stag” with “worm,” noting the effect of the *st* and the energetic guttural at the end, in contrast with the motion-indicating *w*, the dull vowel, the crawling sort of *r*, and the final *m*, which in a host of other words implies extension, as in “room,” “roam,” “dome,” etc. But why, again, should it do so? Because of the nasal character of *m*, which prolongs the sound of the preceding vowel, and which is breathed by scarcely any one, although demonstrated plainly enough when one has a cold in the head.

In almost every instance I am prepared — as in this case — to give the reason for the expressiveness and meaning which I assign to particular sounds and letters, and thus to vindicate my theory from the charge of being a creation of fancy.

*S. E. Bengough.*

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THE SOURCE OF BROWNING'S OPTIMISM.

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WHAT ground has the poet for his sunny faith? Why does Browning dive into the depths of human sin and emerge still smiling, hopeful, even triumphant? Wherefore does he choose to dwell upon vileness and treachery, upon licentiousness and cruelty, with such daring, such frankness and fulness as few English poets have ever displayed? No one who has the least understanding of the man can think that love of evil, love of moral degradation, has prompted him thus to do. To permit such a suggestion were to contradict the noble fruits of a noble life. But there must have been a motive, we say, and it was this, — Browning was filled from head to foot with a philosophic conviction of the ultimate, established purity of men and women. He derived this from his religious, reverent faith in a righteous Heavenly Father and a law-abiding, self-controlling community. The source of this optimism came then from his belief in the truths of Scripture. Never has a poet absorbed religious verities to reproduce them in language so virile, in argument so convincing, in magnetism so riveting, as he! Instead of the cut-and-dried or feeble paraphrase which usually falls far behind the eloquent and heart-stirring incidents narrated in the Bible, Browning gives us a picture of David and Saul, or of 'The Death in the Desert,' that is worthy to follow after the inspired writings and calculated to impress us yet more powerfully than before with the application of these human histories to the needs of our own day. This it is in Browning which forms, in my opinion, the basis of his optimism. To my mind, it would be impossible to read the exquisite tragedy — if one may call that gentle, painless

translation such — of Saint John, delineated with a faultless touch by the poet, without recognizing in it the religious conviction which is the ground of his almost universal optimism. Do I think that without this faith in God and man, Robert Browning could have imagined his Pippa, have tolerated Ottima and Sebald upon the face of the earth, have travelled through two volumes with Guido, discerned the overwhelming remorse of a Mildred, or dwelt with such penetrating force upon the emptiness of a life like that of Cleon or Karshish? I certainly do not.

We cannot but feel grieved when those who have never tried to understand the aim of the poet's work cry out against his frequent choice of evil to bear a part in his representations of human life and love; how else shall he show what he firmly believes? — the evolution from night to light, the gradual progress from awakening conscience to mature selection of the good. There is a loveliness of nature in this attitude of Browning which shows him to have assimilated to his own soul the noblest teachings of the Old and New Testament; and if more of this "loving thy neighbor as thyself," of this "charity which thinketh no evil," might come into all our hearts to-day, the world would be morally happier, sunnier, richer, more blessed by far than it now is, even at the approach of the twentieth century. This precious quality of optimism cannot be too highly valued, especially where it comes into play in dealing actually with men and women. The truest and best philosophy is that which does not hastily judge even where the error has been patent; let the temptation be considered, the conditions be studied, and it will usually be found that there is ground still for hope of reformation. Browning pierces us with this important discovery; even while abhorring the evil acts of some of his characters, the sweet compassion of his loving-kindness is thrown about the erring one, hiding the magnitude of his sin in the depths of human pity. The poet is convinced that error is abnormal; that, as a rule, men aspire to goodness rather than sink to depravity; and in the actual, practical world there are hundreds of evil-doers whom such a gospel, if faithfully enacted, would set free from the bonds of vice.

*Mary M. Cohen.*

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## NEWTON'S BRAIN.

BY JAKUB ARBES.

*(Continued.)*

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DR. SPERLICH passed his hand over the forehead of the corpse, felt the pulse, unbuttoned the white jacket and the shirt, and declared that it really was an embalmed corpse that was lying in the coffin. Some of those standing nearest followed his example to test the truth of his words, and no one doubted it. I too put my hand upon the forehead; it was ice-cold. Bowing nearer to the face, I did not notice the least breath. The hand, too, was cold, and the half-uncovered bosom showed unmistakable signs of death.

In order to prove beyond any doubt that the body in the coffin was lifeless, Dr. Sperlich drew out a pocket-knife and thrust it into the chest of the corpse. The body was moved by the thrust, but otherwise remained unchanged. The guests could not comprehend this in any way. There was an exchange of opinion among some, others returned to their places. In five or six minutes there were not more than twenty persons remaining by the coffin. About to go back to my place, I looked once more at the corpse's face.

The rosy leaflet of an exotic plant lay on the rigid lips, and just as I fixed my eyes upon the face, the leaflet shivered as though a feeble breath had touched it. I looked at the face more fixedly, and noticed that the eyebrows seemed to be trembling, and again the breast looked as though it had moved. At once I grasped the corpse's hand to see if my eyes were not deceived. The hand was no longer ice-cold, but warm; and it seemed to me as though its warmth were increasing. I was about to call Dr. Sperlich's attention to the sudden change, but before I could do so the eyes of the corpse slowly opened and closed again. A slight cry escaped my lips. Some of those standing nearest came still nearer; but in a moment all stepped back in amazement. The corpse moved, or rather shook convulsively, as though an electrical current had sud-

denly gone through it ; and I distinctly perceived the symptoms of returning animal life.

About three minutes later the head moved, then both hands, and in a few moments the whole body was in motion. The corpse sat up with difficulty and remained awhile in that position ; then it fell back into the coffin, then rose and sat up again. The surprise of those present grew into awe. Whatever may have been the effect of the unexpected occurrence upon this or that one of the guests, it was certain that there was no one who was not amazed in the highest degree. Evidently no one thought that the performance of an *escamoteur* would be opened in such an original way. All eagerly wondered what would come next.

After the corpse sat up in the coffin, a general silence prevailed. Not a finger stirred ; all eyes were bent upon the wonderful automaton which the experts had just pronounced to be an embalmed corpse.

And now the corpse gave further signs of life ! True, it sat motionless for some time, but its eyes glistened. Then it moved its head, and looked around as though it were seeking some one ; then it nodded as if satisfied ; a light smile passed over its face ; the mouth opened and spoke, "*De mortuis nil nisi bene !*"

How strange ! All that had been going on before the eyes of the guests until now failed to elicit one single word of admiration or surprise. The sound of the human voice drew out the first response, and stormy applause rang through the hall accompanied by shouts of, "Bravo ! Well done !"

At the same time all the lights went out suddenly ; utter darkness filled the hall. A few moments later, however, the lights were lighted again ; but instead of the catafalque, the coffin, and the animated corpse, there appeared before our eyes a simple writing-desk and a chair, and behind the desk there stood my friend in an elegant black dress.

Again a long roar of applause filled the hall, and everybody shouted, "Very good !" or "Bravo !"

After the stormy manifestations of approval had subsided, my friend addressed the guests, —

"You will excuse, gentlemen, this unusual way of opening my performance; but as I have begun, so shall I finish it; only between the acts, permit me to say a few words which may interest some of you. You see a man before you whose brain is not his own, but — another's."

Then with his right hand my friend grasped the top of his head, and as easily as if he were taking off his cap, he took off the upper part of his skull, and holding it awhile in his hand, advanced a few steps to the foreground.

"Nearly all that I am going to tell you now will seem improbable," he said, "but any of the savants present may convince himself of its truth. Allow me!"

Stepping down into the half-circle of guests, he seated himself on a chair and continued, —

"Let some one who knows anatomy and physiology examine my brain!"

At these words some of the guests at the professors' table arose, surrounded my friend, and began to examine. One of them undertook an oral explanation.

"Truly, so it is! We really see the skull pared off and the surface of the brain. The surface shows quite normal convolutions. Under a microscope some of them might, perhaps, show some differences in size and form, but now we can only see a common surface. We see plainly also the well-known gray matter, composed of nerve-cells and deposited all along the surface in small convolutions, — and, for the benefit of laymen, I add that modern physiologists designate this gray matter as the seat of consciousness, thought, talent, and recollections. More I do not pretend to say."

"It will be my turn now," my friend remarked, as he put the skull on his head, and slowly walked back to his desk.

"The brain which one of my esteemed guests has just examined," said my friend, opening his preliminary explanations, "is not, as I have mentioned, my own, but another's. I borrowed it for the same purpose for which millions of others have for ages been borrowing the most precious results of the activity of other people's



brains, — their ideas ; for it is easier to think with another's brain, to boast of another man's ideas, and to benefit thus oneself and others than to hammer out an idea in one's own brain. I had long been thinking which brain would be the most suitable, and finally I decided to try the brain of a man whom the whole civilized world classes among its most acute thinkers. I knew that the brain of that man was preserved in the British Museum ; by stratagem I succeeded in securing this invaluable treasure ; and when after the battle of Königgrätz the longed-for opportunity came, and my own skull was cut off by a sabre, I replaced my brain with that of Newton."

"That is an impossibility !" was shouted at the table of the physicians, anatomists, and physiologists.

"An absurdity !" said the lawyers.

"Nonsense !" concluded the philosophers.

"A godless blasphemy !" sounded indignantly from the theologians' table.

This many-sided expression of displeasure failed to embarrass my friend. He must have expected it ; and he went on quietly, —

"I beg your pardon, my esteemed friends. Every one judges after his own fashion ; every one perceives, qualifies, and names various conceptions and objects in the way he has learned and acquired, and as he likes. Different opinions and different names do not change the things themselves in the least ; they remain such as they are in fact."

This sophistical turn apparently allayed the resentment of most of the guests, but convinced no one. Accordingly it was not surprising to hear new shouts from among the crowd, —

"A proof ! we want a conclusive proof !"

"A conclusive proof" — my friend resumed his talk — "is something that I am unable to offer at this moment, just as none of us can furnish unanswerable proofs of the most ingenious hypothesis of all ages, — Newton's law of universal gravitation. I must, therefore, ask my honored guests to accept my views, as those often do who, disregarding proof, rely always on their own conviction, so-called. Please be, at least, as much convinced of the truth of my words as

the ancient Greeks were of the divinity of their Zeus and the Romans of their Jupiter ; as the ancient Hebrews were convinced of the divinity of their gloomy Jehovah, and as the orthodox adherents of that creed are still convinced of the coming of a Messiah —”

“ Good ! ” came from the table of the theologians.

Not minding the interruption, my friend continued — “ as the ancient Hindoos were convinced of the omnipotence of their world's creator, — Brahma ; as they were convinced of the immortality of the soul, which migrates from one body to another, and, thus purified, returns to the Eternal Being from which it originated ; as the later Hindoos were convinced that, besides Brahma, Shiva and Vishnu also were eternal, omniscient, and almighty gods ; as they were convinced of the truth of the ingenious, ennobling, and poetical, original idea of their religion, that in this world good and evil will ever fight until the evil shall be subdued and forever extinguished —”

“ Well ! very well ! ” responded the theologians.

“ — and as all of us who have unwittingly become Christians in our infancy are convinced that, although without the will of our omnipotent, omniscient, most wise, benevolent, just, indulgent, and merciful God, not one hair may fall from our head, yet every one of us who commits a mortal sin is doomed to eternal perdition.”

After these words the theologians remained silent ; but a subdued expression of approval was heard from the table of the philosophers.

“ For the time being, then,” continued my friend, “ let us suppose, my honored guests, that my brain has really been supplanted by the brain of Newton. How odd, how childish, then, must appear to me this so-called enlightened age ! We study the past ages and compassionately smile at, nay, we ridicule, the godlike simplicity, awkwardness, and roughness of our ancestors, without reflecting that later ages will likewise ridicule us. We boast that our age is an age of enlightenment and progress — and millions of our neighbors live in beastly stupidity. We rejoice that the humane maxims which have been unknown for centuries have

finally been recognized, at least; and yet we look on in the most selfish indifference at the misery and sufferings of thousands who are born, languish, and die without any purpose. Suppose our attempts and aims were analyzed by an acute, merciless reason, where would it find us at the end of the nineteenth century? In the stage of formulas and definitions,—in the age of phrases. Many of us are acquainted well enough with the achievements of the human mind, but for a thousand reasons emanating from pure egotism, we ignore them, for fear of stirring up prejudices. Or is it possible to speak of progress when it is still necessary to employ errors of various kinds, not in order to save,—for an error can never save,—but to enslave mankind?"

"Stop your moralizing lecture!" was shouted at once from the tables of the theologians, the philosophers, and the government officers.

"No, no! Go on!" implored the artists, writers, lawyers, and physicians.

"I suppose," my friend continued, "that every one of us will concede that the human brain has always been made of the same material, that ages ago it was composed of the same parts, that its actions were governed by the same laws, that its surface was composed of the same convolutions, and that ages ago even there was deposited in these convolutions that wonderful gray matter, surrounded with white matter and composed of nerve-cells, which modern physiologists designate as the seat of thought, reason, judgment, and talent. The chief organ of thinking and of talent is, therefore, the same. But what are its functions? Why do they differ so substantially from the working of that same organ in the past? Why is it that there do not arise in the brains of our age thoughts like those that originated in the brains of Homer, Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Dante, Milton, Petrarch, Tasso, Calderon, Molière, Voltaire, Rousseau, and others? Where are the brains which gave birth to the wonderful works which have been left to us by Michael Angelo, Rafael Sanzio, Rubens, Titian, Murillo, Van Dyke, Rembrandt, Guido Reni, Leonardo da Vinci, Hogarth, Salvator Rosa, Correggio,

Anibale Carraccio, Ostade, Ruysdael, or even by our own Škreta and Brandl? \* Where are the brains to be found to-day which marked the long array of ingenious sculptors beginning with Phidias, Skopas, and Praxiteles? Where are the brains which constructed plans of magnificent domes, palaces, pantheons? Where are the brains of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn? Where are the brains of the Garricks, Keans, Talmas, Rachels? And if we live in the age of progress, what shows that progress?"

"Modern pedagogy!" some one ironically remarked at the lawyers' table.

"Truly," my friend replied, "modern pedagogy can boast of an unusual success. Study is our motto, and the accumulation of knowledge our aim; and from our earliest childhood on we are being whipped with both moral and real rods in order to force our brains to a greater, unusual activity. And yet that wonderful gray matter of our brain can never be different in substance from what it actually is; and its mysterious processes cannot result in any other way than that conditioned by this supposed organ of thinking, feeling, and recollection."

"But the law!—" From the pedagogues' table came this sarcastic exclamation.

"— can boast of a brilliant success," interrupted my friend; "for if in spite of all efforts it has failed to establish the very *meaning* of right, in return it has *blessed* mankind with billions of laws and regulations, — some obscure, some clear, but all of them elastic. Each law may be construed in a thousand and one different ways, and each may be evaded and opposed. How strange! Even modern justice has to be guarded by bayonets and cannon. In the background yawns the prison. Is there any one who can boast of knowing all the innumerable laws? At any step we may tumble down and fall into the trap of some law unknown to us. And if there were no instinct —"

"Good!" applauded the physicians, with malicious joy.

"I have to admit," my friend continued, "that the physicians, whom we may justly deem the greatest benefactors of mankind, do

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\* Karel Škreta and Petr Brandl, two noted Bohemian artists.

recognize the merits of their colleagues the lawyers. But which one of them can step forward and say : I do not act like that wise Erasistratus of whom it is written somewhere that he favored rich lords, and himself drank refreshing raspberry juice, but when he was called to an ordinary plebeian who was getting a little yellow, he would rip open the sick man's stomach without hesitation, look at the liver, look at the spleen, put in a wholesome powder, bind the wound, and turn over his patient — to the will of God ?”

A storm of applause rewarded this anecdote, and shouts of “ Good !” came from all sides.

After a moment, my friend went on, —

“ And yet we must admit that it is the physicians who have done the most to alleviate human suffering. Unusual has been the progress of surgery. But the final result ? Suppose medical science will really reach such perfection that it will be able to cure every single hurt and disease. What will be the consequence ? Simple, — very simple. Men will not die then as heretofore on account of various diseases which they shall or shall not have brought upon themselves ; they will not die prematurely ; yet die they will. After fifty, seventy, or perhaps a hundred years, they will die of marasmus. All medical skill, in the highest degree of perfection, would, therefore, do no more than defer the possibility of death one or two generations. That is all ! That is the result of all this gigantic mental work ! But what does it matter whether it be twenty, thirty, or fifty years sooner or later if we have to return thither whence we have come ? Truly, while that mysterious gray matter of our brain is in its normal state, many a one fears, — nay, dreads it. But the billions of beings who have gone before us are a sure guarantee that we shall perish like them, that no human power will avert our final doom.”

“ And yet how many a work of art or science would have been finished had not its author died a premature death !” some one remarked at the authors' table.

“ True,” my friend went on ; “ but if finished, only to take the course of all earthly things, — to go to nothing at last. The most spirited performance of an orator or actor dies away in the next

moment, and will be forgotten before one or two generations pass away; the most solid and most magnificent buildings and monuments will crumble into dust after a few thousand years; the most beautiful paintings and statues often meet that fate in a few centuries. Whatever we may undertake, all is doomed to complete destruction."

At these words the archbishop arose; and turning half toward my friend, half toward the assembly, he said in a pleasing, sonorous voice, —

"I beg pardon for interrupting. I do not know what the speaker is aiming at, and I shall not criticise him therefor; but we, the clergy, have had to listen to words that are, to use the mildest expression, intolerable. It is true they were set forth in the garb of sarcasm or humor, and based on grounds seemingly scientific; but their essence does not agree with our views. If, therefore, our honored host means to proceed in the discourse which is apparently indispensable to his later experiment, then I ask him to avoid questions the solution of which is not in the power of man."

The archbishop sat down; but it seemed as though his words failed to make the impression on the assembly that he desired. All eyes were fastened upon my friend, who, standing behind his desk, listened with stoical calmness to the archbishop's words, and then answered as pleasantly and politely as he had been addressed, —

"I too beg to be excused for deviating from the subject of my lecture in making a reply. I take the liberty to assure his Eminence that I did not and do not intend to attempt a solution of religious problems, and it was not without purpose that I did not touch upon philosophy, — the scientific opponent of religion. The object of my discourse will first be plainly seen after my final experiment. For this reason I ask your indulgence."

"Good!" was shouted in many parts of the hall.

"Go on!" urged the artists and savants, simultaneously; and my friend proceeded, —

"We boast of the progress of science, forgetting that all its achievements are employed to serve bad as well as good ends. The printing-press — said to be the greatest benefactor of mankind —

is equally employed by the tyrant and the philanthropist, the wise and the foolish, the religious fanatic and the coolest thinker, the honest, conscientious scholar and the shameless quack : the Press will serve, as it has ever done, the direst as well as the noblest purposes. Where, then, is the eulogized benefit to mankind? Who will vouch for it that this wonderful instrument for the propagating of ideas will at any time become the exclusive property of honest hands and serve good only?"

"To make such a commonplace remark a person certainly does not need the brain of Newton!" observed some one at the writers' table.

At the same time cries of "Good!" were heard from the table of the military men. "The penny-a-liners have always been superfluous and useless creatures!"

"It is true," my friend went on, "that Newton's brain has existed but once; and having done its task, it can never appear in the same form again. But the mysterious gray matter of the human brain, which our physiologists look upon as the source of thought and the home of mental abilities, still remains the same in substance. Ideas spring from it, and human talents are hidden in it. For this reason, notwithstanding all the difference of ideas and faculties, the unknown laws which govern this mysterious process remain forever the same; in a word, logic is one and eternal. Who knows whether the brain of some farmer, mechanic, servant, or slave, long forgotten, if shaped under the same circumstances, laboring in the same direction, under like conditions as the brain of Newton, — who knows whether that brain would not have reached the same conclusions, or perhaps grander results, and much sooner than the brain of Newton?"

"No one will dispute a sentence so conditioned," came from an unknown voice at the authors' table.

"Why, then, that absurd worship of the so-called geniuses, when it is known that the same conditions under which this or that celebrated deed or work was done exist with thousands of others who do not even attempt performance?"

"Bravo! bravo!" the noblemen applauded.

“But why, too, that still more absurd worship of men without any talent who have become famous only through the genius of others, hired and paid?”

There was heard a suppressed murmur of disapproval from the table of the noblemen and officials; but my friend went on, —

“Why worship one’s own genius, one’s own deeds, one’s own glory? Why those eternal eulogies on the age of enlightenment and progress when we are still so far from the true universal enlightenment, when we know that all that the human mind has achieved in the course of ages may be abused? Is not a modern working-man, attending a machine, still the same slave as ever? Is his life any more pleasant, safer, or happier than it used to be? Do we not know that all the sciences, from mathematics (the queen) down to the last, often charlatanical, pseudo-science, — do we not know that all achievements, old and new, are alike employed in the mutual killing of men? The progress of modern strategy and military tactics shows that all newly discovered means of communication are used to convey large armies in the shortest time to places where they may engage in reciprocal slaughter. Mathematics, chemistry, optics, mechanics, and a series of other sciences furnish their latest and best productions to subserve that purpose. Ay, even history, dealing with mere facts, and pedagogy, pointing to models, have sometimes the same object. What is the model heroism of which the historian speaks, what this modern drill, — these army orders, — but the refined means which stimulate human souls to a passionate, furious, and often useless battle?”

The military men fell in line with, “Don’t insult your own vocation!” and from the rear a deep voice asked, —

“How is all this connected with the experiment?”

“Very simply,” my friend replied. “My experiment is based on a scientific hypothesis.”

“Well, why don’t you take up your experiment?” the same unknown voice suggested.

“Go on with the lecture!” came from the tables to the right.

“No, no! The experiment! We want the experiment!” came from the left.

“Speak! speak!” urged the centre.



Such a noise and din arose in the hall that for a time not a word could be understood. This lasted several minutes; and strange as it may seem, persons whose profession led them to frequent public speech-making — the divines, legislators, and professors — showed the greatest impatience in calling for the experiment; whereas people who seldom tried to deliver a lecture in public — such as artists, architects, soldiers, etc. — evidenced an especial willingness to listen to my friend's rhapsodical discourse. Nothing was left for him but to satisfy both.

(To be continued.)

*Translated from the Bohemian by Josef Jiri Král.*

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#### SOME NOTABLE AMERICAN VERSE.\*

MUCH of the poetry of the present era in America might fitly be called gig poetry, so suggestive is it of those respectable members of the community whom Carlyle refers to as having kept gigs. Yet amid this thronging giganity of the poetic world, there is an ever-increasing class by which the standard of excellence gradually is being raised.

What, for example, could be more spontaneously lovely than the songs of that fair little lady from the South, *Danske Dandridge*?

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\* *Danske Dandridge*, 'Joy and Other Poems;' New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888; 'Rose Brake,' 1890. Emily Dickinson, 'Poems, Second Series;' Boston, Roberts Bros. 1891. Harriet H. Robinson, 'The New Pandora: A Drama;' New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889. F. W. Gunsaulus, 'Phidias and Other Poems;' Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1891. George Parsons Lathrop, 'Dreams and Days;' New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1892. Arlo Bates, 'Told in the Gate;' Boston, Roberts Bros., 1892. Maurice Thompson, 'Poems;' Boston, Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., 1892. Madison J. Cawein, 'Days and Dreams;' New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1891; 'Moods and Memories,' 1892. W. T. Mersereau, 'Vesper Bells and Other Poems;' New York, Privately Printed. Charles Buxton Going, 'Summer Fallow;' New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1892. Charles Henry Lüders, 'The Dead Nymph and Other Poems;' New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892. Susan Marr Spaulding, 'The Wings of Icarus;' Boston, Roberts Bros., 1892. Louise Chandler Moulton, 'Swallow Flights;' Boston, Roberts Bros., 1892. Richard Hovey, 'Launcelot and Guinevere;' New York, United States Book Co., 1891. Amélie Rives, 'Aethelwold;' New York, Harper's, February, 1892.

Her quaint fancies are like births from the brain of some dainty wood nymph, albeit a modern one, — for no classic nymph could have dressed up in so poetical a garb as she has a bald scientific fact, in the poem called 'The Dead Moon.' In her more recent collection of verse entitled 'Rose Brake,' she gives a picture weirder still of the moon, — the lonely bearer of the dreadful secrets bred in the darkness of the world since time began. Mrs. Dandridge is a veritable weaver of myths; and her moon myths must now take their place along with all the other folk and classic lore which has gathered about the moon during the centuries, from the crude Esquimaux tale, where the moon's face was blackened by his sister at a party, to the perfection of evolved beauty, Keats' 'Endymion.' And to complete the link in this moonlit chain, Mrs. Dandridge has written some beautiful lines 'On the "Endymion" of Keats,' beginning, —

"Where art thou now, Endymion, where art thou?  
The lovely vagrant moon doth search for thee,  
Wand'ring the wide sky over night by night,  
As lorn and pallid as a fading girl."

One thinks of these younger women poets of America, among whom we must include Miss Reese and Miss Cone, as of a bouquet of blooms, delicate in perfume, — sweet peas and mignonette and violets.

Miss Emily Dickinson has more the quality of the bloodroot, delicate, passionate, but with a sting which sends the reader wiser away. Some one has said that her poetry resembles that of William Blake more than that of any other poet; but William Blake does not to our recollection deal in any such terse aphoristic utterances, where truth is nested in subtle suggestion.

"The soul unto itself  
Is an imperial friend  
Or the most agonizing spy  
An enemy could send.

"Secure against its own  
No treason it can fear;  
Itself its sovereign, of itself  
The soul should stand in awe."

It is worth noting that among the more interesting poets so many are women, who seem especially to excel in their deeper grasp of emotion, nor do they so persistently serve up the mouldy stories of antiquity as their brothers in art.

It is true that Harriet Robinson, in her drama, 'The New Pandora,' went to Greece for her subject, but she rehabilitated the old myth, enlarging it to suit her purpose. Whatever faults of workmanship her drama may have, it is the sole attempt of recent date in America to deal in dramatic form and imaginatively with a subject which lies near to the thoughts of the people. She wrote because she had something to say, and something of vast importance to the welfare of the race. The critic sitting enthroned among his literary prejudices might object that the spirit of 'The New Pandora' is not Greek. One of the shibboleths, as it seems to us, of literary art is that dictum which declares that when a Greek myth is taken as a subject, the atmosphere of the poem must perforce be Greek; but might we make our deductions from poets rather than from critics, we should point at once to such magnificent treatment of Greek myth as Goethe's 'Prometheus' or Shelley's 'Prometheus,' or of mediæval myth, Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,' — the true fascination of all of these consisting largely in the deeper, more far-reaching truth which the later poet has been able to throw into the myth. Even Æschylus puts more into one of his own Greek myths than Homer; while Euripides makes his mythic heroes knock more fiercely at our modern hearts than many a modern poet.

It is this classic spirit, praiseworthy or not, which gives birth to such poems as 'Phidias' by F. W. Gunsaulus. One would be puzzled to find any fault with it. Phidias in most exemplary language delivers a sort of an apology in a Socratic sense for his position as an Atheist to Aspasia and his son, who visit him in prison. The form is that of a monologue, but not that brilliant variety perfected by Browning, which by subtle hints presents before the reader the listener of the poem as well as the speaker. Aspasia and his son might as well have been stocks or stones, for all the effect his talk seems to have on them that the reader can

see. Thus, though the refined quality of the workmanship is sustained throughout the poem, we fail to grow enthusiastic, the subject being of such a nature that it cannot be brought into touch with the present.

At the other end of the line from dignified classicism is Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's 'Dreams and Days,' so far off, in fact, that it may be doubted whether it does not form the vanishing-point in recent poetry.

In reading Arlo Bates' 'Told in the Gate,' one experiences again some of the almost forgotten delights of 'Lalla Rookh.' The lovers of "pure amusement" may forget for a time that there are any such problems agitating the world as the rise of unbelief, the rights of labor, or the rights of women. They may revel in that simple and altogether charming state of society where faith in Allah was unwavering, where autocratic caliphs thought whole villages a small price to pay for the purchase of innumerable damsels, — "moons of love," with "eyes like very stars" and voices "shaming the lute to modes of sadness tuned," — or who settled any little quarrel they might have by the easy method of sending their most trusted slave to bring them their enemy's head. Some of Mr. Bates' stories, however, tell of morally developed caliphs who magnanimously present their "moons of love" to deserving slaves, upon whom these wilful maids, deaf to all caliph blandishment, have set their affections.

Although a caliph, a damsel, and a lover are as a rule the chief *dramatis personæ*, the stories contain an entertaining variety of incident, skilfully set forth in Mr. Bates' best story-telling vein. The verse possesses, not only smoothness and richness of coloring, but a refreshing directness which keeps the interest from flagging a moment. He has caught to perfection the oriental type of love as we find it, for example, in the dramas of the Hindu playwrights, — a love that is passionate, founded alone on physical attraction, yet capable of devotion and constancy.

Mr. Maurice Thompson piques the reader's curiosity with his few introductory lines, which explain his poems to be —

“ Songs of a mocking bird  
Translated carefully,  
Golden note by golden word ;  
Th’ original melody  
Imitated phrase by phrase.”

As might be expected, the mocking-bird rhythms are very irregular. Mr. Thompson has himself told us, in some of his delightful bird-studies, that no bird understands rhythm in the sense that man does, but evidently the time has come for men to learn of birds.

Certainly there is a fascination in these erratic rhythmmed songs ; and true to his American birthright, the mocking-bird gives voice to thoroughly democratic sentiments. This is how he sings to an English skylark, —

“ O lark !  
I mark  
Since Shelley died, thy wings have somewhat failed.  
A precious note has faded from thy hymn,  
Thy lyric fire has smouldered low and dim !  
Nor ever have thy cloud-wrapt strains availed  
Against the will of tyrants and the dark,  
Strong doors of prisons grim,  
And shackles manifold  
And dungeons cold,  
Wherein sweet Freedom lies  
With hopeless longing in her starry eyes  
And lifeless languor on her splendid wings !

“ I hold  
This truth as gold  
The grandest life is lowliest ; he who sings  
To fill the highest purpose need not soar  
Above the lintel of the peasant’s door,  
And must not hunger for the praise of kings,  
Or quench his thirst at too ethereal springs.”

In the song ‘To Sappho’ are interwoven fragments from Sappho, whose music the mocking-bird is supposed to echo in its true imitative fashion.

To adopt the mocking-bird stanza as a standard poetical form might be a dangerous experiment ; but in the hands of Mr. Thomp-

son, who has not only dissected the throats of birds, but who understands their hearts, it is a quaint and charming medium of poetic expression.

Mr. Cawein, whose volumes pour forth in a never-ceasing flow, has contributed two volumes in less than a year,—‘Days and Dreams,’ and ‘Moods and Memories,’ a collection made from his earlier poems. One cannot help wishing that he would think twice before he writes once, for that he has talent is unquestionable; but he is such a spendthrift that he will squander all his somewhat daring imagery on thoughts which are not mature enough to bear such gorgeous decking out. If there are any infant thoughts in the rambling set of love-poems called ‘One Day and Another,’ we have failed to discover them, and the versification is like a straggling vine sadly in need of pruning.

There are much better things in the volume of selections. The lyrics, many of them, display Mr. Cawein at his best. Here is a verse which shows that there are good poetic seeds among the tares:—

“Far over the summer sea  
Ere the white-eyed stars show pale:  
From the groves where a nightingale  
Sings a mystical melody,  
I turn my ghostly sail  
    Away, away,  
To follow the face I see  
Far over the summer sea.”

‘Vesper Bells and Other Poems’ is a prettily gotten up volume with verses by W. T. Mersereau, and illustrations by George R. Hahn. It is privately printed, and dedicated to the army of “bread-winners,” but evidently not to those “bread-winners” who are also women, if we may judge from Mr. Mersereau’s ideal as described in the poem ‘Woman,’—a very lovely creature physically, but with little else to aid her in the battle of life unless we except her proneness to give way to a master-hand; in short, a type of woman, “A fretwork of inconsistencies,” which is quickly becoming only a memory. The best poem in the book is ‘A Summer Day,’ with a scent of out-of-doors, though we don’t quite

know how "a cricket quickly to a robin grows." We suppose he swallowed it!

Mr. Buxton Going is so unassuming as quite to disarm criticism; and this modest mood of his has served as the inspiration for several charming bits of verse, such as his little introductory poem to 'Summer Fallow,' beginning, —

"No nightingale am I to bring  
A throbbing echo from the night.  
With wild sweet harmony I sing  
As any sparrow might.

"As any little roadside bird  
That full of cares about its nest,  
Still feels the sunshine, and is heard  
In song among the rest."

'To you who read' is a clever rondeau in the same mood. These with the sonnets, 'Her Mouth,' 'Her Hair,' 'Her Eyes,' and one or two others make us sympathize with Mr. Going's own sentiments.

"The little poet is a tiny stream winding perhaps unnoticed through the world  
But catching here and there a flashing gleam of sunlight gold."

Were there poetic contests in America, like those of Provençal fame, and had we the honor to be of the number of judges, we should give the palm for the past year to Mr. Lüder's 'Dawn and Dusk at Karnak,' in his volume, 'The Dead Nymph and Other Poems.' It is a poem which touches you with its beauty as Keats' 'Ode to the Grecian Urn' does. As with all beautiful things, it is best not to analyze its charm, but to let it work its own charm.

"Out of the dim, mysterious dawn he came —  
The sun-god — the Osiris — clad in folds  
Of woven flame, and all the hideous shapes  
That lurked along the margin of the night —  
Star dimmers, and the gnomes who blot the moon  
And steal the ore of sunset — imps whose veins  
Scarce pulsate with their currents of thin dew —  
Fled at his glance; while he, through tumbling haze  
Winged slowly up into the billowy sky.

\* \* \*

" The golden scarabæus of the day  
Down the bright west crawled softly, and the faint  
Inscriptions faded ; and a small, pale cloud,  
Brushed by the great sun-beetle's wing, flushed red  
And swam, a lotus petal in the blue ;  
And Karnak, that a long December day  
Had lived again within our reverent hearts,  
Fled like a dream ; and naught remained with us  
Save deepening shades beneath slow clustering stars,  
And one dark monolith against the night."

All the poems in the volume are not of such sustained beauty as this, but everywhere there are indications of the same delicate originality in the choice of language. Especially is this true of the 'Marble Naiad,' and the first poem, 'The Dead Nymph,' both of which are full of poetic fancy.

That we can have no more than this one slender volume from Mr. Lüders is matter for profound regret, death having cut him off just when his powers were strengthening to their fulfilment.

Susan Marr Spaulding, in 'The Wings of Icarus,' has chosen the sonnet-form as her principal medium of poetic expression. Sonnets are getting to be such a drug in the market that we sometimes wish the season for that kind of fruit were over ; yet if they were all as good as Miss Spaulding's we should not complain. We have to find fault only with some of her sentiments in regard to love. Love in its highest form should not mean the utter extinction of one individuality in another, such as is indicated in her sonnet, 'A Mirror ;' and the sonnet 'One of Many' sinks to a degrading depth of humbleness. On the whole, however, it is interesting to have the patient-Griselda phase of womanhood subjectively represented in poetry, especially when real power is evinced on the artistic side. Many of her other sonnets are worthy to be admired unreservedly, among them this, called 'A Winter Gift,' —

" Is it a flower, indeed, this airy thing,  
Sweet as the thought that sent it unto me,  
And yet so frail, one soft, light kiss would be  
Caress too harsh, one tear its deluge bring ?  
Nay, 't is a feather from a fairy's wing, —  
A far faint thought, a tender memory,  
Perchance a little fluttering hope set free,



The ghost of some sweet hour of some sweet spring.  
 Whate'er it be, my longing heart divines  
 Its infinite power ; across my wintry skies  
 It flits, and lo, the golden summer shines !  
 And while I gaze with wistful tear-dimmed eyes,  
 I see the everlasting hills arise,  
 I hear the voice of the eternal pines."

Very suggestive of the keynote of Mrs. Moulton's work is the motto from Tennyson which ushers in her volume, 'Swallow Flights,' — "Short swallow flights of song, that dip their wings in tears." It is also the inspiration for her exquisite introductory poem. Mrs. Moulton's place in the front rank of American lyrists has long been recognized, as would be sufficiently proved by the laudatory quotations from English reviewers printed at the end of this, her new edition of poems, first published in 1887, even if we were not ourselves susceptible to the unusual quality of her verse.

So much melancholy may not appeal to us personally, as a healthy optimism would ; but Mrs. Moulton's "tears" come from the "depths of such divine despair" that we cannot but sympathize with her mood. The volume closes with a group of sonnets of such perfection of construction in thought and form as Mrs. Moulton is wont to write. 'The New Day' is perhaps the loveliest, and may fitly close this brief survey, —

"When the great sun sets the glad East aflame,  
 The lingering stars are quickly put to flight ;  
 For Day triumphant overthrows the night,  
 And mocks the lights that twinkled till he came.  
 The waning moon retires in sudden shame ;  
 And all the air, from roseate height to height,  
 Quivers with wings of birds that take the light.  
 So thou hast risen, — thou who art my day ;  
 And every lesser light has ceased to shine.  
 Pale stars, confronted by this dawn of thine,  
 Like night and gloom and grief have passed away ;  
 And yet my bliss I fear to call it mine,  
 Lest fresh foes lurk with unforeseen dismay."

C.

(To be continued.)

## NOTES AND NEWS.

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WHEN Death bids a Master of the Feast of Ideal Life depart, — the “Boss of us all,” as Whitman called Tennyson in homely but reverent phrase, — and when “round him ere he scarce be cold begins” newsmongering and the cry of personal gossip, let us follow the prevailing custom just so far as to taste again with full appreciation the flavor of the good wine he poured us out.

With no daring drift of thought to prejudice old heads, thin as pure breath and somewhat experimental only in fantasy of language were his early poems now collected as ‘*Juvenilia* ;’ and they bore so clear a stamp of incipient poetic art, we can but wonder now that the critics, and the elder poets too, even such an experimenter as Coleridge, found fault with them on that score. ‘Where *Claribel* low lieth ;’ ‘*Airy fairy Lilian* ;’ the two Shakespearian portraits from ‘*Measure for Measure*,’ of *Isabel* and *Mariana* ; the ‘*Dirge*,’ too, reflecting purely the very dirge in ‘*Cymbeline*’ which a circumstance of his death has now made doubly famous ; the youthful companion songs, ‘*Nothing will Die*,’ ‘*All things will Die* ;’ the verses on ‘*The Poet*,’ from which man has taken for a heritage of quotation the poet’s “hate of hate” and “scorn of scorn” and “love of love ;” the fervent sonnets, ‘*Buonaparte*’ and ‘*Poland*,’ — all these were the early touches of the vanished hand.

The fresh new vintage of his art yielded the same flavors as the last and mellowest. His poetic skill in working upon material drawn from earlier literary subjects ; the antiphonal balancing of his philosophic thought, now inclining to hope and now to fear ; the occasional warm, patriotic, and civic strain of his verse, — these were the prominent traits of his early work. Next grew the ripe enchantment of ‘*Ænone*,’ ‘*The Lady of Shalott*,’ and ‘*The Lotus Eaters*,’ and henceforth, in ‘*Ulysses*,’ ‘*Lucretius*,’ ‘*Saint Agnes’ Eve*,’ ‘*The Idylls of the King*,’ his re-wording of old myth, classic or mediæval, wore the impress of quiet mastery of phrase. In its

suave elaboration of picturesque effects, by means chiefly of color and allusion to nature, and of its own kind, a worked-over rather than a reconstructed kind of mythopoetics, art can scarcely go further.

In thus anew appreciating these ideal pleasures of the poet's gift, the originality in plan and modernness in execution of 'The Princess' must make it stand apart, before us, and with it, its crowning "small sweet Idyll," "Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height."

Nor must we lose another taste that lurks within the Tennysonian wine, — a delicate infrequent humor, found in 'Amphion,' but perhaps best shown in 'Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.'

On the civic side of his art were developed the poems that made his English Laureateship no empty office. They often proved his broad and splendid enthusiasm for the "Federation of the World," but they sometimes show a spirit of British partisanship. Dearer perhaps to the ordinary English mind on that account, but insular to the cosmopolitan, and increasingly so as the centuries go on, must that poet be who forgets that freedom is no partial goddess from an

"isle-altar gazing down  
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,  
And, King-like, wears the Crown."

In truth, Tennyson often seems to wish that freedom shall broaden down "from precedent to precedent" very slowly, his main concern being lest the throne be shaken. Allied to this unbelief in the people and timorousness of the future is the plaint of a despair, somewhat stronger always than its consolation and its hope, although these are often present to round out the doubt which was first sounded in the 'Juvenilia,' thus, —

" Nothing was born ;  
Nothing will die ;  
All things will change."

And again, —

" All things were born,  
Ye will come never more,  
For all things must die."

It sang again in 'Two Voices,' and yet again to the last degree of philosophic depth and finish in 'In Memoriam,' in 'Vastness,' and in the symbolically kindred poems that late combined the finest flavors in the Tennysonian beaker, — 'Demeter,' 'The Progress of Spring,' and 'The Gleam.'

To the new American generation that has arisen since the Quaker poet sang his brave songs, the moral heat of his anti-slavery hymns gives out again the light that showed the evils of the land. In Whittier's verse the younger child of time may trace now a truer record of past days than history can show him, for in them the untiring, long-defeated aspiration and the dull, sleek, legalized conservatism that sought to stifle it alike appear. The spring of the war was here, in the poems of the man who would have had no war, but a wiser revolution of the spirit for which the world was not yet ripe of mind as he. Better than history to learn from are the verses that made history. No chieftain of the war, no statesman, not the executive hand itself, wrought herein more vitally than the departed poet, whose glory let it now be in our memory that his words fulfilled their prophecy and lacked "But the full time to harden into things."

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#### LONDON LITERARIA.

"LORD TENNYSON passed away quite peacefully at 1.35 A.M." on October 6. Thus ran the brief official announcement that the "clear call" had come, and the aged poet had at last "crossed the bar." For long years now he has seemed to be so integral a part of our modern life that we can hardly realize that he has gone. But he had attained to a ripe old age, and had accomplished much. What will be his place in the republic of letters a hundred years hence does not concern us now. We take thankfully and gratefully what he has left, — verse that will afford inspiration and consolation to many a human spirit, and the memory of a noble and blameless life. The manner of his passing was, like that of his great compeer, altogether beautiful, and in harmony with his noble life. His physician writes: "Nothing could be more striking than

the scene during the last few hours. On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window, his hand clasping the 'Shakespeare' he had asked for but recently, and which he had kept by him to the end. His last conscious words were words of love addressed to wife and son, — words too sacred to be written here." His body is to rest in our great Abbey, by the side of Robert Browning; thus fittingly will the two representative singers of the Victorian era repose side by side.

It is understood that 'Akbar's Dream and Other Poems,' a volume of new poems by Lord Tennyson, is to be shortly issued; and it has been stated that it was the poet's wish that his son, the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, should write his life.

One of the more recent "literary events" has been the issue by Mr. Walter Scott, of Warwick Lane, of the "authorized translation" of Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt,' for which Messrs. William and Charles Archer are responsible. It is evident their work has been a labor of love; for they have given a most vigorous and faithful rendering of a noble poem. It is quite possible that many readers will fail to solve the riddles of 'Peer Gynt;' but if they are of the true poetic cult, they will be drawn again and again by the pure imagination, the sheer poetry, of this most poetic and original work. The great Norwegian poet has long since found his public among the English-speaking people, but the present translation of 'Peer Gynt' will not only enhance his fame, but will bring him a wider and more discriminating circle of readers.

All book-lovers will turn with special delight to the dainty and unique editions of Jane Austen and Thomas Love Peacock now in course of issue by J. M. Dent and Co. The printing and the binding of the latter are alike fascinating to the eye; Mr. Railton's illustrations are especially fine, while the "introductions" by Dr. Garnett are of more than ordinary interest. The same publishers have given us a marvellously cheap edition of Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations,' which they are about to supplement by two further volumes containing the poems, and a subsequent one to include the 'Pentameron,' 'Pericles and Aspasia,' the 'Citation of William Shakespeare,' etc. Landor has long found fit audience, though few; this new edition will go far to bring the many to the shrine of his genius.

*William G. Kingsland.*

LONDON, ENGLAND, October 8, 1892.



## CHATTERTON.

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**W**HEREVER the English tongue is spoken, men have talked of the "marvellous boy." But it is not a name to conjure with; it does not call up the rich associations that cluster around names like those of Spenser, Keats, Tennyson. Memories and quotations do not spring from one's lips at the sound; we think of no pet line or phrase that came from the boy's pen. We say, "How sad! what a wonderful genius!" but we know very little to corroborate our idea of his genius, and have only a dim notion of a tragic history. To tell the truth, Chatterton is now little more than a name. So few are really acquainted with his poems that his work must be regarded as practically dead, — at least, this is the case in the land of the poet's birth. Did not Lowell speak of the matter as the "Chatterton superstition"? Superstition or no superstition, fad or no fad, the thing is now past; the lad's poems have not proved to be "a joy forever," but must be classed with those numerous publications which are familiar to none but literary students. We may allow him the title of an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," which Shelley bestowed upon

him in the 'Adonaïs;' there can be no doubt that the renown is unfulfilled. Yet the name is one that must ever live. Wordsworth enshrined it in a memorable verse; and Keats dedicated his 'Endymion' to a poet even less happy than himself.

Most extraordinary opinions have been uttered with regard to Chatterton. His admirers have sadly lacked discretion. Malone spoke of him as the greatest genius England had produced since Shakespeare, — an absurdity which would have placed Chatterton above the divine Milton. So spoke also another biographer who has left his judgment as a matter for inextinguishable laughter. Second to Shakespeare! alas, poor Chatterton! The eulogy of such friends is indeed a thing to be dreaded. Warton, who wrote of the boy as a "prodigy of genius," is more within the mark; for a prodigy he certainly was, — a typical prodigy. Another less cautious critic said that Chatterton's was such a genius as only appears in the world once in many centuries, — a genius like that of Homer or Shakespeare. No one will be foolish enough flatly to contradict such a statement; but we may be pardoned if we ask for proof. Had the boy of seventeen years written such things as really place him by the side of the great world-poets, or had he merely given promise of such things? There is a wondrous difference between promise and fulfilment; and the only possible gauge of a man's standing must be that which he has *done*. It is all very well to speak of promise and expectation; the world cannot afford to remember a man because he promised to do great things. What *did* he do? — that, and nothing else, must be his claim to distinction.

Chatterton's claim, then, rests upon his poems as they stand; and those poems are truly very remarkable. They are especially remarkable as the production of a boy; but the world will not read poetry merely because it is precocious. A child of six might write an essay which would be creditable to a boy of twelve; such an essay would give great pleasure to the child's parents, and to its teacher, but no sane person would publish it as an addition to the world's store of wisdom. Campbell may justly remark that no English poet ever equalled Chatterton at the same age, but the

qualification is of primary importance. It was the age when healthy childhood should be careless and playful, — not dreaming of forged manuscripts.

When we turn to the consideration of Chatterton's poems, we find that they are very unequal. Some passages and pieces are wonderfully fine ; others are but commonplace ; and some are absolutely worthless. All are singularly strong for the age at which they were written. It is noticeable that the greatest power is shown in the poems ascribed to the monk Rowley ; and in spite of their antique guise these poems are more modern in spirit than the avowedly original ones. When he wrote under his own name, the young poet conformed largely to the fashion of his times ; but in assuming the romantic garb of archaism, he assumed much that was really more valuable and artistic. The credit of being a founder of the Romantic school has been given to him ; and undoubtedly he contributed much to that literary Renaissance. To some extent he was a pioneer. His work tended in the same direction as did that of Percy and Macpherson. Wordsworth, indeed, speaks of his poems as being mere counterparts to those of Ossian ; but from this opinion it might seem that the venerable " Laker " had not read very much of either. Chatterton draws more from Spenser and the old ballad-poetry than from the son of Fingal. When he tried to be antique, he became in fact the most modern poet of his day, both in his subjects and his mode of treatment ; and this modern character is due to the very fact of his going back so far for his inspiration.

It is a mistake to speak of the revival of poetry as due to any one publication, such as Percy's ballads or Macpherson's 'Ossian.' To do so is to ignore much good work that had been done by other men. Thomson's 'Seasons' appeared long before either of those publications, and so did Gray's fine 'Elegy.' We owe much to Gray and Thomson, much also to poor Collins, and something to Beattie, the author of the 'Minstrel.' These men all rose above the prevailing spirit of artificiality ; they all wrote something better than mere strings of tame heroic couplets. Later in the century their work was furthered by Cowper and Burns, and by the wonderful



artist, William Blake. To read such names is like a triumphal progress. The nature of the deliverance thus effected may be made plain by referring to the two distinct portions of Chatterton's own work. On the one side he has given us coarse though forcible satires, after the manner of Churchill, exaggerated and in-artistic elegies, less elegant than those of Shenstone, foolish and tawdry love-songs, utterly devoid of real passion; on the other side we have strong simple ballads, in rugged but forcible diction, inspired by natural sentiment and adorned with natural images. Such is the nature of the two contrasted styles. The mask of antiquity is as nothing compared to that of frigid affectation. It is to the fabled Rowley that we owe Chatterton's best poetry; when he wrote in his own name his writing was frequently worthless. The marvel is that a boy of his age should have been able to express himself in two such distinct styles.

The 'Ballad of Charity' and 'Ælla' are the two best things that the boy-poet wrote, and after these perhaps the 'Bristowe Tragedy.' Mr. Theodore Watts has spoken of 'Charity' as probably the most artistic work of its time. Its beginning is in true Chaucerian style, —

" In Virginè the sultry sun 'gan sheen,  
And hot upon the meads did cast his ray."

The poem gives a picture of a good Samaritan, but it is difficult to feel so much admiration for it as Mr. Watts expresses. It seems labored; and the spurious antiquity is very wearisome. 'Ælla' is more spirited, and has some pleasing touches; it certainly shows the poet at his best. There is some vigorous and effective word-painting, especially in the songs of the minstrels; and there is the touch of melancholy which some critics regard as a distinctly modern feature.

"The evening comes and brings the dew along;  
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne;  
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,  
Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine.  
I lay me on the grass; yet, to my will,  
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still."

A similar note is struck in the corresponding picture of Autumn, which is better still, —

“ When Autumn, sad but sunlit, doth appear  
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,  
Bringing up winter to fulfil the year,  
Bearing upon his back the ripened sheafe ;  
When all the hills with woolly seed are white,  
When lightning-fires and gleams do meet from far the sight ;

“ When the fair apple, flushed as even skye,  
Doth bend the tree unto the fertile ground,  
When juicy pears and berries of black dye  
Do dance in air and call the eye around,  
Then, be the even foul or be it fair,  
Methinks my heart’s content is stained with some care.”

We seem in these lines to be placed midway, as it were, between Spenser and Keats. We are reminded, on the one side, of that picture of “Autumn all in yellow clad,” which comes in the ‘Faerie Queene,’ and on the other of that apostrophe to the “Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,” which is one of the chief glories of modern poetry. It is only natural that Chatterton should suffer by comparison with either ; and even Spenser must here give place to Keats. Yet probably both Chatterton and the author of ‘Endymion’ owe their primary inspiration to the ‘Faerie Queene.’

There is another minstrel-song in this poem, which may be cited as a most unhappy imitation of the old ballad. No genuine minstrel of the old time would have ended a ballad thus :—

“ She said, and Lord Thomas came over the lea,  
As he the fat deerkins was chasing ;  
She put up her knitting, and to him went she,  
So we leave them both kindly embracing.”

It is like a passage from a silly love-story. “We will draw a veil,” etc. But Chatterton could do better than this.

“ Like a red meteor shall my weapon shine,  
Strong as a lion’s whelp I’ll be in fight ;  
Like falling leaves the Dacians shall be slain,  
Like a loud-sounding stream shall be my might.”

In this and similar passages is perhaps that Ossianic ring which Wordsworth spoke of. If there at all, it lies in such images as "like a red meteor" and "a loud-sounding stream." But the form and prevalent spirit of the poems is far from Ossianic. There is much force and truth in the opinion that Hazlitt expressed of Chatterton. The astute critic said, "He has the same sort of posthumous fame that an actor of the last age has, — an abstracted reputation which is independent of anything we know of his works." It was Hazlitt's judgment that the last minstrel's song in 'Ælla' is Chatterton's best bit of writing; and many will agree with him. Yet there are not many verses, even of this, that can be read with true pleasure.

" See, the white moon sheenes on high ;  
Whiter is my true love's shroude ;  
Whiter than the morning sky,  
Whiter than the evening cloude.  
My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed,  
All under the willow-tree."

In the original the spelling of these lines, and of the whole poem, is so obscure as to appear very ancient, and to render it rather slow reading; but, after all, the mask is a very shallow one, and the construction of the language is really modern.

Undoubtedly there are occasional glimpses of true genius in Chatterton's poetry, — genius which, had he lived, might have placed him high in the ranks of British poets; but we must lay an emphasis on the *might*. There is no certainty. His practical achievement was small, though wonderful for a boy of seventeen. What he did we can admire; few will love and treasure it. He is seldom read, and never quoted. Nothing that he wrote has become a living part of our literature. This is not casting discredit upon him; he was truly a prodigy, a miracle; and he seems likely to attain the usual fate of prodigies, — to be forgotten. But perhaps that is impossible. His romantic history will long give a kind of galvanized life to his writings. His tale is one of the strangest and saddest in literary biography, whose records contain so much that is sad and strange.

There is also the tantalizing question of what he would have become, to puzzle and interest critics. When the poor boy was found lying dead amid his torn papers, with the arsenic cup at his side, had he reached the maturity of his powers? Was his genius still in its dawn, or was this its lurid sunset? Such questions have been asked again and again, and they will be asked. But if we believe in a ruling providence, a hand that shapes our ends, we must believe that his work on earth was done, — that he had accomplished his appointed life-task. Yet a few hours' patience would have brought him rescue and success. He died in the hope of exchanging misery for joy; his last words were a most touching prayer :

“Have mercy, heaven, when here I cease to live,  
And this last act of wretchedness forgive.”

*Arthur L. Salmon.*

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## THE POETS-LAUREATE.\*

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ON the death of Ben Jonson, 1637, Sir William Davenant was appointed Poet-Laureate by *patent*, through the influence of the queen, Henrietta Maria. Charles, it seems, preferred a certain poet, May, — a writer of considerable force and some originality; but the woman prevailed. Davenant was the son of an inn-keeper at Oxford, — a man pretentious and vain, whose life and writings prompt the opinion, says Mr. Humphry Ward, that “everything in connection with him is spurious, from the legend that connects his blood with Shakespeare to the dramatic genius that his latest contemporaries prized so highly.” When only ten years old he wrote a poem in ‘Remembrance of Master William Shakespeare.’ A Royalist of pronounced type, he was imprisoned for awhile in the Tower, during the Protectorate, for his efforts in behalf of the unfortunate monarch. It is believed that he owed his release and perhaps his life to Milton’s

\* For the first part of this article, tracing the origins of the office of Poet-Laureate in myth and in Roman, mediæval, and English history, see *POET-LORE* for November, pp. 552-561.

intercession ; and when the "whirligig of Time" had brought a change of fortune, he, in turn, exerted his influence with the restored government in favor of the great Puritan poet. Davenant wrote a considerable amount of dramatic poetry, all of it insufferably tedious. 'Gondibert,' by which his name is best known, is an unfinished heroic poem of about six thousand lines, which elicited great diversity of opinion among his contemporaries. An interregnum marked Davenant's incumbency. Cromwell, with his inflexible aversion to the pomp and trappings of sovereignty, could have — would have — no Poet-Laureate. Marvell, however, wrote much vigorous verse on the Protector's victories in Ireland, and a graphic memorial on his death in which he characterizes the great man as —

"Mars, who had broken through Janus' double gate,  
Yet always tempered with an air so mild,  
As April suns that e'er so gentle smiled."

Marvell was Milton's assistant Latin secretary, and his literary satellite as well. On the return of the Stuarts, though a loyal Puritan, he remained in public life, and sat, an unswerving and incorruptible patriot, in the corrupt Parliament of Charles II. To Milton he remained unvaryingly true ; and his lines on 'Paradise Lost' were perhaps the first public recognition of the splendor of that glorious epic. It is most likely that Marvell was the author of the 'Horatian Ode on Cromwell's Return from Ireland,' though absolute proof is wanting. The technique of the poem is his ; and the sentiment, which, while admiring Cromwell, finds respect and pity for Charles, is characteristic of him.

But although no Laureate, royally appointed, sang the Protector's praises, for him was employed the matchless pen of the poet, philosopher, statesman, John Milton, the glory of English literature and the champion of English liberty, "whose soul was like a star and dwelt apart," whose voice was "like the sea, pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free."

At the Restoration, Davenant recovered the Laureateship and retained it as long as he lived. By a singular fortune, even in

death he supplanted his lifelong rival, May: the latter, a stanch Puritan, was interred during the Protectorate within Westminster's shrine; some years later, the Royalists disturbed his bones to make room for their champion. In imitation of Jonson, the sepulchral marble bore the inscription, "O Rare Sir William Davenant."

While not accepting Dr. Johnson's extravagant estimate of the next Laureate, John Dryden, we must acknowledge the great indebtedness of our language and literature to him. Few English writers have attained, as regards expression, such undisputed excellence. His prose was, for his time, matchless in variety, richness, logic, and vigor, and his poetry was but stronger prose. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton do not more truthfully represent their respective ages than does Dryden portray the literary activity of the reigns of Charles, James, William and Mary.

Dryden had flattered poor Richard Cromwell's brief authority by a handsome poem on his illustrious father, whom he always sincerely admired; but the accession of Charles II. was accompanied by the downfall of Dryden's Puritan supporters, so the young poet, thrown on his own resources, took the most direct method of obtaining favor: he greeted the new monarch with a fervent ode, 'Astræa Redex,' and attached himself to the company of literary aspirants about the court. Panegyric writing was the fashion of the age; and Dryden's exuberance of style and readiness of invention rendered it easy for him to excel in this composition. In 1670 he was appointed Historiographer-Royal and Poet-Laureate. The grant of these offices, with a salary of £200 yearly, was made to "John Dryden, Master of Arts, in consideration of his many acceptable services theretofore done to his present Majesty, and from an observation of his learning and eminent abilities, and his great skill and elegant style, both in verse and prose." The most willing and effusive muse, however, must soon exhaust so meagre a theme as the virtues of Charles II.; and Dryden's 'Threnodia,' written on the king's death, was little more than a repetition of the 'Astræa Redex.' The 'Annus Mirabilis,'

a poetical narration of the events of 1666, is more wonderful in the scope of its flattery than are the events it commemorates; and it doubtless contributed most deliciously to the self-esteem of John Bull.

Among the unfortunates who writhed under Dryden's satiric thong was Shadwell, — "the true blue poet," and Dryden's successor as Laureate, who, as *Og*, afforded one of the most conspicuous of that world-renowned group of portraits.

The Revolution of 1688 uncrowned both King and Laureate. The Protestant court of William and Mary would bestow no favors on the Catholic poet; and somewhat reduced in circumstances, he returned to his old occupation of writing for the stage. He maintained his kingship over the realm of letters, and remained autocrat of the coffee-house as long as he lived.

Thomas Shadwell, of whom his predecessor wrote, "He stands confirmed in full stupidity, and never deviates into sense," comes next in this list of worthies, and is less known by his twenty or more productions than by his undesired eminence as the hero of Dryden's brilliant satire, 'Macflecknoe.' He held the office of Laureate for four years, when an overdose of opium stopped his singing.

Nahum Tate — next in line — added no lustre to the Laureate's office. He was born in Dublin, matriculated at Trinity, removed to London, and adopted literature as a profession. He did not hold high rank among his contemporaries, nor have succeeding critics regarded him more kindly. Dryden said, —

" He writes to make his barrenness appear,  
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year."

And a later critic alludes to him as an "English word-joiner."

In 1694 Tate officially celebrated the birthday of William, which was his principal production while Laureate. Like many of the literary fraternity, he felt the pangs of poverty, and his last days were spent at Southwark, where he had taken refuge from his creditors.

A year after the accession of George I., Nicholas Rowe revived

the withering laurels for a season. Rowe had led rather a desultory life; destined for the Bar, he had manifested a taste and an aptitude for literature which decided him to devote himself to its pursuit. He translated Lucan, wrote 'Jane Shore,' 'The Fair Penitent,' and several other plays, which commanded in their time much commendation. He published the first edition of Shakespeare's plays that is worthy of being called an edition in the modern sense of the term. Rowe possessed most gracious manners and a wonderfully brilliant mind, which, added to an extraordinarily handsome person, rendered him wellnigh irresistible to the fair sex. Pope questioned his possession of a heart; Addison believed that such an organ entered into his composition, but acknowledged the lightness of the material. Rowe wore the laurel for three years. He was buried in Westminster, and his epitaph written by Pope:—

"Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,  
And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:  
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,  
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes."

Laurence Eusden succeeded Rowe, having been raised to the office by the composition of an epithalamion on the marriage of the Duke of Newcastle. He was just in time to pen a coronation ode for George II. Eusden was educated for the ministry, and indeed received orders and held for some time the office of chaplain. His fellow-poets resented his right to wield the Laureate's pen; Pope punished him by putting him in the 'Dunciad;' and Cooke refers to him in his 'Battle of the Poets':—

"Eusden, a laureled bard, by fortune raised,  
By few is read, by fewer still is praised."

The Duke of Buckingham, too, in his 'Session of the Poets,' suggests that Eusden was unknown to fame until his promotion to the office of Laureate:—

"In rushed Eusden, and cried, 'Who shall have it  
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?'  
Apollo begged pardon and granted his claim,  
But vowed that till then he had ne'er heard his name."



Eusden's Ode to George II. is delicious in its mendacity :—

“ Hail mighty monarch, whose deserts alone  
Would, without birthright, raise thee to a throne !  
Thy virtues shine peculiarly nice,  
Ungloomed with a confinity of vice.”

Under Eusden began the series of birthday poems and odes to royalty which continued with little cessation until 1813.

In the later edition of 'The Dunciad,' 1743, Pope places on the throne of Dulness Colley Cibber, at that time Laureate:

“ The goddess, then, o'er his anointed head,  
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.  
. . . ' All hail ! and hail again.  
My son ! the promised land expects thy reign.  
. . . Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come !  
Sound, sound, ye viols, be the cat-call dumb !  
Bring, bring, the madding bay, the drunken vine ;  
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.' . . .  
She ceased. Then swells the chapel-royal throat —  
' God save King Cibber ! ' mounts in every note.  
. . . . .  
High on a gorgeous seat that far outshone  
Henley's gilt tub or Flecknoe's Irish throne,  
Or that where on her Curlls the public pours  
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,  
Great Cibber sat ; the proud Parnassian seer,  
The conscious simper and the jealous leer  
Mix on his look : all eyes direct their rays  
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.”

When a very young man, Cibber was convinced that as an actor he could electrify the world ; but failing to realize the success he had anticipated, he directed his steps toward the goal of disappointed spirits, — Literature. He produced in 1700 that famous alteration of Shakespeare's 'Richard III.,' which was retained by Garrick and Kean down to Irving's revival of the original in 1878. Cibber held the office of Laureate for twenty-seven years ; and in the abundance of birthday and New Year's odes which he penned, and which adorn the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, scarcely a good line can be found, though there are almost infinite degrees of badness. Dr. Johnson said :—

“ Augustus still survives in Maro’s strain ;  
And Spenser’s verse prolongs Elizabeth’s reign ;  
Great George’s acts let tuneful Cibber sing,  
For Nature formed the poet for the King.”

On the death of Cibber, the Laureateship was offered to Gray, with the proviso that he should write only when and what he pleased. He refused it because he deemed that it had been hopelessly degraded by Cibber’s occupancy. It was then (1757) accepted by William Whitehead, who won even Gray’s approbation by the manner in which he discharged its duties. Whitehead gives us some idea of his own conception of the office in the following lines :—

“ His Muse, obliged by sack or pension,  
Without a subject or invention,  
Must certain words in order set  
As innocent as a gazette ;  
Must some half-meaning half-disguise,  
And utter neither truth nor lies.”

Whitehead’s poetry is for the most part tame and conventional. Perhaps the most noticeable of his efforts were inspired by the American Revolution, in which he is a veritable Proteus, — first a scornful patriot, confident of the mother-country’s power and breathing forth punishment against the rebels ; then, as the struggle advances, he loses something of his confidence and becomes remonstrant, persuasive ; later on, he suggests that the gates of mercy are still open, and reminds the wayward children that “ while the lamp holds out to burn,” etc.

Whitehead died in 1785 ; and the office was offered to William Mason, the friend and biographer of Gray. On his declining the doubtful honor, it was conferred on Thomas Warton, of whom Park says, “ He gave an historical dignity and a splendor of poetical dignity to the odes that he composed that would scarcely leave the reader to conceive that the subjects were imposed by restraint.” He held the office of laureated poet at Oxford from 1847–48. “ He affords,” so says Mr. Humphry Ward, “ a curious example of a poet killed with kindness ; for the apparatus of parallel passages from Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and others is enough to ruin

any little claim to originality which might have been put forward for him."

When Warton died, there was a suggestion of abolishing the office of Laureate. Gibbon, in advocating its non-continuance, said, "This is the best time for not filling up the office, when the prince is a man of virtue, and the poet who has just died was a man of genius."

The office was not abolished, and Henry James Pye was the next incumbent. Pye traced his descent to ancestors who came over with the Conqueror, and on his mother's side to the patriot Hampden. He held several public positions whose maintenance cost him his patrimonial acres. He made a number of fairly good translations from the Greek, and wrote dramas and lyrics more noted for their sensational turns than for their imagery or music. In Byron's 'Vision of Judgment,' the following couplet occurs :

"The monarch mute till then, exclaimed 'What! what!  
Pye come again! No more — no more of that!'"

Influential and admiring friends sought to twine the laurel around the honored brow of Sir Walter Scott, and among those who urged its acceptance upon him no one was more importunate than Robert Southey, the next holder of the office. During Southey's incumbency of thirty years, the tierce of canary was commuted to £27. The concession offered to Gray was virtually made to Southey; and after the time of George III. the annual odes fell into disfavor. His most powerful production was the 'Ode Written during the Negotiations for Peace in 1814': —

"Woe, woe to England! woe and endless shame,  
If this heroic land  
False to her feeling and unspotted fame  
Hold out the olive to the Tyrant's hand."

In his 'Funeral Ode on the Death of the Princess Charlotte,' while lamenting the doom of her "late with youth and beauty crowned," he passes in running commentary over the list of England's royal dead from that Henry, "meek of heart and undefiled," to that other Henry

“ whose tyrannic spirit  
Shall our Charlotte not inherit ;  
No, by Fisher's hoary head,  
By More, the learned and the good —  
By Katharine's wrongs — Boleyn's blood —  
By the life so basely shed  
Of the pride of Norfolk's line ;  
By the axe so often red,  
By the fire with martyrs fed —  
Hateful Henry, not with thee,  
May her happy spirit be.”

Body and mind alike exhausted, Southey died in 1843, and the Laureate's crown passed to Wordsworth, the Patriarch of the Lakes. The first offer of this honorable post was refused by the aged poet (then seventy-three years old), and it was only after an urgent letter from Sir Robert Peel, conveying to him the Queen's hearty desire that he should accept the office, that he consented to do so. In a letter to a friend he describes his presentation as Laureate to the Queen:—

“ The reception given me by the Queen at her ball was most gracious. Mrs. Everett, the wife of your Minister, among many others, was a witness to it without knowing who I was. It moved her to the shedding of tears. To see a gray-haired man of seventy-five years of age kneeling down in a large assembly to kiss the hand of a young woman is a sight for which institutions, essentially democratic, do not prepare a spectator of either sex, and must naturally place the opinions upon which a republic is founded, and the sentiments which support it, in strong contrast with a government based and upheld as ours is.”

The only official fruit of Wordsworth's Laureateship was the Ode on the Installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. But throughout life he was Nature's Laureate, proclaiming her beauties, singing her praises, and propagating as his creed, “ Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.”

“ Time may restore us, in his course,  
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force ;  
But when will Europe's latter hour  
Again find Wordsworth's healing power ? ”

The warrant for Lord Tennyson's appointment as Poet-Laureate declared that he was "to have, hold, exercise and enjoy all the rights, profits and privileges of that office;" and the salary which he received was said to be £72 yearly. His official productions were not numerous, but their excellence was unchallenged. In 1851 he dedicated a volume of poems to the queen, and his Epic of Chivalry was most beautifully dedicated to her kingly, kindly husband. His 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington' is of itself sufficient to stamp the poet's force upon the office. The 'Welcome to Alexandra,' and 'A Welcome to Marie Alexandrovna,' are manifestos of his official dignity, written with his characteristic grace and good taste.

" The laurel greener from the brow  
Of him that uttered nothing base "

has gained new beauty, new verdure, from the brow of the favorite among the Victorian poets, who died on a calm, moonlit evening in early October, with the winds sighing a requiem through the trees that surrounded his home. No artificial light lent a glare to the peaceful scene; only the soft, silvery moonbeams dispelled the darkness and encircled the pale features of the dying man with a halo of serenity. His life was all gentleness; his death the fitting sequel to such a life.

Among his country's honored dead he sleeps, in her vast funeral pile, — his countrymen, from the sovereign upon the throne to the tradesman in the shop, uniting to do him reverence. While the choir chanted the last melody framed by his mortal lips, he was borne to the Poet's Corner, where his place, in death as in life, is by the side of his cherished fellow-singer. Within the casket was placed a copy of Shakespeare, the last volume held by his trembling fingers. There

" In the vast cathedral leave him ;  
God accept him, Christ receive him."

*Charlotte Newell.*

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES AND SHAKESPEARE'S ISABEL.

THE Antigone of Sophocles has what appears to me to be a remarkable parallel in the character of Isabel in Shakespeare's 'Measure for Measure.' The parallel does not consist in the action. The two heroines would not have understood each other. It is not at all unlikely, if they had met and compared actions, that each would have repudiated the conduct of the other. Sophocles would certainly not have understood Isabel. These heroines belonged to two different ages of the world. The comparison is between the two characters, and not in the external situation, which simply was the test for the display of character. Men and women may often be born into their special views of right and wrong. No man may altogether escape from his environment or period in history. The real test of character depends largely rather on the degree of loyalty they show to what they really consider true virtue and goodness. At the same time there is another test of equal if not greater consequence; that is, whether they make an effort to search deep, to get to the highest degree of enlightenment possible for them under the conditions.

Antigone displayed her character on a question that is now utterly remote from us. With her it all turned on the issue simply of throwing a little earth over the body of her dead brother. But we are to remember that in the beliefs of the people of that time that act so insignificant to us in its meaning now was to determine a great deal for the life after death of the brother. With Isabel it was a different external problem, apparently more selfish. In this case too it all revolves about the life of a brother. The story is familiar. The judge had offered to save the life of the brother, who had been condemned to die, if the sister would be willing to sacrifice her honor and character. She refuses and bids her brother rather to accept his own death.

There is something apparently stern in these two women. What they did would be apparently against the principles of com-

mon-sense or every-day judgment. We ask ourselves, "Can there be anything more sacred than a human life?" Isabel would have answered, "Yes, the preservation of perfect character." She simply fell back on what to her was the unwritten law as to what is the Eternal Best. Neither in the case of Antigone nor in that of Isabel was it simply an obedience to natural or human affection. It was an issue of loyalty to principle. For that reason they both appear cold. Unquestionably the intensity of their faithfulness to what they considered right made them one-sided. There is something painful, almost unnatural, in the way that Antigone later on in the play turns and repudiates her sister. There is a similar lack of tenderness in the volume of righteous though almost bitter indignation that Isabel pours out on the head of her weak brother.

It is quite probable that each of these two women would have stood almost alone in her resolution. Others would have been astonished, not appalled. I am not attempting to determine whether they acted wisely or did well, whether we should blame or praise them for their peculiar heroism. My desire is merely to call attention to the remarkable similarity in the characters of the two women so far separated in periods of history as well as conditions of mind. We are so accustomed to judge persons by the external circumstances that we fail to note such parallels. We observe the characters of people of India two or three thousand years ago, or of Greece, Egypt, or Rome, and often may think how different we are from them. We fail to appreciate the sisterhood and brotherhood existing between such remotely different races and periods of time. But, on the other hand, when we analyze the matter closely it is remarkable to see how complete, after all, may be the resemblance in character in spite of the most diverse external situations.

Shakespeare and Sophocles were each giving a picture of practically the same conditions of mind. They were illustrating the type of person who falls back on what he considers the most elemental law of Right and Justice. As contrasted with what may be the edicts of the then conventional social or political world these two writers not only illustrate the act of two such similar

characters, they show the close parallels in the effects of such acts upon that type of man or woman. Isabel and Antigone resembled each other not only in their heroism, but in the touch, though very faint it may seem, of proud arrogance, which comes out in their consciousness of their own isolated loyalty to what they considered the Unwritten Law.

There is, of course, also another striking thought in connection with the study of these two plays. Both writers had the insight to select women as a means of illustrating their subject. There, too, they undoubtedly displayed the quick perception of genius. The masculine type of mind does not show this peculiar sense of loyalty to the same degree or on the same problems. A man will die for his country or for friendship, but it takes a woman to be willing to die for virtue.

When thinking of the parallelism between two plays so remote in period of time, I was led to recall two paintings which also indicated to me this comparison as well as this similarity. Holman Hunt illustrated with his brush the scene between Claudio and Isabel in the prison. The dialogue will be remembered.

*Claudio.* O Isabel !  
*Isabel.* What says my brother ?  
*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.  
*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful."

The other painting is by a German artist, whose work is well known all over Germany. It represents the talk between Antigone and Ismene. Although the dialogue at the beginning of the play is between the brother and sister, the real subject as suggested by the face of Antigone would rather be the immortal lines which she addresses to Creon the king.

"Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,  
That thou, a mortal man, should'st over-pass  
The unwritten laws of God that know not change.  
They are not of to-day nor yesterday,  
But live forever, nor can man assign  
When first they sprang to being."

It strikes me that any person seeing these two subjects by two different artists would at once recognize the resemblance in the



subject under consideration in spite of the differences in the external situation. The theme of both paintings might be, 'The Unwritten Law.' The two faces have in them the elements of heroism, the unbending will that bids defiance to outward conventionality in the face of their own ideal of the Highest Right and the Highest Good.

The value of such comparisons in the characters in literature is not merely to the mind. It is immensely stimulating to our sympathies when we discover how two great minds so far separated in history can be so closely alike in their ideals of moral heroism, though under such diverse conditions. It makes us feel our unity with the earlier races as well as with the other races of men. The brotherhood of mankind comes home to us as we recognize the brotherhood of Sophocles and Shakespeare.

*W. L. Sheldon.*

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#### THE POETIC LIMITATIONS OF SORDELLO.\*

ACCORDING to Sismondi, in his 'Literature of the South of Europe,' Sordello was a true representative of the age of chivalry and of the troubadours; his real merit consisted in the harmony and sensibility of his verses. He early made use of the ballad; and he was one of the leading writers of Provençal song. He was born near Mantua, was attached to the household of Count Boniface, the leader of the Guelph party in his part of Italy. Afterward he was in the service of the Count of Provence, and then came more directly into sympathy with the Provençal poets. In his poetry he made use of Provençal, although he was born a Lombard; but at this period there was the closest connection between Lombardy and Provence.

The age of Sordello was brilliant, noted for its chivalric virtues, emotional and sensuous; it was a brave and earnest time, but one of appalling crimes and the basest treacheries. He lived, says Sismondi, in an age of heroes and monsters, of men as cruel

\* Read before the Boston Browning Society, Oct. 25, 1892.

as they were brave. It was the age of Ezzelino, the tyrant of Verona, — a monster in human shape, who had no regard for man or woman. With this monster in human form Sordello was associated, — sometimes as his friend, sometimes as his foe, — and with him he was connected by ties of marriage.

Sordello is said to have stolen and carried off the wife of Count Boniface, to have married the sister of Ezzelino, as well as to have been a leader in various brilliant military exploits. He was regarded by the people as a great poet. Saint Louis praised him as the most valiant and gallant of knights, and he had a large place in the popular heart. It is evident, however, that these accounts are largely traditional; and they are often contradicted by other early Italian writers.

We know Sordello almost wholly because Dante meets him at the entrance to Purgatory, and admires his noble and haughty aspect, comparing him with a lion in majestic repose. Virgil embraces him as a brother poet. He is described with admiration, and in a lofty tone of poetic appreciation.

In all, thirty-four of Sordello's poems have been preserved, fifteen of these being love-songs of a pure and delicate style. Others have little poetic merit and less of that moral purity and chivalric delicacy which have been associated with Sordello's name. As with nearly all the troubadours, he was sometimes pure and noble, sometimes coarse and sensual.

He had all the qualities of chivalry, for he was brave and courteous, brutal and sensuous. He had its exterior polish and its interior ferocity, its regard for the forms of fine conduct and its corrupt and bloodthirsty heart. Not the less he had the qualities of the troubadour, his gayety, his joyous temper, his delight in the sensual pleasures of life, his admiration for color and refinement of manner, and his fickle habit of mind. He loved adventure as did the Provençal poet, and he cared not as to how foolish or ridiculous it might be. He lived a life of emotion, of feeling that was not governed, that led him into the most startling and irrational exploits. He was nothing if he was not an adventurer; and the wilder the adventure the better he cared for it. He was a fool of

fortune, a tool of sentimentalism, a half-grown youth in the folly and wilfulness of his conduct. There was nothing too foolish for him to do, nothing so sentimental he could not make it the motive of his life, nothing so base he would not stoop to it as if it were the way to Paradise.

Such a man was the Provençal poet and troubadour of the age of chivalry; such a man was Sordello himself. Such a man in the poem of Browning Sordello is not. Our poet has described a nineteenth-century sentimentalist, subjective in temper, and with such a passion for introversion he is incapable of any definite action. The man of the poem and the man of history have no connection; they do not touch each other at a single point. The actual Sordello could not have turned his mind inward to eat itself to death with fine questionings.

The troubadour lived in his senses, in his passions, the most objective life possible to a man of a refined age. His admiration for woman was a mere sentiment, or else purely a formality. He had the suavity and graciousness of a lover; but his chivalry was a polish of the exterior, and his courtesy never touched his moral being. He admired woman, but as a sentimentalist, as he admired his horse or his sword; he did not have any real veneration for her or recognize her as his companion and equal. She was a plaything of his fancy, the stock in trade of his poetry, the object of his conventional etiquette.

It is not such a man we find in the Sordello of our poet. This man reverences woman; he bows before her as the shrine of his heart's devotion; she is the perfect being his mind venerates.

Browning has not been true to history; his facts are not the facts of the age he describes. He has projected himself into a past age; he has thrown into that age the thoughts, sentiments, and convictions of his own. He makes an age of feeling to be an age of metaphysical introspection and subjectivity. He makes an age of immense activity to be an age of metaphysical questioning and doubt. He makes an age of sentiment to be an age of intellectual seriousness. In fact, the age of Sordello was rarely serious, and did not give itself to earnest questioning of any kind.

His metaphysics have led Browning into obscurity. His style is involved, his thought obscure. The person who can read Hegel need have no trouble with 'Sordello;' but he who loves the plainness and directness of science will find infinite difficulty with the poem of Browning. The literary method of the poem is false, its metaphysics pernicious, and its theory of life vicious. When Browning wrote this poem he was in a frame of mind which took what is turgid for profundity, what is obscure for what is deep, and an involved style for one marked by luminosity.

Browning has written too much that is lyrical, great, pure, and gloriously inspired for us to give much worry to anything so hard, tangled, and viciously obscure as 'Sordello.' We might as well admit at once that even great minds nod now and then, and that this poem is a part of that experimental work which Browning did which has interest for us solely because it is associated with his name. In itself the poem has almost no literary value, though it helps us to understand Browning's ways of thinking and to appreciate the range and strength of his mind. Certainly he had a great mind or he could never have risen out of the tangle and subjectivity of 'Sordello' into the heights of 'Abt Vogler' and 'Rabbi ben Ezra.'

When we look at the character of Sordello, we meet with the same want of nature and reality. He is dilettante, a mere dreamer, a visionary whose visions have no concrete force or significance. In the midst of men, he loses himself in idle contemplations. He is a man of scruples, too finical to touch what is real, too romantic to see the moral worth of action. Paracelsus is so much a visionary that he wastes his life on airy nothings, and lets his splendid gifts lead him into a land of phantoms; but Sordello is much worse, for he despises what is nobly human, and he turns away from the real opportunities of life to such fancies as never turn into fact.

It is true that passages of deep meaning and pure beauty appear in the poem, but they are rare. We can but feel that Sordello has never measured life with a man's resolute will. He is a dude in his moral nature, — a man who looks at life in such a finical

manner, with a taste so viciously superfined, that he turns away from what is manly, honest, robust, and just to waste his energies in sentimental wishes for a better world he never lifts his finger to create. What was strong and manly in the age of chivalry we do not find in Sordello. He belongs to an age of doubt, excessive refinement, and metaphysical yearnings for what is not real and natural. He is a product of conventionality, of taste turned into an ideal, and of manners grown to be the measure of life. He is unreal from too much delicacy of intellect, too exquisite sense of the beauty of life, and from want of moral sternness and insistent purpose.

It is not difficult to see that Sordello represents an element in Browning's own life, that at one time he was this man he has described. That he was in full manhood gifted with a robustness which is singularly striking and personal, does not prove he had not this other quality which youth manifested. It is not Sordello we can admire in Browning's poetry. He has his own interest; but he is not an ideal character or one worthy of special study. It is the Browning of youth, of excessive sensibility, an undue regard for the artistic side of life and drawn too much into sympathy with the objective side of chivalry, which we find here. The brave, strong, robust, courageous Browning of our admiration is not a Sordello.

*George Willis Cooke.*

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### NEWTON'S BRAIN.

BY JAKUB ARBES.

*(Concluded.)*

"MY esteemed guests are separated into two camps," he began, after the noise had subsided a little. "As a wretched artist desiring to please all who appreciate my art, I cannot at present satisfy either party, for I do not know which possesses the keener appreciation of my performance. There remains nothing for me

but to satisfy both ; therefore I ask your permission to finish my talk, and then the experiment shall immediately follow."

"Very well!" all cried on the right, on the left, and in the centre ; and my friend resumed, —

"The modern man's proud boast of progress is really pitiable. It seems that a moment's success, often questionable, of some ingenious head, dazzles a thousand others with a false vision of an amazing progress ; and yet man's powerlessness appears daily in a more and more intensive light. 'The master and king of Nature,' whose spirit is said to force Nature herself to bow to him, — this proud, vain, conceited giant among creatures will, in the light of exact science and logic, be shown to be a dwarf who really deserves pity. Early in our youth our teachers told us that the human sight was feebler than that of the eagle or the falcon ; that man's hearing, smell, touch, and other senses were duller than those of many animals. Man has known this long, hence his dreadful chase after some means to sharpen his senses. He strengthened them artificially, to be the more convinced how powerless, miserable, and wretched a being he is. He took a dissecting-knife, found and classified his organs, endeavored to find out their functions, established their importance and necessity, and became convinced that the life of the master of all creation, created 'in God's own image,' did not and does not substantially differ from the life of the most subordinate creatures. He has traced the operations of his mind ; he has gone far, but the boundary line between good and evil he has not yet defined exactly. He has penetrated deeply into the interior of the earth, and still deeper into the universe, with his physical and mental eye ; he has endeavored to ascertain the laws of the world ; but with all this he has been unable to repel the awful truth that merciless death and oblivion are awaiting him. Be born, live, and suffer, then perish, crumble into atoms, and vanish forever, — such is the horrible perspective which the progress of science opens to man. To feign ignorance, to console oneself with illusions and Utopian fiction, does not help any, and is cowardly. Let us remember to what we have come. Yet how do we regard human life in view of this horrible truth ? Do we put a just value

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upon human life? Which of us can step forward and show that a single life he has destroyed ever revived? Still we look on at fearful mutual murders,—quick, by means of force, or slow, by means of enervating toil and suffering.”

My friend paused as though he was going to rest for a time. Not the least whisper disturbed the dead stillness. It was evident that the speaker tried to suppress his thoughts rather than give them free play; and for this very reason his discourse made a favorable impression upon those present.

After a few moments he proceeded,—

“Neither I nor anybody else could return life to a dead body. All my art is based on quickness, and in everything I rely upon the relative slowness of thought. It is generally supposed that there is nothing faster than thought. This is a mistaken notion. Figures—those cold, merciless, but most sincere friends of reasoning—have proved the contrary. It has been ascertained that compared with the velocity of light and electricity, the velocity of thought is astonishingly small. If I touch the skin of an adult's leg, it takes no less than about one third of a second before the sensation is reported by the spinal cord to the brain,—the central organ of consciousness; whereas in the same time light will travel over more than fourteen thousand geographical miles; electricity, conducted by a copper wire, nearly thirty-one thousand miles. Just as slowly as the sensation of touch passes through the spine, every notion evidently passes through the brain.”

Again he paused for a short time.

I must confess that up to this time I had no idea what kind of an experiment he was going to perform. His disconnected talk excited my curiosity; but mentally I had already joined those who asked for an immediate performance of the experiment. Notwithstanding this, I was unwilling to interrupt, and so kept silence.

“Along with all his other knowledge the modern man also knows how to declaim beautifully upon immortality, although he realizes too well that his final inevitable lot is oblivion. Truly he has ever been and is endeavoring with all his power to save a picture of himself or a scene for his descendants; but art in all its phases

has proved unable to do more than preserve a mere shadow of a picture,—a shadow that fades and vanishes until it disappears entirely and forever, just like the original. I have been thinking about it several years; and aided by all the discoveries of science that were accessible to me, I have become able to present vividly to human eyes any scene that existed hundreds or even thousands of years ago.”

“What? What?” was heard on all sides.

Curiosity, which my friend evidently aimed to awaken by his speech, was universal. But he went on:—

“If before the invention of glass and the telescope anybody should have appeared before a learned body of men like the present, and claimed that by means of certain instruments it would sometime become possible to look out over distances of many miles, even to study heavenly bodies, his story surely would have been listened to with distrust even by the most profound thinker of the time. The same would have happened if before the invention of the steam-engine or the telegraph any one should have claimed that a journey of several months might be made in a few hours, or that one might in a moment’s time hear from a person hundreds of miles away. To-day we should compassionately smile at the sceptics; yet I am sure that I shall not be believed if I make an analogous assertion before my experiment is finished. For I have succeeded in discovering an alloy out of which a tool may be made which excels the most perfect microscopes and telescopes of to-day, although it looks just like ordinary eye-glasses. These eye-glasses enable a person clearly to distinguish things at enormous distances, a *milliard* of miles, for example.”

“That is impossible! A fairy tale!” came from various parts of the hall.

“Considering what I have said,” my friend continued, “I had to expect that I would not be believed. It is the same as if half a thousand years ago I should have asserted what has since been conclusively proved,—that the earth moves around the sun. I am not at all surprised, therefore, that my esteemed guests think it impossible that I should have invented a better instrument than



all our telescopes, and an incredibly simple one at that. But this is not all. For I have made another invention more improbable than the first. In truth, it is no new invention, for it has been known for ages; but its application is wholly modern. Its simplicity will surprise every one; but he who recalls the fact that the results of all human thinking may be summed up in a few words, who knows that the apparent chaos of the universe and all its millions of natural forces are governed by one law, — he will at least understand how for a given purpose we may use the resultant of only a few forces. I have succeeded in inventing, or utilizing rather, a precious motor that has been known for ages, — a motor whose velocity exceeds that of light; ay, even that of electricity."

"A Utopian idea!" some of the guests exclaimed.

"Yet I shall prove it," my friend went on, "for I have constructed a machine to test the effects of this wonderful force; the machine, ready for the most daring experiments, is here, and any one may convince himself of the truth of my words."

My friend looked up. I noticed that a large regular triangle was hanging in the air where the metallic coffin-lid had been before. One corner of the triangle pointed to the ceiling; the opposite side was in a horizontal position. The triangle was so large that two persons could comfortably stand in it. I could not tell of what material it was made. It looked as though it were made of bright, strong wire; all three sides glittered as if rays of light were reflected from a smooth wire.

Before I could examine the machine from afar, my friend simply beckoned, and the triangle instantly slipped down upon the table. And look! First now I noticed that at its two lower corners there were hanging two glittering objects which I failed to see before. My friend put both of these upon the table and said, —

"Let any one who wants to convince himself come forward and examine my apparatus."

The guests surrounded the table. I too, being exceedingly curious, hastened forward and struggled to get as near as possible to the table, so that I could view the instruments closely. I saw

two pairs of eye-glasses, seemingly common glass. I looked through them, but found nothing peculiar. They seemed to be common, unpolished glass. The triangular instrument was more peculiar. What from a distance seemed to be a bright, thick wire was an unknown, thin, cobwebby matter, as tough as a wire and glittering; its resemblance to a thick wire was evidently an optical delusion. I, and many of the guests, examined the machine with our own eyes and our own touch.

A few minutes later my friend politely asked the guests to resume their seats. Then he proceeded, —

“By way of introduction I shall give a few well-known facts concerning the velocity of light. The speed of my machine will then be better understood. As is well known, the velocity of light is computed to be more than forty-two thousand geographical miles a second.\* A ray of moonlight, therefore, reaches the earth in about a second and a half; sunlight arrives in about eight minutes. The light of Neptune, the farthest-known planet, needs nearly three hours to reach the earth. The nearest fixed star is four billion miles distant from us; it takes no less than three thousand two hundred years before we see its light. The distance of the fixed stars of the twelfth magnitude, according to Struve, is about five billion miles, and their light comes to us in four thousand years. And Rosse's gigantic telescope discovered stars so remote that their light reaches us only in about thirty million years. Accordingly the so-called universe must be at least thirty million years old. All this is well known, however. I merely state it to prove my assertion. If by means of polished glasses we are enabled to view bodies so distant, why should we not, by means of a far more perfect instrument, look, say, from a fixed star of the twelfth magnitude, at the earth and see everything as distinctly as a naked eye sees even minute objects at a distance of ten or twelve inches?”

“Humbug!” burst from some one in the rear.


A light smile passed over my friend's face; so smiles a man who is sure of victory.

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[\* It will be noted that the astronomical “facts” as well as the mathematics of the *escamoteur* are inaccurate. — THE EDITORS.]

“Any one may doubt all I have said until I prove its truth,” he went on. “But certainly every one will admit that if it were possible for us in one hour to make a journey of five billion miles from a star of the twelfth magnitude to our earth, and were our eyes strengthened as I have mentioned, we could, in as short a time, view scenes from the whole of mankind’s history, beginning with the first man down to this very moment. This, too, every one will admit : that if the traveller desired to view a scene longer, he would have to fly with the same velocity and in the same direction as light does. Now, if we should soar up from this hall and fly with the velocity of light, we would see continually the very scene that is now before our eyes. But if we should suddenly be transferred to a point distant a little over 3,225,000,000 miles from the earth, and should then speed on with the velocity of light, the earth would appear to us as it looked twenty-four hours ago. If we should then suddenly advance ten, a hundred, or a thousand times as far, we should see what had happened on earth ten, a hundred, or a thousand days ago, and so on. The course of our flight of course would not be direct or arbitrary ; it would be a gigantic cycloid, so as to follow not only the earth’s rotation around its axis, but also its course around the sun. Of all the scenes that have taken place on the face of the globe, not a single one has been lost, but images of all are being preserved in the great mirror of the universe. By means of enormous speed all these images may be traced, looked at, and examined at will. I have invented the instruments necessary for this journey, and although they may surprise everybody by their unparalleled simplicity, they have been so often successfully tested that I can to-night invite any one of the company to undertake with me an expedition into the universe.”

Loud laughter, expressive partly of distrust, partly of ridicule, shook the hall. “A Utopian scheme! A hypothesis! Nonsense!” Such and similar cries came from various parts of the room. After the laughter had somewhat subsided, the same grumbler in the rear who had interrupted my friend shortly before remarked, —



"Jules Verne is ahead of you, for he undertook a like journey to the moon!"

A light smile again passed over my friend's face.

"You are right," he said, "but only partly so; for even Jules Verne was not the first to undertake so adventurous a journey. Edgar Allan Poe went on a like journey about a quarter of a century before him; and so did one Cyrano de Bergerac in the seventeenth century. The course of the journey is the same, but the means and the object are different. All of those who have undertaken the journey before have employed complicated apparatus, and have intended to amuse and to instruct, but I use the simplest means, and the object of my journey is—"

"We don't care what it is!" the morose guest in the rear interjected. "We want proof that such an excursion is feasible!"

"I shall furnish the proof immediately," my friend answered. "Let any one who chooses take a slip of paper and write down what event of history he wants to see; then let a delegate be chosen who shall undertake the journey with me as a manager of the machine."

My friend gave a sign with his hand, and the machine flew up several times, and again slipped noiselessly down upon the table. Its movements were so rapid that it was impossible to count them. This showed that the machine was really something wonderful.

Thereupon there was a moderate commotion in the hall. Some of the guests, served with small slips of paper by the valets, wrote what events they wished to see; others stood in groups and talked, while my friend quietly waited at his table until all would be ready.

Like the rest, I too was fully convinced that a real performance of this fantastic excursion into the universe could not even be thought of; yet I was eager to see how my friend would proceed. Positive that the experiment could not be performed save by means of an optical delusion, I was the more curious to see how he would delude the senses of so choice a company, and whether he would succeed in deceiving me too.

After the notes had been written and put on the table, he resumed, —

"You will please choose your delegate. The journey is a daring one; your delegate will stand in the triangle with me, and so we shall start up."

"Why should we choose? Let us give preference to volunteers," said the archbishop.

"Who will volunteer?" asked my friend.

No one replied. The silence of the grave prevailed.

"Now you have the opportunity to examine the whole thing with your own senses," I said to myself; and as my friend repeated his question, I rose and slowly walked to his table. A placid smile passed across his lips as he saw that I was the volunteer, and when I came to his desk he said, —

"My esteemed guests, the gentleman who is willing to go on the excursion is a friend of mine. If I do not wish to be considered a charlatan who performs his experiments with the aid of his secret allies, then I cannot accept his services unless you expressly declare that you accept him as your delegate."

All fastened their searching eyes on me; it seemed to me as though each guest tried to read in my face whether I deserved to be trusted. Then some one in the centre suggested, —

"We cannot do otherwise, as no one else has applied. After all, the main thing is proof; and our delegate must prove the trustworthiness of his report."

"Exactly so!" came from the tables to the right.

"We are satisfied!" came from the left.

"I am willing," I said, with some hesitation, "to furnish not only a faithful account of what I shall see, but also proof—if possible."

"First of all," my friend resumed, "permit me to arrange the papers chronologically."

Then he began to arrange them rapidly. Standing close to his table, I could in many cases easily read what was written on this or that slip. There were over four hundred slips. Evidently many wrote more than one note. He showed such skill in arranging them that it took him only about five minutes.

"The first event," he then said to the guests, "which, according

to the written notes, is to be seen anew, happened 119 days ago. If, therefore, we wish once more to see it as it is mirrored in the universe, we must first make a long journey, such as light has made in 119 days; then we shall for a moment regard the scene. If we wish to look longer, we must speed on with the velocity of light. In this case our first task will be to get ahead of the light. As light travels over 42,000 miles in a second, it makes 2,520,000 miles in a minute, about 3,629,000,000 miles in a day, and more than 431,851,000,000 miles in 119 days. With my machine we shall reach that distance in a moment, and then we shall fly on, either with the velocity of light or a little faster, in a gigantic spiral answering to the rotation of the earth both around its axis and around the sun."

He pushed the table a little forward, and his triangle slid down to the ground without any noise. Then he put on a pair of the wonderful spectacles and entered the triangle. I followed his example.

Silence prevailed in the hall. No one stirred; evidently every one expected with eagerness what would follow. Suddenly it occurred to me that it would be impossible to break through the ceiling with the machine. I looked up toward the ceiling, and lo! I saw a large round aperture, through which I saw the sky and some groups of stars. Before I asked for an explanation of this strange change which I had not noticed before, I heard a clear clink, as though some one had struck a silvery bell; and instantly it seemed to me that we were flying up. I say expressly that it *seemed* to me; for the scene in the hall was constantly before me.

"Do we fly, or do we not?" I inquired of my friend, who, holding the guests' notes in one hand, was managing the machine with the other.

"We do fly," was his answer. "We have only the velocity of light now, and consequently you see the same scene you saw before we started. In a few seconds I shall so direct the machine that we shall suddenly find ourselves 431,851,000,000 miles away from the earth, whereupon we shall fly for some time with the velocity of light merely."

"All right," I said.

The scene before me grew misty. Soon I saw nothing but gray dusk passing into darkness until there was impenetrable darkness before me.

"How is it that I do not see anything?" I inquire of my friend.

"We are as far from the earth," says my friend, "as light has travelled in 119 days. From a distance of more than 431,851,000,000 miles you see now the region where the event happened 119 days ago in the night. We fly on with the velocity of light. A light pressure on the main spring of my machine will, however, suffice to make us fly faster, and so the whole scene will gradually develop before your eyes."

I did not answer, for in the same moment it seemed to me that darkness was changing into twilight with a reddish coloring. Now flames flash through the dusk, and now the landscape emerges. I see at first only indistinct outlines of mountains, woods, rivers, cities, and villages. Soon everything looks clearer. I distinguish single fields, highways, farms, and houses; I see entire villages ablaze, and innumerable lesser lights scattered all over the region like will-o'-the-wisps. The scene grows still more distinct. I notice how dark shadows are hurrying in a wild disorder along the highways and over the fields. Soon I perceive that the shadows are numberless living beings. I recognize horsemen and wagons and foot-soldiers. I see how in some places groups or streams of men are fleeing in disorder, how in others they form immovable crowds. All this I see in the twilight of a summer night. The landscape gradually becomes more distinct. Near the burning villages I see swarms of men. Then I recognize the groups as camps of larger and smaller divisions of soldiery, or stations where the wounded are being cared for. I see places strewn with dead horses and men, with overturned wagons and cannons, and distinguish single individuals,—some digging graves, others spying about, others, again, picking up the fallen men and carrying them to the camp-fires or to the graves.

In another moment I have a perfect bird's-eye view of an even-

ing-clad landscape with a battlefield after battle. The scene extends several miles in width and length. Nearly a hundred towns and villages are before me, and I seem to recognize some of them. But the strange image does not remain unchanged. The longer I look at it the brighter it becomes, and I see everything clearly as though I were looking down from a tower. It is a panorama of a battle, but the scenes follow one another in reversed order, from the end of the fight to its beginning. Thus I see successively images of soldiers fleeing and pursuing, then fighting, and later preparing for battle. Now there is a daring and bloody attack of a few regiments against a firm position of the enemy, then a wild combat of single regiments of horsemen, manœuvres of the infantry, movements of the artillery. At times I see only clouds of white smoke with occasional flashes of fire. The silence of a grave is spread over the entire scene. I do not hear the thunder of cannons, the rattle of drums, and the clang of trumpets, the clashing of arms, and the moans of the wounded. I see a vivid and horrible but noiseless scene. Gradually the scene of a terrible battle is changing into a milder one, until I see a peaceful region in the lustre of the golden rays of a summer sun.

How strange! It took less time to survey the whole scene than it takes to read this description. The skill with which my friend had deluded my eyes was indeed surprising, and I fully believed that his other experiments would be equally successful.

"I think I have seen an image of the battle of Königgrätz," I said to my friend, who, standing silently by me in the triangle, was engineering the machine.

"You are right," he replied; "now you will see all the battles of the Seven Days' War in a reverse order. I shall assist you with short explanations, so that you can have more time to look."

"I am satisfied," I said, waiting quietly for what would follow. I did not have to wait long. The image of the peaceful region began to darken, and in a few seconds I had utter darkness before me again. I had hardly noticed the change, when darkness began to yield to twilight, twilight to daylight, and I saw another battle,—the battle of Königshof. Then followed in rapid succession the



battles of Trutnov, Skalice, Náchod, Jičín, and Podol, and many skirmishes and smaller engagements of the Austro-Prussian War.

"No less than forty-five thousand men were killed in seven days," remarked my friend.

"On!" I exclaimed, and in a moment the scene was changed. Again I saw scenes of battles from the Polish Revolution and the Schleswig-Holstein War. Then followed the terrible battle of Puebla, and scenes from the French invasion of Mexico, further on the internecine battle of Fredericksburg and a series of battles and skirmishes of the Civil War.

"The South-American wars," my friend said, "took 519,000, the North American War 381,000 lives."

"On!" I urged, and in a moment I saw the battle of Aspremonte, the capture of Palermo, the slaughters of Solferino, Magenta, and a number of smaller battles, then scenes of dread and shame from the Hindoo Revolution and equally bloody events of the Crimean War, from the last frightful attack on Sebastopol to the murderous battles of Balaklava and Inkerman.

"No less than 785,000 men was the cost of the Crimean War," my friend commented coolly.

"On, on!" I exclaimed; and instantly there were passing before my eyes scenes of street barricades following Napoleon's *coup d'état*, and scenes of dread and cruelty from the stormy years of 1849 and 1848, in a wonderful mass and all in reversed chronological order.

The battlefields were scattered all over Europe. I saw the camp at Vilagos, the defeats of the Magyars, the bombardment of Pesh, scenes from the Paris Revolution of June, the capture of Ofen by the Magyars, the defeats of the Italians, and scenes from the Milan Revolution.

I was going to speak; but my friend silenced me with a move of his hand.

Other defeats of the Magyars followed, then the taking and the siege of Vienna, scenes from the Viennese Revolution of October, from the Prague uprising of June and the bombardment of Prague by Windischgrätz, defeats of the Italians, scenes from the Paris

Revolution of February and the first stormy scenes from the revolutionary movements in Italy.

"And is it possible to count the victims of all these wars and battles?" my friend asked when these images had disappeared, and for a short time I beheld only quiet scenes of peace.

"Let us go on!" I urge, and soon I gaze upon scenes from the Polish Revolution of 1846, and after a pause, various scenes from the uprising of republicans in Paris, Toulon, and Grenoble in 1834, the capture of Warsaw by the Russian army in 1831, the Dresden tumults, and the battle of Ostrolenka.

While looking at this horrible fratricidal battle of the Slavs, I asked, —

"How far are we from the earth?"

"About 46,000,000,000 miles," was his answer.

Thereupon I saw scenes from the Parisian Revolution of July, the taking of Erivan by Paskievich, and the bloody battle of Missolonghi; then followed various scenes from the wars of independence on the Balkan Peninsula.

After a long pause again I saw a terrible battle.

"How far are we from the earth now?" I inquired.

"About 68,000,000,000 miles," said my friend; "you have just seen the battle of Waterloo."

While my friend was continuing his short explanations, I viewed the three days' carnage of Leipzig, the battles of Montmartre and Kulm, the remnant of the French army crossing the Berezina, the conflagration of Moscow, the battle of Borodino, the battle of Aspern, scenes from the revolutions of Peru and Mexico, and again scenes from Napoleon's wars, the slaughter of Austerlitz, and the magnificent naval battle of Trafalgar.

"Is it possible to tell the number of the victims of the ambition of one despot, — Napoleon?" my friend asked.

I did not answer.

We sped on. I saw the taking of Praga by Suvarov, the fratricidal battle of Maciejovice, where Kosciusko fell down wounded with the exclamation, "Finis Poloniae!" Then came the bloody scenes of the great French Revolution, of the Polish insurrection, of the wars with the Turks; scenes from the American War of Inde-

pendence ; scenes from the Seven Years' War ; a series of scenes from the fierce Northern war between the Russians and the Swedes ; the battle of Narva ; scenes from the Spanish war of succession ; the defeat of the Turks at Vienna by the Polish king, Sobieski, and wars of the French with the Spanish and Dutch. I saw the battle of Dunbar, where Cromwell gained victory, and a series of battles down to that of Marston Moor, where ten thousand Royalists were killed. Intermixed with these battles were scenes from the Swedish invasion of Bohemia ; then followed scenes of brutality from the Thirty Years' War, and finally the beheading of Bohemian patriots at Prague and the battle of the White Mountain, of 1620, where the independence of Bohemia was crushed forever.

"How far are we from the earth now?" I inquired.

"About 325,000,000,000 miles," my friend answered, adding, "But let us speed on ; the hour is passing." And in a moment we rushed on. Again I saw a series of horrible and bloody scenes,—the massacre of the Huguenots, the religious wars of France, the dire deeds of the Duke of Alva, the peasants' uprisings. Then followed scenes of slaughter from Peru, Mexico, and other American countries to which European avarice brought destruction.

"On, on!" I exclaimed impatiently.

After a short pause I saw Mathias Corvinus defeated by the Bohemians, the Tartars by the Russians, and the fanatical German crusaders conquered by the Hussites. Then followed the fratricidal battle of Lipany, where the Taborites were defeated by their Bohemian brethren in 1434, the bloody victories of the Hussites, the camp of Žižka, and the hero himself dying at Přebyslav in 1424.

Grief overcame my heart for a time, but again I saw numerous victories of the Taborites under Žižka's leadership, and after a short pause, the horrible spectacle of Huss dying at the stake at Constance in 1415.

I could hardly catch sight of the images of all these scenes in flight before me, or listen to my friend's instructive remarks ; the blood began to rush to my head.

"How far are we now?" I inquired.

"About 598,000,000,000 miles," was the quiet reply. "We have

flown through a distance of about four hundred and fifty-one years. We have to travel a trifle of about 6,000,000,000,000 miles farther in order to reach the spheres of stars of the twelfth magnitude whose light needs more than four thousand years to reach the earth."

"And is it possible to make this journey in an arbitrarily short time?" I asked, without thinking that I could not even imagine the enormous distance.

"Certainly," my friend replied.

"But tell me, please, what wonderful motor is it that moves our machine so rapidly through the universe."

"Later ; later !" he answers ; "I must manage the machine. The least fault would make us lose our balance, and we should fall."

"Whither ?" I ask.

"Do I know ?"

"Let us rush on, then, as fast as we can !"

"If we are to finish our excursion in an hour, we must confine ourselves to a few more important views."

"Speed on ; speed on !" I urge him.

Again I see a wonderful but horrible panorama of strife. The scenes change rapidly, but each is very distinct. And lo ! this time images of battles and skirmishes are intermingled with other scenes ; but in all of them there is some struggle, in which the brutality of man's nature is triumphing, in which sheer force or fraud and deception are gaining the victory over natural weakness or guilelessness.

Suddenly I notice that while the scene is changing, we are in darkness longer than usual.

"What's the matter ?" I ask impatiently.

"I direct the machine so that you may see the final scene. We are farther than the stars of the twelfth magnitude, in spheres whose light reaches the earth in about six thousand years. This time, however, we shall change our mode of observation. When we reach the point of view, I shall stop the machine, only allowing it to rotate, so that the scene will develop before your eye in the natural, not in the reversed, order."

Soon a few bright rays pierce the darkness ; then it changes into a gray fog, and the fog grows thinner and thinner. The dark contour of a wild, desolate land rises from the fog. Then I see a bare, stony plain, with a dense fir forest and a high mountain-range in the background. A sultry, oppressive dusk, such as usually precedes a storm, overspreads the landscape ; and only now and then the sun's rays pierce the dense clouds. Close to the forest, near a cave, I see a young woman with three children. Two of them cling to their mother in fear ; the third, a babe in her arms, looks into its mother's eyes with a smile of happiness on its childish lips. But the pale face of the mother shows inexpressible fear and dread. Her eyes are fastened upon the dark thicket of the forest ; her naked body is shivering ; and while pressing the naked babe to her bosom with her left hand, she stretches the right protectingly toward the other two naked children.

Suddenly a tall young man rushes out of the forest, carrying a doe on his shoulders. Another, stronger, rushes after him ; a brutal fury blazes in his idiotic face. Both are naked. The first throws down the deer and courageously faces the other, who pursues him with a club in his hand. A duel ensues. The woman watches with deadly anxiety. It is a desperate fight for life. The first man falls ; the stronger has broken his skull. The woman flies in despair, pressing the babe to her bosom. Both children follow her into the darkness of the forest.

I feel the blood running wildly in my veins, rushing to my brain, and vertigo seizing me. I try to speak, but fail. My friend forestalls me.

“ You have just seen the first struggle of the first of men. We are at the end of our excursion. From beginning to end you saw nothing but continual strife,—a mutual killing and slaughter of the most perfect of beings. This struggle has been going on since the beginning of the world. In the course of several thousand years men tried to persuade themselves that the world was governed by the principle of love and humanity ; but they find that they have been deceiving themselves. They have learned to know that a merciless and dreadful God has condemned to destruction everything that he has created weak and powerless. After thousands of

years they recognize that life is but an everlasting struggle for mere existence. Men have been striving for power and glory, coveting riches, hugging their souls in the sweet embrace of sentimentality. The cold reason of Newton, fully penetrating the nothingness and perversion of men's endeavors, frightened and terrified them. They dreaded the cold but truthful figures with which he measured the universe, the unmerciful consequences of his ice-cold but indisputable calculations ; and lo ! to-day mankind stands before the throne of the Darwinian god, — a horrible god of force and power. Certain people have fought this god for years ; but the purpose of the fight is only to put the dethroned gloomy god of religious fanaticism upon the throne of the god of force and power. But the fight against the Darwinian god is unequal. Should the whole world undertake the war, he cannot be dethroned. The throne of this god can be undermined only by principles of humanity."

My friend paused. His words thundered like the stern sentence of a just and austere judge. But I could not see his face ; for we were in utter darkness. I kept silence. Suddenly my friend began again :—

"What is that ? Our machine is shaking ! We have lost our balance ! We sink !"

My friend's doleful voice so frightened me that my heart grew cold.

"Drop the machine !" my friend exclaimed. "One of us must sacrifice himself, else both of us will perish !"

I did not answer ; I could not. I only felt that my senses were failing.

"Leave, or I shall push you down !" my friend demanded again.

"Tell me the name of your motor, at least !" I pleaded. At the same time I felt that the machine was overturned. We fell rapidly headlong ; I dropped.

It seemed to me as though I heard my friend's wild laughter and these words, —

"Good-by forever ! My motor is known to all the world. It is the ever-creating — fancy."

The voice sounded hollow ; I could hardly hear the last words, for I lost consciousness.

\* \* \*

Any one who has fallen asleep at an open window in autumn, and awakens suddenly, knows the peculiar sensation of chilliness which accompanies the awakening. A like chill thrilled me when I noticed the glimmering dawn, the faint rays pouring through the half-open window into my lone room.

I looked around in surprise, and my first thought was, Was it reality, a delusion, or a dream ? But my senses were so dull that they could not answer the question. I remember only that it occurred to me at once that Dr. Sperlich, who announced the death of my friend in the Kinskýs' villa, had been dead for years, and that in the castle itself there never were any such corridors as those through which I had wandered. I remember, too, that I was sitting at my desk, on which an astronomical book lay open that I must have been reading before I fell asleep.

\* \* \*

I recall no more. I became unconscious again. I did not wake up for some time. Then I lay on my bed, and my dear old mother was kneeling by me. I opened my eyes, and looked into her sincere, wrinkled face, and a feeling of inexpressible bliss thrilled my soul.

"Oh, my dear child, what were you doing ? They ran for me and told me you were unconscious ; this is the third day."

"The third day ?"

"The third," my mother repeated. "The physician came here several times every day, and advised rest and quiet. He said something about signs of—insanity."

A clear thought flashed through my clouded mind. I shivered.

"And he said you must stop your studies for some time." My mother rose and lightly kissed my brow.

\* \* \*

I followed the doctor's advice, and stopped studying for some time ; but the haunting thoughts return now after years.

*Translated by Josef Jiří Král.*

THE END.

## EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY AND WOMEN. PROFESSOR DAVID MASSON ON TENNYSON.

A GREAT reformation took place on October 19 within the old gray walls of Edinburgh University. For the first time women were admitted to all the art classes, on the same terms and conditions as men. They have worked hard for this during twenty-five years, but now they have met their reward. In no other university in Britain is the change so complete. London University, being merely an examining body, grants its degrees to women; Cambridge and Oxford grant education and examination, but not degrees. Glasgow grants both, but keeps the women in a college apart, with separate classes. Edinburgh goes further than all, and grants not only mixed classes, but common examinations, and equal degrees. America may not think much of this, but we in the old country hold it a grand thing. Not only does Edinburgh do this freely, but recognizing that those women who have borne the brunt of the long battle should not lose all reward for their work, it allows that all who have in the past attained the M. A. standard in M. A. subjects in the classes instituted by the Edinburgh Association for the university education of women should now receive a retrospective degree. There are therefore six women suddenly elevated to the title of M. A., and one hundred and twenty others who are entitled to reckon some of their examinations toward attaining this dignity.

The University quadrangles and class-rooms were crowded on the eventful day. The young men generously, if a little boisterously, cheered the ladies as they arrived in charge of the lady directors of the "Association," and left them the front seats by one consent. Many recalled the words of our departed Laureate,

"Pretty were the sight  
If our old halls would change their sex and flaunt,  
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for Deans  
And sweet girl-graduates with their golden hair,"

and have thought the sight a great deal prettier that the halls were not obliged to "change their sex," but to become a common good



for both. Several of the younger students burst forth into poetry; many of them felt that a new and higher standard was being set before them through the breaking down of the walls of "protection" that had hitherto existed to "protect" the stronger against the weaker sex. The class-rooms for classics, mathematics, science, and history received each some of the new arrivals and some of the new *verve*; but it was in the literature class-room that the greatest excitement prevailed. Not only is Prof. David Masson a popular lecturer, lecturing on a popular subject, he is known to have been the most faithful and energetic friend the women have ever had during these long years of struggle. Furthermore, he was about to lecture that day on Tennyson, and expectation was rife amid the misinformed that he would combine in an impassioned speech the great subjects of the hour. Six hundred and fifty men and eighty women arrived, and so over-filled his class-room that he had to remove it to the great hall of Natural History; but he wisely took the presence of the women-students as a natural thing, at which no surprise should be expressed. His life had shown his real feelings, and *he* did not require to express how much he welcomed them. The subject of his opening lecture for the session was "Tennyson," and to "Tennyson" he devoted all the interest of the hour. Considering the abundance of works of the imagination nowadays, he discussed the comparative popularity of prose fiction and verse poetry. While he showed clearly how much the former had invaded the realm of the latter in recent years, he expressed his belief that there was no need therefore to conclude that our national love of verse poetry was waning. He illustrated this by Tennyson's power over the hearts of all our people.

"During the forty-two years that had elapsed since the death of Wordsworth in 1850, the two Englishmen who indubitably divided between them the highest honours in the verse poetry of the British Islands, (though in diverse manner) have been Tennyson and Browning. Three years ago Browning was laid in Westminster Abbey, and now the Laureate is laid beside him, and there is no successor to either. The last book fingered by Tennyson before he died was a volume of Shakespeare, and that book, opened as he had

left it, lay beside him at the moment when, with a flood of moonlight streaming into the death-chamber, and filling it with radiance, his spirit passed away. What a magnetic contact was that between the mind of the dying Tennyson and the mind of his miraculous predecessor, who had died at Stratford-on-Avon 276 years before! Was it not an expression of Tennyson's allegiance to the great Elizabethan, not only of that general allegiance which all the world acknowledged, but also of that special allegiance which arose from a conscious kinship in modes of feeling and thinking, an inherited similarity of soul and constitution? Tennyson at all events did live and move among us, a representative of that highest literature of the ideal order exemplified in chief by Shakespeare which must always transcend the ordinary bounds and utmost reaches of prose. That there should have been such a man in existence among us so recently was proof in itself, if proof were needed, that English verse poetry though its proportionate dimensions may have contracted in these latter days, was not yet dead. For many a year to come, when we range the highest in poetry upon our sacred bookshelf—we will place there our Tennyson, and we will draw thence many a store of strength. It would be a grand tribute to the memory of Tennyson, if, simultaneously throughout the English speaking parts of the earth, all other reading that could be spared were stopped for a fortnight or a month, and the time devoted to a perusal, or a re-perusal of what Tennyson has left us. The result would be that at the end of that time we should find that we had been raised to a mode of spirit fitting us better not only for the appreciation of all that was excellent in Literature, but also for the future thought and future action of our whole lives."

There was great applause. Professor Masson's poet-worship is not feigned, but is warm and true, and kindles sympathy in listening ears; and in the stream of high fervors, youths and maidens left the room, for the first time, together.

*Charlotte Carmichael Stopes.*

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## ARE WE APPROACHING A DARK AGE?

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ——— AND \* \* \*

DEAR ———: I do not wonder at your wits jumping to a somewhat dismal tune when inspired by so mundane a thing as a

creaking Boston ventilator ; yet even this base mechanical contrivance of mortals takes on a witching thoughtfulness when its creaks are translated-into human language by your imaginative brain.

As for me, I have been far from the madding crowd, feasting my eyes "upon the wideness of the sea ;" but it has whispered no morals in my ear, nor filled my dreams with any world-embracing theories, only has it overflowed my soul with its changing yet changeless beauty. "One must see to weep," says one of the blind old creatures in Maeterlinck's strange drama, ' *Les Aveugles* ;' and surely enough, one finds he cannot weep for the degeneracy of the times, when the life of the every-day world with its struggle and turmoil has subsided into a misty background, and Nature only is in evidence with her ceaseless array of delights. What need of poets when the little blue asters sing lustily from morning till night their lyrics to the blue sky, and the golden-rod, inspired by Apollo himself, flings forth dramas crowded with multiple varieties of character ! What need of cooks even, to descend from the ideal to the real, when blueberries spread a luscious feast at any hour in the day, and winter-green toddles up from time to time with a refreshing lunch ! In an evil moment, however, I picked up a current magazine and — the dream of beauty vanished. With sad eyes I saw, and fain would weep. Are we approaching step by step toward another age of darkness ? I read with amazement that astrology, that pseudo-science which we all of us thought dead and buried at least a century ago, is stalking about the world again, and not by any means struggling for a precarious existence, but on the contrary, with "The Upper Ten" (in England, that is) in its train, according to this magazine authority. "The Upper Ten" always have been addicted to the astrologic habit. In spite of the anathemas of such good old souls as Saint Basil and Saint Augustine, not to mention numerous other fathers of the Church ; in spite of the terrible legend that the bad angels learned astrology from Cham (whoever he was) ; in spite of the fact that Dante placed the astrologers in one of his purgatorial circles, — we find such illustrious persons as Alphonse X., Charles V., Catherine de Medici, Louis XIV., Napoleon I., indulging in a belief in astrology.

Various "death-blows" have been dealt astrology from time to time. Galileo was supposed to have ended its career when he put the earth in its right place in the solar system. Cassini was another David, when he discovered the periodic revolution of comets; but Jonathan Swift perhaps flung the most deadly stone, in his satirical predictions for the year 1708, in which, by consulting, according to rules of his own, the star of Partridge, the astrological almanac-maker, he foretold his death on the 29th of March at eleven o'clock of night of a raging fever. You remember about the letter that followed, describing his death at that very time, and the unavailing declarations of the wretched astrologer that he was still alive.

But it seems that anathema, science, and satire have all alike been in vain for the destruction of this seven-headed monster. In fact, I am told that in its modern guise it has joined hands with science, and that it is perfectly reasonable to suppose that we, as a physical part of the great cosmos, should be affected by all cosmical forces. If indeed astrology is worthy to commune with the high priest, science, what a pity it is that "The Upper Ten" should evince curiosity upon such trivial matters! Our authority, who is the editor of an English magazine which bribes subscribers by offering a free horoscope to every new subscriber, states that of the "aristocracy and upper middle class" who are caught by this questionable scheme, seventy per cent are women who wish to know whether they will be married or not, and ten per cent are men who would like to know if their horoscope indicates any woman with money whom they may have the honor of endowing with all their worldly poverty. Can you understand how any reputable magazine could print such stuff in sober earnest as an argument to show the universal favor with which astrology is regarded in England? It is consoling to learn that only one American inquired about his horoscope.

In this eminently inductive age it would not, of course, be becoming to dismiss any human theories as utterly untenable, without patiently sifting the evidence; but if there is any ground for a belief in this resuscitated demon of astrology, then the next task

for man to learn is how to counteract its influence. If to the scientific knowledge that Nature is in her far-reaching courses fatalistic, is to be added, through astrology, the knowledge of the fate she has prepared, then man will no longer fight an enemy in the dark; he must bend all his energies of mind toward giving fate the final death-blow. Religion has not done it; science has not done it. Man must help himself through his own God-given psychical energy; otherwise he may become merely a sort of marionette pulled by planetary wires.

Yours,

\* \* \*

#### TENNYSON'S LAST BOOK.\*

"Is this the poetic Last Will and Testament?" With some such question one takes up wistfully the departed Laureate's final volume, hoping that it indeed may be a last word of such power and finish as to declare and define anew the wealth with which he dowered the reign of Victoria.

Yet it may be otherwise, — a comparatively unimportant codicil, perhaps; an after-stroke of an aged poet whose best skill and purpose have become a fitful habit, now thrilling us with a reminder of the old dignity, or again startling us with a hint of almost untried vigor, but elsewhere a fading echo of the old voice, with here and there a quaver of weakness.

'The Death of *CEnone!*' Again within the inward ear sounds the slumbrous roar of the "cataract falling to the sea;" back upon the inward eye glances the vision of that vale in Ida "lovelier than all the valleys of Ionian hills;" again is the "noonday quiet" broken by the plaint of "mournful *CEnone*, wandering forlorn Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills."

If *CEnone* must die at the hand of him who made her live in alien hearts and days, let the new event be linked close to the old woe whose sadness was so sweet. So it is: in the earlier poem

\* 'The Death of *CEnone*, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems,' by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet-Laureate. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892. (\$1.25.)

she cried, "I will not die alone, For fiery thoughts Do shape themselves within me," whose "far-off doubtful purpose . . . I dimly see." That purpose of revenge, when Cassandra's prevision of burning Troy was the hard comfort to which she turned, and when "wheresoe'r she was by night and day, All earth and air seemed only burning fire," has its triumph and its subjugation in the later poem. It takes up the story of *Ænone*, still resentful after all the years that had accomplished Cassandra's prophecy. Back then comes Paris to her, poisoned, deformed, begging her skill in herbs to cure him. In vain! A fierce lover is *Ænone*, one of those rare few sung in antique story, who find it hard to love off and on at manly convenience. But when his body burns upon the funeral pyre, "the morning light of happy marriage" breaks "thro' all the clouded years of widowhood," and thus her words and the fiery vision come true; she does "not die alone," —

"She leapt upon the funeral pile  
And mixt herself with him and past in fire."

Unlike the myth re-told of 'Demeter,' there is in 'The Death of *Ænone*' no glancing new thread of symbolism inwoven to make the old tale bright. It has the old tenderness of sentiment, the old smoothness of line, but not the old passion nor the old compulsion of verse.

'St. Telemachus' is the poetized story of the mediæval hermit who was stirred from dream to deed. Daring to enter the arena and forbid the Christian crowd its unchristian sport, he paid his life for it, but bought with that the decree of Honorius suppressing gladiatorial combats. Apart from poetics, the incident itself is made alive in the verse, because the poet has seized and illumined the contrast between the lazy meditation of asceticism and the heroism of the call to a special and perilous act of public reform.

The subject-matter of 'Akbar's Dream,' on the contrary, is scarcely more striking in verse than prose. Concerning its foundation in history, the poet supplies the reader with full and interesting notes. Like 'Ferishtah's Fancies,' it has to do, in Oriental setting, with the wider religion and philosophy underlying special

religions and philosophies ; but it versifies without transmuting the historic facts or transcending in grasp the tenets of the liberal Akbar. The 'Hymn to the Sun' at its close is such commonplace as would attract no attention in a poet whose fame was still to make.

'Kapiolani' and 'The Dawn' are virile pieces which would star an unknown book whose pages were distinguished with them. The critics, mayhap, would make fun of 'Kapiolani' in that case, — if it were by an unknown hand, — and suggest that the short, irregular, heaping-up clauses, falling at last into the beat of a long dactylic line, were in the manner of 'The House that Jack Built;' but the daring eccentricities of the unrhymed verse express with swing and glee the act of moral revolt braved out by the great chieftainness it celebrates. 'The Dawn' has the fire of Tennyson's firmest breadth of hope. 'The Dreamer' is even more characteristically Tennysonian. The "Voice of the Earth" in this poem is so direfully pessimistic that the answering "Voice of the Dreamer" gets strength by contrast; and the despairing hope against hope lifts the tension almost to comfort, which comfort is in turn made doggedly cheerful and energetic by means of the catching Shakespearian refrain, "All's well that ends well, Whirl and follow the Sun." 'Mechanophilus' is another version of the same theme as that of 'The Dawn,' — the infinitude of progress. The contemporaneousness of its handling in the first four stanzas is so striking that the remainder trails along weakly after them.

Bits of tragic story told in monologue, slight of frame but spirited, like much other such work of Tennyson's, are 'Charity' and 'The Bandit.' Another monologue in dialect, 'The Church Warden and the Curate,' broadly humorous at the expense of "the Baptises," who "leäved their nasty sins i' my pond, an' it poison'd the cow," and satiric in its revelation of the state of English church and country morals diluted to a politic degree with worldly wisdom, recalls the "propuppy, propuppy" canter of 'The Northern Farmer.' 'Riflemen, form,' and the verses addressed to the mourners on the death of the Duke of Clarence, attest the home flavors of the Laureateship, and illustrate again, as Tennyson has

before more markedly shown in stronger strains than these, that even laureated inspiration goes out more readily, or at any rate more successfully, to popular enthusiasms than to privileged events.

A canny word of the wise old poet is noticeable in 'Poets and Critics,' whose closing lines have now a personal and pertinent value, the ironic thrust of their final truth being no less in evidence now. To try conclusions with, let us remember these lines:—

"Few at first will place thee well;  
Some too low would have thee shine,  
Some too high — no fault of thine —  
Hold thine own, and work thy will!  
Year will graze the heel of year,  
But seldom comes the poet here,  
And the Critic's rarer still."

*P.*

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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### LONDON LITERARIA.

UNLIKE his great compeer, Lord Tennyson did not live to hear the whispered word telling of the welcome accorded his last book of verse. He was understood to have been busy with the proof-sheets when he was overtaken with the illness which proved fatal; and now the volume is before us, — the last fruit of his brain and heart. Some few of the poems are already familiar to us, and though others may have been written some time since, the great majority are apparently of recent origin. Some of them are very beautiful, and the shorter poems with which the book closes are touched with tones of the Unseen and the Eternal.

Messrs. Macmillan have also issued a new volume of poems by George Meredith, entitled, 'Poems: The Empty Purse; with Odes to the Comic Spirit, to Youth in Memory and Verses.' That these poems are "strong meat" goes without the saying; to the "ordinary reader" they will possibly prove an enigma, while to the faithful Meredithian they will be an inspiration and a joy forever.



There is epigram and thought in abundance ; and now and again we get glimpses of that subterranean fire and glow of imagination so characteristic of the author of 'Modern Love.'

Before these lines reach the readers of *POET-LORE*, the question of the Laureateship will no doubt have been decided, — though at the present moment the matter would seem to be insoluble. Are we to have a *poet* to reign over us ; or are we to see the sorry spectacle of the kings walking the earth in sublime indifference to principalities and powers, and one of the satellites ascending the throne ? There are now among us two kings in the realm of poetry, — Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris ; a couple of princes, too, — Mr. George Meredith and Mr. William Watson ; while the Princess, Miss Christina Rossetti, must not be forgotten. There appear, however, to be of "right honorables" not a few ; and they all have an eye to the vacant throne. The 'Epic of Hades' seems "first favorite" among the younger sons ; while 'Prince Lucifer' and the 'Light of Asia' stand not so very far off. But surely one question awaits all aspirers, —

"Where's the warrant or the token  
You're the dead king's son and heir?"

There is a rumor current that one of the two kings — Mr. William Morris — has been offered the Laureateship ; but should this somewhat doubtful information prove to be correct, there is every reason to believe it will be respectfully declined. Has Mr. Swinburne been sounded ? If so, he has kept a discreet silence ; let us hope that in this case silence gives consent (for of course he *will* be asked to accept it). Should he refuse, there is but one way out of the difficulty ; and this would seem both gracious and significant : let the laurel-wreath be placed upon the brow of Miss Christina Rossetti, true woman and poet.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce a new 'Life of Miguel de Cervantes,' by Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, who will append to his book an exhaustive bibliography. A new volume of poems by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt is announced, entitled, 'Esther, Love Lyrics, and Natalia's Resurrection.' Mr. Blunt's last volume of verse, 'In Vinculis,' was issued in 1889, — his first volume, 'Sonnets

and Songs,' having been published some seventeen years since. Mr. William Morris is to issue his 'News from Nowhere' as one of the publications of the Kelmscott Press. This edition will consist of three hundred copies only, of which only two hundred and fifty will be for sale, at the price of two guineas each! Mr. Morris is also about to issue a 'Biblia Innocentium; or, Story of the People of God, from the Beginning of the World until the Coming of Christ upon Earth,' written for children, by Mr. J. W. Mackail. The edition will be limited to two hundred copies, one hundred and fifty only being for sale, at the price of one guinea each.

*William G. Kingsland.*

LONDON, ENGLAND, Oct. 29, 1892.

— THE Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace paid an appropriate tribute to the genius of Tennyson by forwarding a wreath of laurel gathered from Shakespeare's garden, to be placed upon the bier. The message upon the wreath, we learn from the *Stratford Herald*, ran thus, "With the deep sympathy and profound respect of the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon." The wreath was accompanied by a sympathetic letter of condolence to Lady Tennyson, in her sad bereavement. This letter, and the one sent in acknowledgment of it are also given in the *Herald*, as follows:—

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON,  
October 10th, 1892.

MADAM,— As chairman of the executive committee of the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace I have been requested by my colleagues to express to you our deep sense of the loss which English literature has sustained in the death of Lord Tennyson, and to offer to yourself and the members of your family the respectful assurance of our profound sympathy in your bereavement.

We hope that you will allow our wreath of laurel, gathered from Shakespeare's garden, to find a place on the bier of him who so loved and honoured Shakespeare and whom Shakespeare would have loved to honour.— I am, Madam, your most obedient servant,

ARTHUR HODGSON, K.C.M.G.,

*Chairman of Executive Committee Shakespeare's Birthplace.*

The Lady Tennyson, Aldworth, Haslemere, Surrey.

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE, October 14, 1892.

DEAR SIR, — I beg you to convey from my mother and myself our grateful acknowledgment to the Executive Committee of Shakespeare's Birthplace for their most kind expression of sympathy and for their beautiful wreath.

My father was reading 'Lear,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' and 'Cymbeline' through the last days of his life. On Wednesday he asked for his Shakespeare; I gave him the book, but said, "You must not try and read." He answered, "I have opened the book." I looked at the book at midnight when I was sitting by him lying dead on the Thursday, and I found that he had opened it on one of those passages which he called the tenderest of Shakespeare —

" Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die."

It was probably an answer to a message that I had given him from my mother. We could not part from this volume, but we buried a Shakespeare with him. We had the book enclosed in a metal box and laid by his side. — Yours faithfully,

HALLAM TENNYSON.

Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G.

— AN uncommonly interesting bookful of valuable material not otherwise procurable, and which is virtually a posthumous work by Walt Whitman, since its issue was his cherished plan, is projected for issue in the spring of 1893, by the poet's literary executors, — Horace L. Traubel, Richard Maurice Bucke, and Thomas B. Harned. Much of the matter it will contain is out of print or inaccessible, because of its being in manuscript or in a foreign tongue. Some of it will be new; most of it has been inspected and indorsed or revised by Whitman, and all of it will bear upon his life or work in an authoritative manner. New matter by John Addington Symonds will open the volume. This will be 'Love and Death: A Symphony.' "To the prophet-poet of Democracy, Religion, Love, this verse, a feeble echo of his song, is dedicated." Following this will come three important articles written by Whitman himself in the beginning of his poetic career, and setting forth explicitly the root-ideas from which his work was undertaken. Among other important papers are foreign estimates of Whitman's work, — Gabriel Sarrazin's 'Walt Whitman,' translated from the French, Karl Knortz's pamphlet, and T. W.

Rolleston's Dresden lecture, translated from the German, and Rudolf Schmidt's 'Walt Whitman, the Poet of Democracy,' translated from the Danish; William Sloane Kennedy's biographical papers, revised by Whitman, which first appeared in *The Conservator*; and a variety of personalia and critical miscellany, notable among which are the famous discussion between Whitman and Ingersoll at the birthday dinner of 1890, on immortality, Mr. Harned's portrait of Whitman as the Poet of Immortality, Dr. Bucke's 'Whitman and Cosmic Consciousness,' and Mr. Traubel's descriptive notes on books and manuscripts left by Walt Whitman. These latter are doubtless of great value, and curiosity concerning them makes up a part of the interest with which the publication of 'In re Walt Whitman' will be awaited. The edition will be limited to one thousand numbered copies, and the orders of subscribers should be sent in at once to Horace L. Traubel, Camden, N. J.

— THE spread of new methods of literary study, which may be characterized as both more scientific and more human than the old technical textual or sermonizing modes, finds a shining example in a course of six lectures on Old English Poetry, prepared for delivery this winter by Dr. Richard Burton, of the *Hartford Courant*. It includes such subjects as Man in Old English Poetry, and studies of Woman, Nature, and ideals of God in Old English Poetry, the whole course being concluded by 'A Comparative Glance' at the relations of Old English to kindred literature.

In Boston, Mrs. Emily Shaw Forman offers an attractive and various list of papers for delivery before clubs and other societies, among which we note, 'George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë: a Comparison,' 'The Women of Browning's Verse,' 'Paracelsus: the Man and the Poem,' 'The Novels of George Meredith,' and 'The Humorous Poetry of America.'

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## SOCIETIES.

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**The Boston Browning Society.** — The fifty-fifth regular meeting of the Boston Browning Society was held at the Brunswick, on Tuesday, October 25, at three o'clock. It was the opening meeting of the season, and

the incoming President, the Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, made some happy remarks upon the purpose and work of the Society before taking up the programme of the day. Under the general heading, 'Browning on Poetic Art,' the topic for the afternoon was 'Portraits of Poets.' Selections from 'Paracelsus' bearing on *Aprile* were finely interpreted by Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson. The Rev. Charles G. Ames read a paper on 'The Democracy of *Aprile*' (to be printed in *POET-LORE*), George Willis Cooke one on 'The Poetic Limitations of *Sordello*' (printed in this number). The discussion, 'Is *Aprile* a Type of the Italian Renaissance?' was opened by Miss Vida D. Scudder, who found many things to say for, but finally decided against, the question, — her main ground for this decision being that *Aprile* was too much the apostle of love in its higher phases to represent a period in which love had no deeper foundation than the passions. Mrs. Emily Shaw Forman continued the discussion, agreeing in the main with Miss Scudder, and the Rev. Philip H. Moxom closed the proceedings with a few words in opposition to Mr. Cooke's onslaught on Browning's '*Sordello*,' namely, that in it "Browning was viciously obscure."

**Friends in Council, Springfield (Mo.).** — The programme for the past session, 1891-92, was made up of three parts: I. A Comparative Study of Emerson and Carlyle, based on Emerson's 'Representative Men' and Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero Worship'; II. A Study of George Eliot's '*Romola*,' and the Italian Renaissance, together with Comparisons of the Characters of *Romola* with *Anael* in Browning's 'Return of the *Druses*,' and of *Tito* with the Greek in Browning's '*Pietro of Abano*'; III. A Comparative Study of '*Julius Cæsar*' and '*Strafford*.' The two latter parts of the programme were outlined for the club by the Editors of *POET-LORE*. They have also suggested the plan of study for part of the present session of the club, 1892-93, which will include: I. A Comparative Study of 'A Blot in the '*Scutcheon*' and '*Romeo and Juliet*'; II. A Comparative Study of '*The Winter's Tale*' and the '*Alkestis*' of Euripides, following the same plan as that printed in *POET-LORE* for October, 1892; III. A Course of Bible Study; IV. A Study of George Sand's '*Consuelo*,' considered in Connection with the History of Bohemia and of Music in the Eighteenth Century. Topics of the time are also discussed by this busy club, which is officered as follows: *Prest.*, Mrs. Virginia Holland; *Vice-Prest.*, Mrs. T. C. Bentley; *Rec. Sec.*, Mrs. Mattie M. Patterson; *Cor. Sec.*, Mrs. Adelaide H. Toomer; *Treas.*, Mrs. Laura J. Dunning; *Lib'n.*, Mrs. Ella J. Spohn.

# ONE WAY OF LOVE.

SONG WITH CELLO OBLIGATO.

Words by ROBERT BROWNING.

Music by HELEN

*Andante molto con espressione.*

CELLO.

*pp*

*a tempo.*

All June I bound

*ritard.* *pp*

*ritard.*

sheaves Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "sheaves Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves".

strew them where Pauline may pass..... She will not tur

*cris.*

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "strew them where Pauline may pass..... She will not tur". Below the piano accompaniment, the instruction "*cris.*" is written.

- side? A - las!

*ritard.* *a tempo.*

This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "- side? A - las!". Below the piano accompaniment, the instructions "*ritard.*" and "*a tempo.*" are written.

*Quasi recit.*

Let them lie. Sup- pose they die? Let th

*pp*

*pp*

*ritard.*

lie. Suppose they die? Sup- pose they die? The chance wa

*colla voce.*

*rit.*

*colla voce.*

*rit.*

*agitato.*

they might take her eye. How ma - ny a month I...

*cres.*

*cres.*



strove to suit these stubborn fin - gers to the lute!

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics "strove to suit these stubborn fin - gers to the lute!" are written below the notes. The middle staff is the bass line in bass clef. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) showing chords and melodic lines.

- day I ven - ture all I know. She will not hear

*rit.*

*colla voi*

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "- day I ven - ture all I know. She will not hear". A "rit." (ritardando) marking is placed above the vocal line. The bass line and piano accompaniment continue below.

*rit.*

The third system shows the piano accompaniment. It features a "rit." marking above the right-hand staff. The piano part includes various chordal textures and melodic fragments.

*rit.*

So! Break the string; fold mu - sic's wing: Sup - pose Pau - line had bade m

*ritard.*

*p*

The fourth system concludes the page. The vocal line has the lyrics "So! Break the string; fold mu - sic's wing: Sup - pose Pau - line had bade m". A "rit." marking is above the vocal line, and a "ritard." marking is below the bass line. The piano accompaniment starts with a "p" (piano) dynamic marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

*a tempo.*

My whole life long I learned to love. Th

hour my ut-most art I prove And speak my pas-sion heavn

hell? She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well!

Lose who may----- I still can say, Tho

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, with lyrics "Lose who may----- I still can say, Tho". The middle staff is the bass line in bass clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features chords and a melodic line in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand.

win heaven,blest are they! Those who win heaven,bl

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, with lyrics "win heaven,blest are they! Those who win heaven,bl". The middle staff is the bass line in bass clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part continues with chords and a melodic line in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand.

they! Those who win heaven,blest are they!

*rit.* - - - -

*colla voce.*  
*ritard.* - - - -

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, with lyrics "they! Those who win heaven,blest are they!". The middle staff is the bass line in bass clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part continues with chords and a melodic line in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. Performance markings include "rit." above the vocal line and "colla voce." and "ritard." above the piano accompaniment.

# SONG FROM PROMETHEUS.

Words by SHELLEY.

Music by H. A. CLARKE, M

Andante con moto.

My soul is a

*pp legatiss sempre.*

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics "My soul is a". The piano accompaniment starts with a piano introduction marked "pp legatiss sempre." and features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass line.

- chanted boat, Which like a sleep-ing Swan doth float, Up

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "- chanted boat, Which like a sleep-ing Swan doth float, Up". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

- on the sil - ver waves of Thy ..... sv

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "- on the sil - ver waves of Thy ..... sv". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

sing - ing. And thine doth like an An-gel sit,

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "sing - ing. And thine doth like an An-gel sit,"

- side the helm con - ducting it; Whilst all the wi

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "- side the helm con - ducting it; Whilst all the wi"

Mel - o - dy are ring - ing.

The third system of the musical score concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Mel - o - dy are ring - ing."



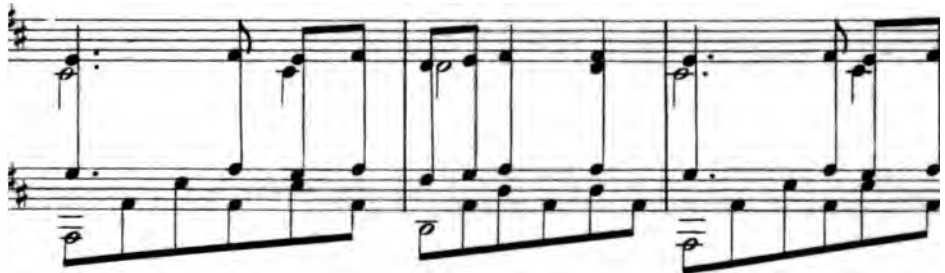
seems to float ev - er for ev - er for ev - er Up



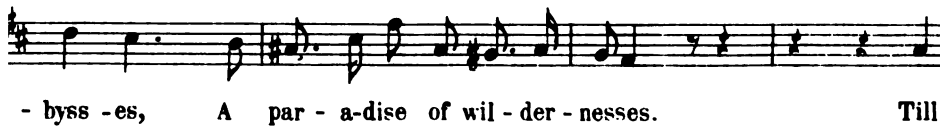
*rit.* *a tem*  
- on that ma - ny wind - ing riv - er be - tween moun - tains, woods, a



- byss - es, A par - a - dise of wil - der - nesses. Till



- byss - es, A par - a - dise of wil - der - nesses. Till



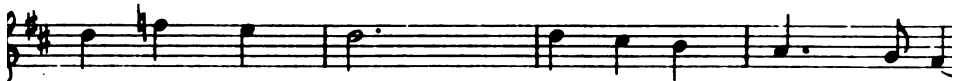
- byss - es, A par - a - dise of wil - der - nesses. Till



- byss - es, A par - a - dise of wil - der - nesses. Till



like one in slum - ber bound, Borne to the o - cean I



float down a - round In - to a sea profoun



----- of ev - er spread - ing sound.











1

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A glove.  
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